

MOON & FRANK ZAPPA ON "VALLEY GIRLS"

HIGH TIMES

NOVEMBER 1982

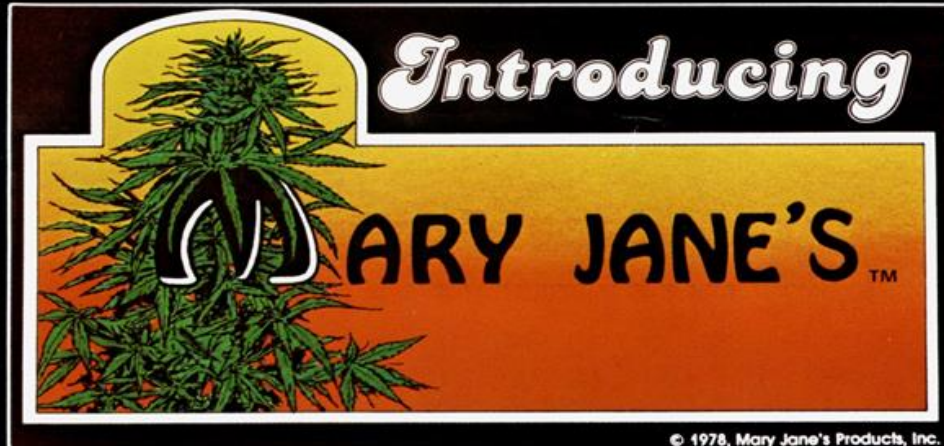
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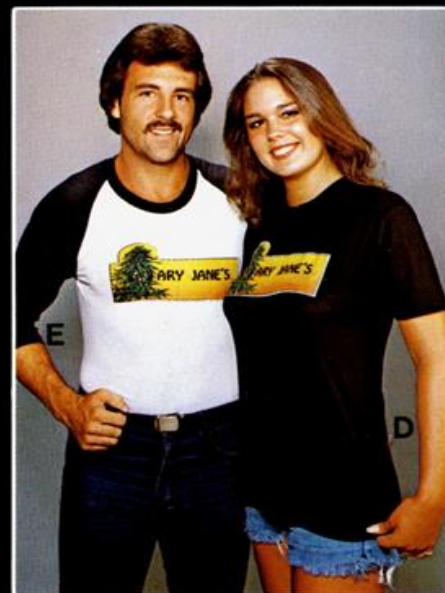


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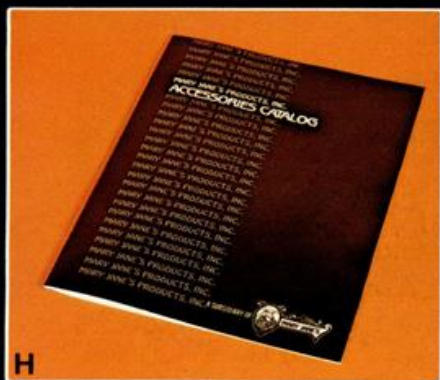
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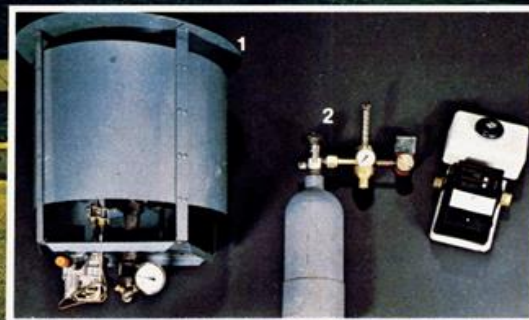
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HIGH TIMES

No. 87 November '82



37 The Player
by Charles Bukowski
Harry has a way with horses, and blondes have a way with Harry. Which is really too bad, because losing at love is much easier than losing at the track—in fact, it's the difference between coming home broke and coming home broken.

FEATURES

Interview: Devo by Vale

Expounded and explored: the politics, economics, ethics and aesthetics of de-evolution. Also, some basic tips on avoiding the goon approach to reality and how to make entropy work for you 32

Special Centerfold Feature:

India: The Land the Narcs Forgot by Ed Rosenthal

Specifically, we're talking about the three Indian provinces in which the growing and consuming of marijuana is legal. Our premiere hemp horticulturist tours these regions, commenting thoughtfully on all that he sees and smokes, and brings us back a lovely Centerfold to boot! 46

Special Cocaine Confidential: At Long Last Coca by Ron Smith

That's right, this month you learn how to grow coca, next month \$100 bills. (Ha-ha, just kidding, of course.) Remember, coca is not cocaine; a step in the right direction? Perhaps. But we prefer to think of coca as a way to pick yourself up, stay alert and keep your gums pink and clean 52

Master Addicts by Michael Aldrich

"The history of the human race might be interestingly revised if all the great opium eaters would rise up and dance where they died," writes our author. Here, then, are the überaddicts, from Paracelsus to William S. Burroughs, including Charles Baudelaire, Ben Franklin, Pablo Picasso and Cardinal Richelieu. 56

HIGHWITNESS NEWS

NFL cracks down on cocaine . . . Cocaine colonels kick off comic-opera dope cleanup . . . Pentagon sued to discontinue marijuana testing . . . Texas court rules smugglers are unfair game . . . Senator demands methaqualone ban . . . East Germans link incense to hashish . . . Western courts disagree on dope-sniffing dogs 19

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High Times Classified		80
Dope Lore		82
Last Words	Hollywood death drug: not half bad	98



40 The Golden Swindle
by Dean Latimer
The EMIT Cannabinoid Assay, commonly called the pot piss test, has been on the market for two years. EMIT lobbyists predict that widespread testing in the public schools and private industry will begin in three years. The test, though, doesn't work; and what's more, EMIT lobbyists *know* it doesn't work.
Cover photo by Richard Pan.



90 Sounds: Life with Father
by John Swenson
Moon Zappa's "Valley Girl" is Top of the Pops. So's her old man. Dad and daughter discuss rock 'n' roll 'n' each other.

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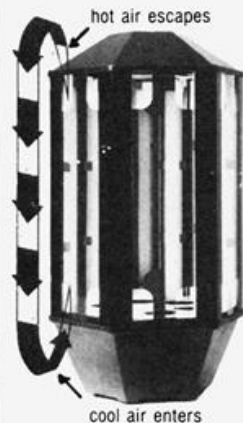
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 - ENRICHED LEAF SPREAD for Violets
- thru concentrating CO₂ for accelerated growth . . .

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	INSIDE	OUTSIDE
Air Speed	15mph	0mph
Humidity	40%	100%
Temp	90°	70°

LIGHT — HOW CAN 233 watts be as efficient as 1000 watts?



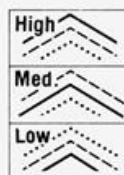
1. Plants always closer than 3 inches from any 2 light sources.
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 2. Capacity factors (CF) are nutrients locked up in soil/fert. particles.
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45 days from seed germination to photo below



THC —————
CBD - - - - -
CBN

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	(IF)	(CF)
NH ₄	73*	1371✓
NO ₃	08*	18✓
TOTAL N	78*	1389✓
P	119*	1292✓
K	134*	2020✓
Calcium	97*	5380✓
Mg	10*	534✓
Ph	6.3*	7.1✓

*Available ✓Unavailable

CANNABINOID PROFILE OF MARIJUANA*

THC is the psychoactive ingredient of marijuana. CBD and CBN determine how THC is metabolized. HIGH THC — psychoactivity is active, intense, shorter. LOW THC — psychoactivity is less intense, longer lasting. HIGH CBN — The older the plant, the more "dopey" the effect.

THC increases with high Phosphorus medium Nitrogen. CBD increases with high Phosphorus high Nitrogen.

	Orchids	Roses	Violets
Nitrogen	Low	High	Med.
Phosphorus	High	High	High
K-Potassium	Med.	Low	Low

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*Cannabinoid Profile and actual test results presented from university conducted research for Masters Thesis entitled "Factors Controlling Resin Production and Plant Growth", pertains to any plant.

Marijuana

The Art and Science of Cooking with Cannabis

by Adam Gottlieb

More than just another collection of marijuana recipes, this book teaches the reader the nature of cannabis, how it combines with other foods and how it is best assimilated by the digestive tract. A must for anyone serious about cooking with grass. #014 \$3.50

The Stash Book

by Peter Hjersman

The definitive guide on building hiding places and spaces in houses, cars, motorcycles, even on one's body. Protect your valuables—whatever they may be. #005 \$4.95

Marijuana Growing

NEW Cultivator's Handbook of Marijuana

by Bill Drake

The most up-to-date information for the outdoor and indoor marijuana cultivator, with over 100 photographs, drawings, charts, maps and a special section on psychoactive tobacco. #025 \$8.95

NEW Caretaking the Wild Sinsemilla

by A. Seed

A sensible guide to growing sinsemilla, the legendary seedless herb. #026 \$4.50

NEW How to Build a Bigger and Better Hydroponic Garden

by Ed Sherman

How to make a super-garden that will grow anything, anywhere, from scrap materials. #027 \$3.95

NEW The Primo Plant

by Mountain Girl

Complete instructions for growing fine, organic sinsemilla marijuana, the seedless variety prized by connoisseurs for its exquisite high. #023 \$4.50

NEW The Sinsemilla Technique

by Kayo

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The HIGH

Cocaine

NEW Snow Blind

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NEW Mama Coca

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NEW Cocaine Handbook

by David Lee

This is an essential reference for researchers, casual users and connoisseurs, featuring up-to-date information about illicit cocaine not found in any other source book. #031 \$17.95

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Cannabis Alchemy: The Art of Modern Hashmaking Deluxe Edition

by David Hoyle

Turn that moldy old bag of ditchweed into some hi-test hashish by simply following the method outlined in this book. Written specifically for the layman, with diagrams. #013 \$4.95

The Great Books of Hashish, Vol. 1

by Laurence Cherniak

A dazzling photographic essay on hashish around the world. You can get stoned just by looking at the pictures, New West said. #002 \$14.95

TIMES Bookstore

Miscellaneous

NEW The Natural Mind

by Andrew Weil

A new way of thinking about drugs and higher consciousness—an exploration of a subject that is all too often submerged in irrationality. #028 \$5.95

Kava-Kava, Famous Drug Plant of the South Seas

by E.F. Steinmetz

Learn about the use and effects of this amazing narcotic plant from the South Pacific. Brew up a batch of this potent beverage yourself and you'll understand why the natives are restless. #015 \$2.00

The Illuminati Papers

by Robert Anton Wilson

The best-selling author of the *Illuminatus Trilogy* and *Cosmic Trigger* further illuminates the age-old secret conspiracy that some say rules the world. A must for paranoids of all ages. #008 \$7.95

NEW The Pill Book

by Harold M. Silverman and Gilbert I. Simon

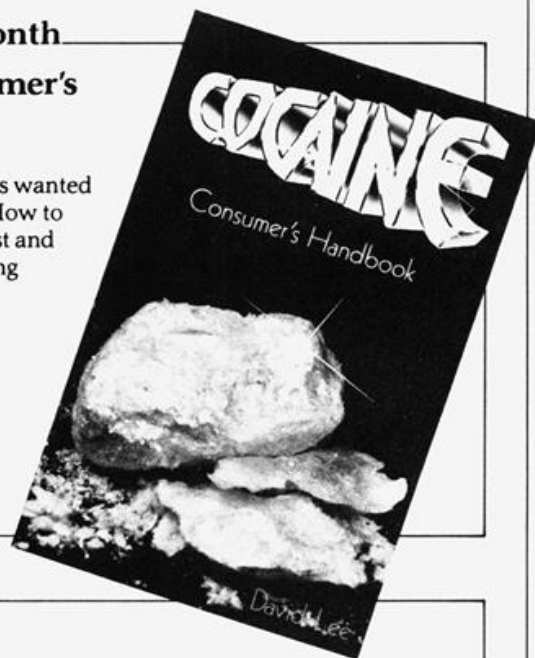
The indispensable illustrated guide to the 1,000 most commonly prescribed drugs in the United States. #022 \$3.95

Book of the Month

Cocaine Consumer's Handbook

by David Lee

Everything you always wanted to know about blow. How to perform the Clorox test and melting point test, along with full color choice photos. #006 \$5.95



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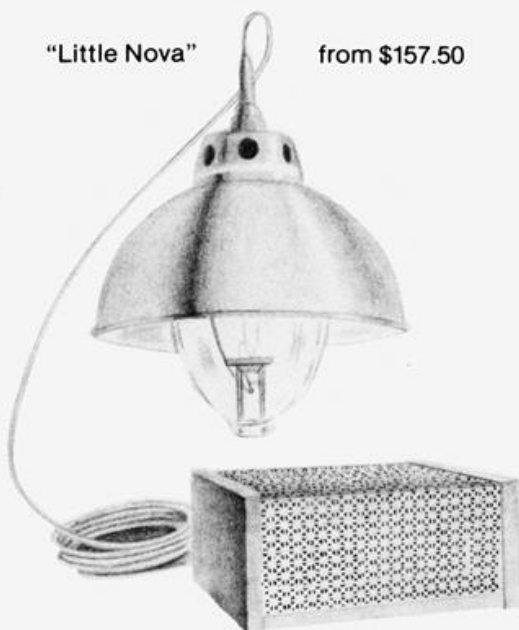
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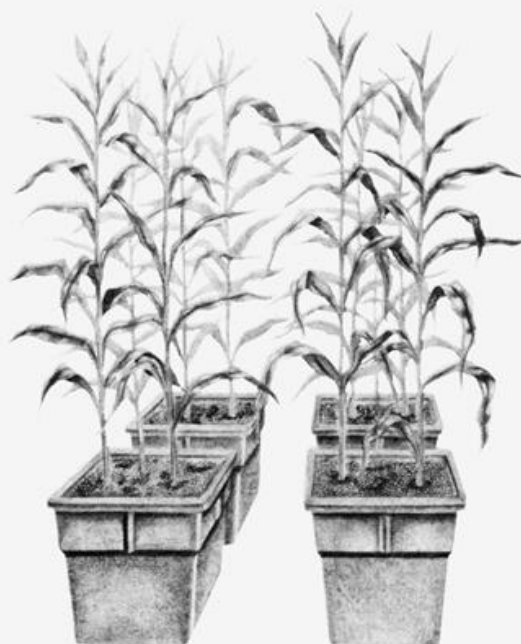
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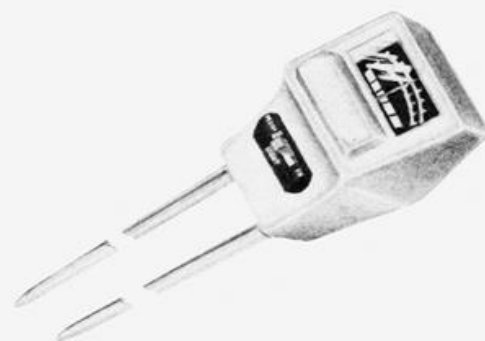
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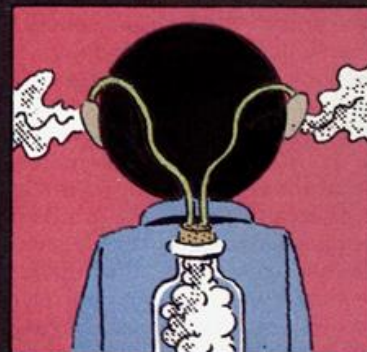
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* Thanks and a tip of the hat to John Putnam for this original idea.



Rock 'n' Roll 'n' Chateau de Neuf

by Liz Derringer

HT: I think J. Geils is the skinniest rock 'n' roll band I've ever seen.

PW: Yeah, we have a theory. We can eat anything we want, we can chew all we want, but *we do not swallow*.

HT: Any particular reason why you shaved your beard off?

PW: One night I was at a friend's house, and I got up in the middle of the night. She had all these kind of little perfumes and stuff on her sink, and I wanted to put some cold cream on because when you work under those bright lights, your skin gets kind of dry. So I put my hand in this jar of cold cream and I put it all over my face and it turned out to be Nair. And my face hair never grew back again.

HT: Why did you decide to call your latest album *Freeze Frame*?

PW: Freeze-frame moments, it describes when you're walking down the street, hoping there's someone you'd like to meet, and you take a little chance on a little romance, and all of a sudden you see something that's driving you insane—you take out your camera and you capture a freeze frame.

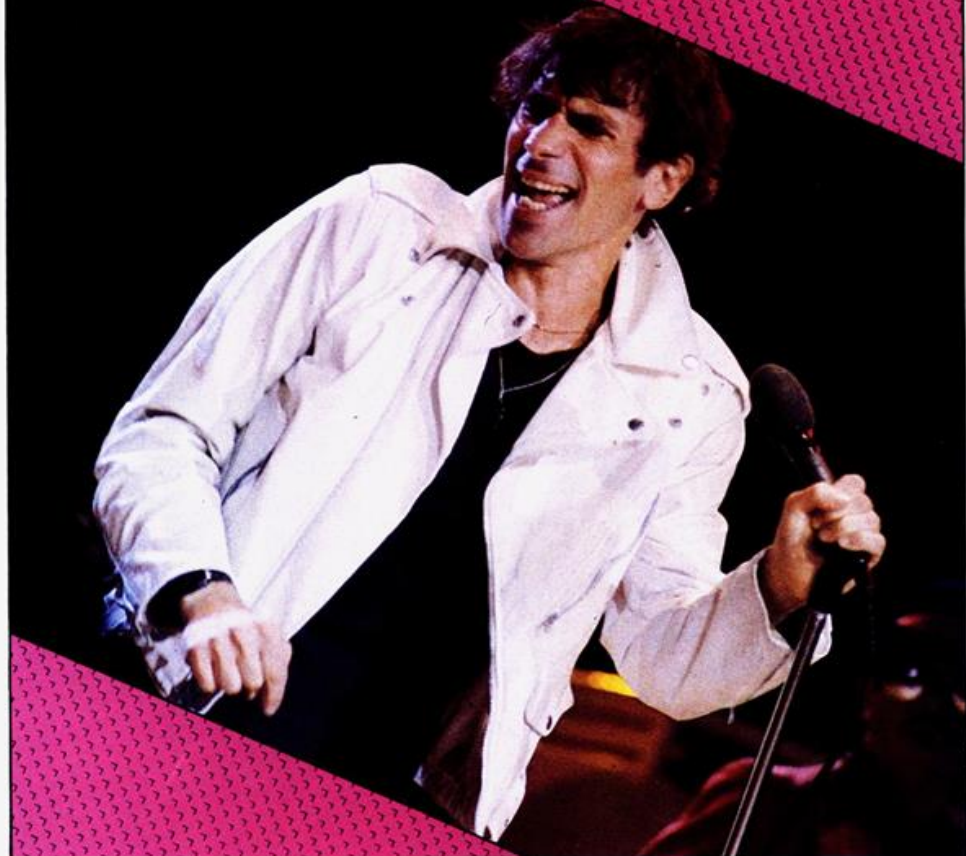
HT: Oh, I see. I heard somewhere that you're as exciting offstage as you are on. Is that true?

PW: No, as a matter of fact. And just to prove it, why don't we book a little room somewhere and nestle in with a whole set of *National Geographics*. It would be interesting—we could look up the road maps for the entire Western Hemisphere.

HT: But what about the band's reputation? Everybody knows that J. Geils likes to party.

PW: We're really a band that likes to play rock 'n' roll. Usually when there's good rock 'n' roll being played, there's a party, sort of as a response, but we don't consider ourselves a party band. Because we are a real serious rock 'n' roll band. Sure, after shows we like to enjoy ourselves, like everyone else, but we really have our biggest thrill when we're up there onstage. That's what keeps us doing what we're

J. Geils's Peter Wolf



Martin Benjamin

doing.

HT: When you play with other bands, like the Rolling Stones for instance, you get together after the show and talk about rock 'n' roll. What exactly do you guys say about it?

PW: Well, when you talk to other people that are really into it, you talk about things that are getting you off, different songs—"Oh, did you ever hear that song by so and so?" "Oh, yeah, did you ever hear that version by so and so?" You know, and you just get off or you play or you sing.

HT: Is it true you're a seasoned traveler and a connoisseur of fine wines and food?

PW: Mercy, you mean a gourmet? Sure, it ain't too hard. You just have to know how to tell one piece of broccoli from the other. As far as wines go, it's like only the best now and later for the garbage. There's a fine line between love and hate and a fine line between good and bad. That's all it is.

HT: During this tour you've begun addressing, for the first time, certain political issues, like in your intro to "Piss on the Wall," for example. Why now?

PW: Well, these are definitely serious times going on and a lot of people are hurting, and we just mention it. We don't really tell people "Do this or do that." We're just saying, "Times is tough." And to have people get involved. For instance, we go into a city like Detroit that we love and it's disheartening to see so many people out of work. It really all just comes down to economics—who has and who has not. And we feel that there have to be some changes

made. Too many people hurting.

HT: But *you're* not hurting: The band's doing better than ever. How do you reconcile your personal success with what's going on in places like Detroit?

PW: Well, we don't look at success as something where you walk around signing eight by ten glossies and buying new shoes. We look at it as giving us the freedom to do something that we're able to. It's great to have the acclaim, but we use it to become better musicians and to put more into what we do. And we've done it when times were real tough, and hopefully it will be easier when times are less tough. We're still going to continue studying real hard and trying to be the best we can be.

HT: How do you view your social and political responsibilities as a rock star? With a great many people you have more influence than most politicians or clergymen.

PW: We're not preaching or telling someone what to do. We have been given a voice that we use to make observations—express our point of view—and make things clearer to people in some way. We're not experts, nor are we telling people which way to turn—we're concerned and we have our own personal beliefs. But basically we are trying to put on a good rock 'n' roll show, and have people get off on it and get off ourselves.

HT: J. Geils has worked hard for many years with only spurts of commercial success, yet the band has remained totally intact. Any idea why?

continued on page 12

FAREWELL ANDY

FLASHES

Andy Kowl, publisher of *High Times* magazine from July 1974 to February 1978, and then again beginning June 1980, resigned from his position this past August.

HIGH TIMES

Dear Readers,
I have been part of *High Times*, or rather it has been part of me, for the better part of more than eight years—a long time. Now I am leaving to pursue other business and cultural ventures. It is a reflective time for me as I look to the future with excitement and to the past with a fond sadness.

A magazine is its readers; and the most crucial element of our success has been your support. You never let us get away with any sort of bullshit. You let us know what you wanted and you told us when we were doing things you liked.

Getting notes and letters, positive or negative, not to mention T-shirts, gifts, photos, buds—all types of incredible response from you—has made being publisher of *High Times* fun and fulfilling.

I plan to continue contributing to *High Times* and giving it all of my love and support. I know that you readers will do the same, as always.

Thanks for everything.

Andy Kowl



SNEAK PREVIEW

Coming next month in *High Times* magazine: "The Migrant Dope Cleaners of Northern California." You'll blow your buds as you hear Christine say, "Good crop, wet, though. They're gonna be slow cleanin'." They're the tops at what they do—and with the prices they charge they better be. They're the Migrant Dope Cleaners of Northern California. Next month in *High Times* magazine.

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WHO'S HIGH



Dr. Michael Aldrich, who penned this month's "Master Addict," a 450-year retrospective of opium addiction, is a *High Times* contributing editor and one of the country's most respected voices on drugs and drug abuse. He has served as researcher for both the U.S. National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse and the California Select Committee on Control of Marijuana. In addition to his work for the government, Aldrich has served as consultant to many drug organizations and is the author of numerous articles on drug history, research and reform. Says the good doctor, "The fact that Cardinal Richelieu was an opium addict can give one a whole new perspective on the Three Musketeers." Is that the candy bar or the book, doc?



Charles Bukowski is an out-and-out legend. Born in Andernach, Germany, he was brought to the United States at the age of three. Since that time he's published over 30 books of poetry and prose celebrating a life lived in cheesy hotels and beat-up old Chevys that can barely wheeze to the race-track and back. And the blondes, we can't forget the blondes, the rotgut whiskey or the classical music. And "The Player" is vintage Bukowski, even though the characters are drinking Jack Daniels and there's not a *glissando* or *pizzicato* in the whole story.

FLASHES

J. Geils's Peter Wolf

continued from page 10

PW: We really just kept sticking together and believing in each other. There were hard times when things were very difficult and we were in bankruptcy and the band was almost going to have to split up. We were getting sued left and right because we owed this and that. But we just became better friends for it. I think that's why we're such good friends now.

HT: Can you recite the last verse to "Piss on the Wall"?

PW: Uh-huh [*Peter sings*] The Yanks hate the Reds and the Greeks hate the Turks/I really hate to say it but they all a bunch of jerks/Seems like everyone's shaking 'cause the big one's 'bout to fall/I'm just trying to hold it steady while I piss on the wall.

HT: Throughout the band's career it's been said that J. Geils is America's answer to the Rolling Stones. Do you agree?

PW: Well, we feel the Rolling Stones are the Rolling Stones, and they are a great band. And we are the J. Geils Band. We share a lot of the same roots that the Rolling Stones have and we probably think a lot the same way, so I could understand why they say it. But I'd like to say this—what we do and what we want to continue to do, is keep growing as a band, keep learning stuff, and keep on grooving. Keep on making music and hoping that the music will treat us well. □

Latimer: Lapsed but Luscious

Editor:

In his recent article "Sex & Drugs & Tom Forcade," Dean Latimer stated that *High Times* was started by Tom Forcade as a scam, and only when the magazine's sales took off did he actually take it seriously. That is not the way *High Times* happened.

In the early '70s in New York, there was a concentration of writers who had just survived the '60s experience. Tom and others were influenced by the Yippie! visions of anarchism and an idealistic belief that the Nixonian dinosaurs were on the road to extinction. Forcade was also influenced by the book *Agents of Chaos* by Norman Spinrad.

Using his dynamic abilities, Forcade assumed control of the Underground Press Syndicate, which he ran as a collective from a basement office/living space. Members of the collective were interested in pot as a focus, an agent of change. Tom thought of publishing a drug news service since newspapers and magazines were devoting an increasing amount of space to drug news.

One of the items we came across was
Letters continued on page 14



"R.": One Heavy Dude

Me and my friends were recently leafing through some of your back issues and we all seemed to notice that in many of "R."s columns the notion of munchies is stressed (for example, that you should "always have a lot of munchies around"). What we would like to know is that with all the food "R." must consume, is he grossly overweight, and could you possibly print a picture of him?

—Smoking and Sweating Off Pounds in Miami

While we are forbidden by contractual agreement to print a photograph of "R.," or otherwise divulge his identity, we are not prohibited from publishing pictures of his immediate family. Here then is a photo of "R."s younger brother (whom we'll call "r."). —Ed.



Something New

Editor:

Thought you might be interested in a new strain I've recently developed. What I did was cross some fourth-generation Hawaiian with a beer-drinking 24-year-old guy from Kansas City, Missouri. Pretty neat, huh?

—Brian Murphy
Kingston, Md.

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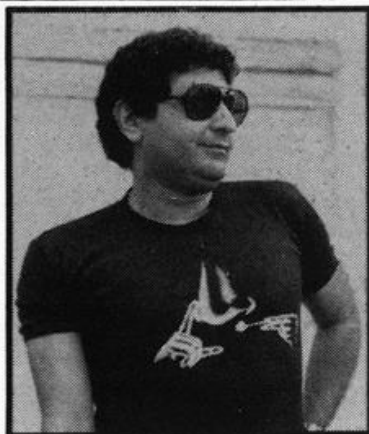
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Letters

continued from page 12, col. 2

a DEA propaganda piece which claimed that 10 million people smoked pot regularly. We figured that that came to a minimum retail value of about \$15 billion a year. This was certainly enough for even peripheral advertisers to support a retail magazine.

Within a matter of days, the collective members had thought of two possible names for the publication (*National Weed* and *High Times*), the departments and over 100 article ideas, most of which were used in the first 36 issues.

We printed a brochure and exhibited at the National Fashion and Boutique Show, where the concept and brochure received such a favorable response that we knew we had a winner on our hands.

Just before the show, one of Tom's weirder friends—and possibly a government provocateur—provoked a fight between Tom and myself. After the show the other collective members dropped out of the project. But by that time the die was cast and *High Times* was soon born.

—Ed Rosenthal
Oakland, Calif.

Ed Rosenthal, with Mel Frank, is coauthor of The Marijuana Grower's Guide, published by And/Or Press in Berkeley. Dean Latimer, Sordid Affairs Editor of High Times, was so smacked out during the period Rosenthal speaks of here, he'll readily concede that that's how it really happened. "So Tom was bullshitting me about that, too," Latimer winces.—Ed.

Editor:

So there I am, sick with a phlegm-thickened cough, spooning down Haagen-Dazs ice cream and eating up Latimer's luscious prose on Tom Forcade, when I reach the statement that the magazine's second office was on West Broadway. How could such a gross error reach print, I say to myself, when all of a sudden I start choking on the phlegm and dash to the john for some spontaneous regurgitation. (Haagen-Dazs chocolate-chocolate chip tastes almost as good coming back up as it does going down.)

I returned to the article, resolved to write my first letter to a magazine. Hey, you dorks should know better! Your office was on Broadway. Only then do I discover that Latimer's lapse has been corrected by an editor's note.

I finished reading and decided to write anyway. As a scrutinizer of mastheads in general, and a follower of *High Times* liturgy since year one, I never imagined the double entendre of Sordid Affairs Editor. Though Latimer clues us in earlier in the piece, the surprise ending really

choked me up. Believe me, "Sex & Drugs & Tom Forcade" was the highlight of the weekend. Bravo. Cough. Cough.

—Michael Antonoff
New York, N.Y.

Hydroponically Yours

Editor:

Sitting around here sipping a Chinese beer after putting together two hydroponic units as described in Ed Rosenthal's article in your July issue. The best! I knew patience with *High Times* would bear results. You're still my favorite (as in "all-time") magazine. Don't stop.

—Doctor WU
Newport Beach, Calif.

TOM BAKER 1940-1982

... they shambled down the street like dingedoodies, and I shambled after them, as I've been doing all my life, after people who interest me, because the only people for me are the mad ones, the ones who are mad to live, mad to talk, mad to be saved, desirous of everything at the same time. The ones who never yawn or say a commonplace thing, but burn, burn, burn, like fabulous yellow roman candles exploding like spiders across the stars and in the middle you see the blue center light pop, and everybody goes "Awwwwwww!"

—Jack Kerouac, *On the Road*

Tom Baker, actor, moviemaker, died in New York on September 2. He was a contributing editor to this magazine and a friend of us all, and he will be sorely missed.



Frank Liscandro

DIARY OF A CONNOISSEUR THE SUPREME TASTING *A Two-Part Report* by "R."



Jill Brody

Heard the Haze brothers were heading east from California with samples of the California sinsemilla harvest. Just in time: East Coast going through a spring and summer of extremely mediocre marijuana at both the exotic and commercial levels. A steady supply of strong but undistinguished Thai was not enough to satisfy the Connoisseur's quest for variety and novelty in the high.

Haze brothers: known far and wide for the amazingly diverse spectrum of California varieties—17 different sativas, 18 indicas, a score of sativa-indica crosses—they were the premiere collectors of California cannabis. Problem was, they smoked so much of their prize collection they seldom had any to stash away for future seasons. You had to get in on one of their tastings during the seasonal year or you might forever miss out on the most magical moments of herb harvest history. Their tasting sessions are legendary for lavishness coast to coast.

Connoisseur worried he'd be frozen out again. Last year, the Hazes came through town and snubbed the Connoisseur. I'd hear from fortunate friends about the amazing, epic Haze tasting parties they'd hold and I'd gnash my teeth with envy and frustration.

Review troubled history of "R."s relationship with the Haze brothers: Bad karma prevailed for some years because of the Haze brothers' misinterpretation of an "Adventures of 'R.'" cartoon epic appearing in *HIGH TIMES*. The cartoon, which depicted "R."s first tasting session with a harvest of Haze herb, emphasized "R."s astonished, stunned, stoned response when first "hazed." But somehow the Haze brothers felt "R." was insulting them, or their dope, or the state of California, when actually he was trying, in his humorous way, to praise the Haze.

For sometime afterward, "R." would hear that the Hazes were bad-mouthing him, mak-

ing fun of his pseudonym, calling him "R.nt" (get it?), criticizing his otherwise universally acknowledged taste and discrimination in matters of high-class grass.

This year, with most other grass mediocre or inaccessible, "R." decided to ignore the insults, swallow his pride, be magnanimous in spirit, show a willingness to beg or grovel in order to get in on a Haze tasting. "R." planned his campaign to get back in the Haze graces with the canniness of a long-term strategist: He made sure that Haze buds received nominations for his coveted "Herbie" awards two years in a row—but held out on bestowing the glory of an actual Herbie winning award, to give the Hazes some incentive to ply the Connoisseur with persuasive samples. Went so far as to

actually apologize in print for any possible misinterpretation that arose from the controversial cartoon. Went out of the way to repeatedly let mutual friends of the Hazes and the Connoisseur know that "R." was eager to mend fences, smoke the peace pipe with the Hazes. Particularly, smoke the peace pipe.

The results: nothing but silence. At first, "R." knew the Hazes were in town and he'd had reports of the cornucopia of California cannabis they were allowing others to taste from.

At last the word was passed: The Hazes had relented.

"Did you ever hear the legend of the Haze seed strain?" Brother Number Two asked me.

We were smoking the first bud of the evening, an African-

Afghani, sativa-indica, California-grown cross. An interesting cultural crossbreed indeed: complicated African rhythms rippling upon the brain pan while the consciousness soared with the serenity of the California surf rolling in. And, in fact, if you believe the legend of the Haze seed strain, the surf had something to do with it.

"There was this old surfer," Brother Number Two told me, "and the legend goes that he met this hippie on a beach on the central-California coast and gave him these very special magical seeds. The hippie planted them, and practically overnight this amazing purple pot plant came up. Well, he smoked some and decided to sleep with the plant until it produced enough seeds, then he went out on a kind of Johnny Appleseed trip and, maybe because of the Jimi Hendrix song, the whole seed strain came to be called 'purple Haze.' This supposedly happened just about the time serious sinsemilla seed trading was going on, and Haze became a very important brand name with a lot of commercial seed breeders."

"But with crosses and all," Number One continued, "Haze is no longer just a purple strain; it's been bred to all kinds of other primo strains, so you've got green Hazes, silver Hazes and this next one I'm going to roll up now, we call it 'Bright Golden Haze.'"

"You know, from 'Bright Golden Haze on the Meadow,' that song," Brother Number Three explained.

"It's ironic," Brother Number Two told me, "but this year the original purple Hazes really seemed to have passed their peak."

"This year," Brother Number Three said, "it's the greens that really have been turning out special. The indicas this year are really the pick of the crop. The hash plant."

"Hash plants?" I asked.

"No," said Brother Number One. "The hash plant."

"The one and only," said Brother Number Two.

"It's not just another hash plant, not just any indica," said Brother Number One. "This is maybe the finest grass we've had in years."

"Will I get to taste it?" I asked,
continued on next page

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CONNOISSEUR
continued from page 15

unable to mask my eagerness indeed, greedy to get high on this hash-plant ganja.

"First we have several other selections we'd like you to taste," Number Two replied. "This Bright Golden Haze for instance," he said, handing me a joint.

Of course, I was already sailing from the African-Afghani crossbreed weed—it was far more stimulating and powerful than anything available on the East Coast at that time, but with just one deep draw on the Bright Golden Haze I was transported into another realm entirely. One draw and all barriers of time and space melted away. One draw and it was morning on the island of Kauai. I was on a mountaintop watching the sunrise over the sparkling blue Pacific. I felt a rush of those "oceanic feelings"—a Freudian term for the waves of wonder and delight certain mystics and seers have reported at moments of ecstatic union with Creation—that would have made Freud himself bodysurf out of the grave.

I have not been that high since I'd left the island of Kauai at the end of my celebrated and triumphant tasting tour of the Hawaiian-herb archipelago.

I was now more than high—I was ecstatic. This was what grass was all about. You tend to forget in times of mediocre marijuana why it was you started smoking in the first place. And we are living in times of mediocre marijuana. Let's face it—unless you're a grower, or a good friend of growers like the Haze brothers, you are probably smoking mediocre marijuana this year.

Suddenly I understood the phenomenon recently reported by *Rolling Stone*—the pioneering pot-smoking generation swearing off the stuff. Many attributed this development to anxiety, to maturity, to this or that sociological phenomenon. The fact is—and I'm willing to bet on it—the real reason a lot of people have stopped smoking is that marijuana quality has stabilized at a level of relentless mediocrity. The great mass of consumers out there are not getting a chance to experience the true delights still to be found from the herb at its highest levels.

At the kind of level the Bright Golden Haze took me, marijuana is not merely some feel-good drug, not merely the thrill-seeker's delight—although certainly there are thrills to be sought—but something of a visionary experience.

Unfortunately, the stupidity of the prohibition drug-control bureaucracy, and the cupidity of dealers in mass consumption marijuana mediocrity, have combined to make it almost impossible for the average smoker to get a taste of weed as wild and fine as the Haze strain. Look at what I had to go to just to get the Haze brothers to consent to a tasting—and I'm the Connoisseur. □

More sampling of the Haze Brothers Herb (including the legendary King of the Harvest—the Fabulous Hash Plant) next month in Part II.

SUPERCARGO GUNNY SACKS



California



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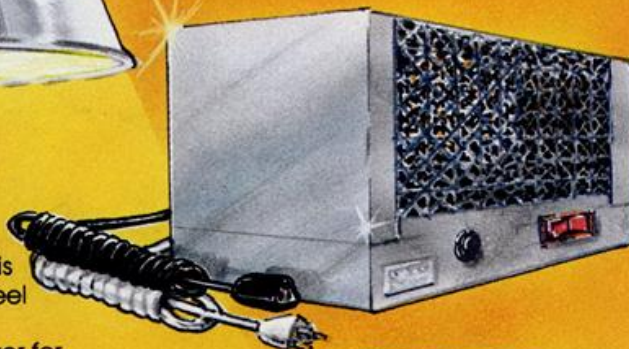
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Nov. '82

No. 87

NFL CRACKS DOWN ON COCAINE

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

THIS YEAR, PLAYERS FOR THE National Football League seem more concerned over bypassing different kinds of lines than the yard markers on the field. Ever since former New Orleans

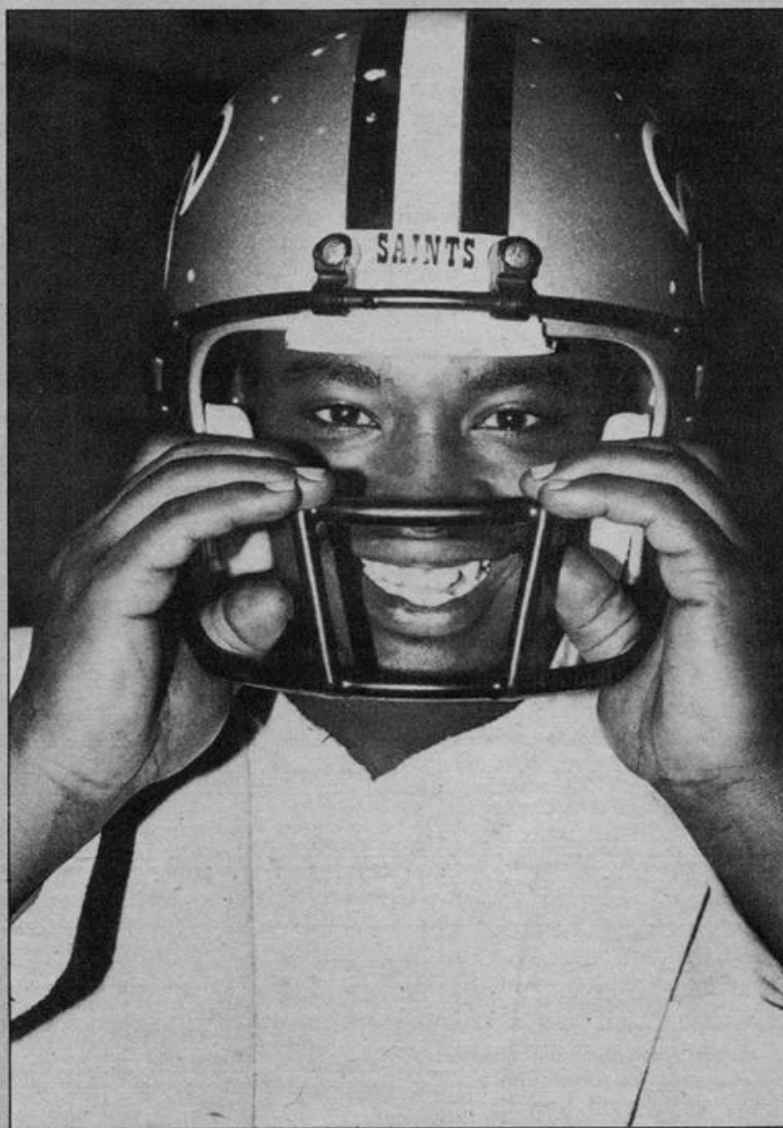


UPI

Saints defensive lineman Don Reese claimed that cocaine "controls and corrupts the game" (as well as Don Reese) in a *Sports Illustrated* cover story, the league has been frantically stumbling over itself to show the world how clean it is of drug use. Ironically, Reese's confessional, which revealed he had used cocaine after his 1977 dealing conviction, may land him back in jail. The hearing for his parole violation was scheduled for August 31 in Miami, one day after former teammate Mike Strachan went on trial in New Orleans, also for selling cocaine. At press time, Strachan's trial was still underway.

Reese and Strachan marked only the beginning of the crusade against cocaine. News stories charged that Chuck Muncie, a former Saint now with the San Diego Chargers, and George Rogers, the Saints' wunderkind rookie were heavy and open users, sometimes snorting up during games. After disclosures about these four, the lid was blown completely off and everyone on the NFL roster came under suspicion. After Rogers and Muncie volunteered for treatment, the league pointed to their example

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UPI

George Rogers: Saint or sinner?

BOLIVIAN UPDATE

COCAINE COLONELS KICK OFF COMIC-OPERA DOPE CLEANUP

by Segundo Sombra



Col. Luis Arce Gomez

LA PAZ, BOLIVIA

DEATH AND DIOXIN HAVE come to Bolivia's coca terraces, as the military government cranks up a "little Vietnam" for the benefit of U.S. State Department observers. The latest top-billing assault on coca-paste producers chalked up a body count of 50 dead and 500 jailed, all dirt-poor peasants, and the herbicide project has elicited protests from environmental experts, but none of it has cut visibly into the phenomenal freightage of Bolivian *truxilense* into the United States. And far from rehabilitating the corrupt La Paz junta in the U.S. government's esteem, this latest blow blitzkrieg has sparked a comic-opera series of threats and counterthreats between U.S. narcotics agencies and Bolivian coke traffickers, with plenty of lively action at U.S. international airports.

Annals of the Coke War

"Anything in this direction is a step forward in our opinion," says the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration, confirming that the Bolivian armed forces last spring rolled up 200 jungle coke labs around Chaparé in Cochabamba and Yacami in Santa Cruz Department. It was indeed the first coca-interdiction effort of any scale undertaken in Bolivia since organized coke mobsters took over the government three years ago. (See "Cocaine Colonialism," Aug. 1981) But considering that these "labs" are merely temporary shacks where coca leaves are soaked down with chemicals into freebase *pichicata* coke paste, and that all these raids merely turned up seven meager kilos of the

stuff, U.S. State took a more jaundiced view of what they termed a "gesture" at coke busting. One State Department spokesperson told *HIGH TIMES*, "You really shouldn't overestimate the significance of this."

The State Department had reason to be skeptical. A year ago, when the Reagan administration was ready to be very generous to the vigorously "authoritarian" right-wing junta in La Paz, they sent a veteran State Department narco officer here as ambassador. Ambassador Edwin Corr's unspoken portfolio was to monitor the junta's attach-

ments to the multibillion-dollar cocaine racket and, whenever the brass should cleanse itself of such unwholesome associations, recommend that the United States set up normal relations, pumping much-needed foreign-aid money into this impoverished nation—poorest in all South America.

After nine months passed with no such redeeming report from Corr, the brass in desperation set up a grand National Council to Fight the Narcotics Traffic. Over a thousand troops from the army, the air force, the national police and the navy (Bolivia is landlocked) marched brisk-

ly into the Cochabamba and Santa Cruz growing regions and commenced shooting and burning. The 50 peasants they murdered, and the 500 they busted, were all mere *pisadores*—literally, "footers"—who carry coca bundles from the terraces to the *pichicata* kitchens. The troops of the Narcotics Council not only failed to roll up any *narcotraficantes* of any importance, but evidently *stole* all the coca paste they came across, except for the seven ki's they officially reported.

As for the herbicide project, the compound the Nar-

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BULLETIN: BOLIVIAN PREZ OUSTED AFTER COKE CRACKDOWN

TWO MONTHS AFTER PRESIDENT Gen. Celso Torrelío tried to please the U.S. State Department by cleaning up selected coca terraces, he was toppled in one of those bloodless palace coups designed to reshuffle ambitious generals from time to time.

It is not yet clear what triggered the overthrow of General Torrelío's close to one-year administration. A devastating economic crisis and the fall of the Bolivian general's mentor, Gen. Leopoldo Galtieri in neighboring Argentina, certainly didn't endear Torrelío to his people. The last straw may have been the confiscation of coke labs and the use of defoliants to eradicate coca fields. Elements of the Bolivian army with close ties to the *pichicata*

families may not have been particularly pleased after U.S. ambassador in La Paz, Edwin Corr, fingered the infamous Col. Luis Arce Gomez for involvement in the dope trade.

It was hardly surprising that one of Arce's cronies, Col. Faustino Rico Toro, who had been linked to both coke trafficking and right-wing political repression, began pressuring the army for Torrelío's resignation and his own nomination as president. Even though Rico Toro failed to move into the Palacio Quemado as the new president, Torrelío's position was terminally shaken. Despite his promise of new elections, he was forced to resign in late July and was replaced by a new junta headed by an army general Guido Vildoso. Ironically, Vildoso

was described as a hard-liner, compared to Torrelío's moderate authoritarianism.

One of Vildoso's first acts was to promise elections for 1983, a meaningless gesture for a country like Bolivia where the generals simply nullify the results of democratic elections whenever it suits them. Already General Vildoso has reinstated Colonel Arce in his old position as head of intelligence. With dubious characters like Arce and Toro still lurking around, the U.S. State Department should realize coke traffic in the *altiplano* won't stop. Witness what happened to General Torrelío and his swansong dope campaign. It may have cost him his term in the Palacio Quemado.

—S.S.

PENTAGON IS SUED TO DISCONTINUE MARIJUANA URINE TESTING

WASHINGTON, D. C.

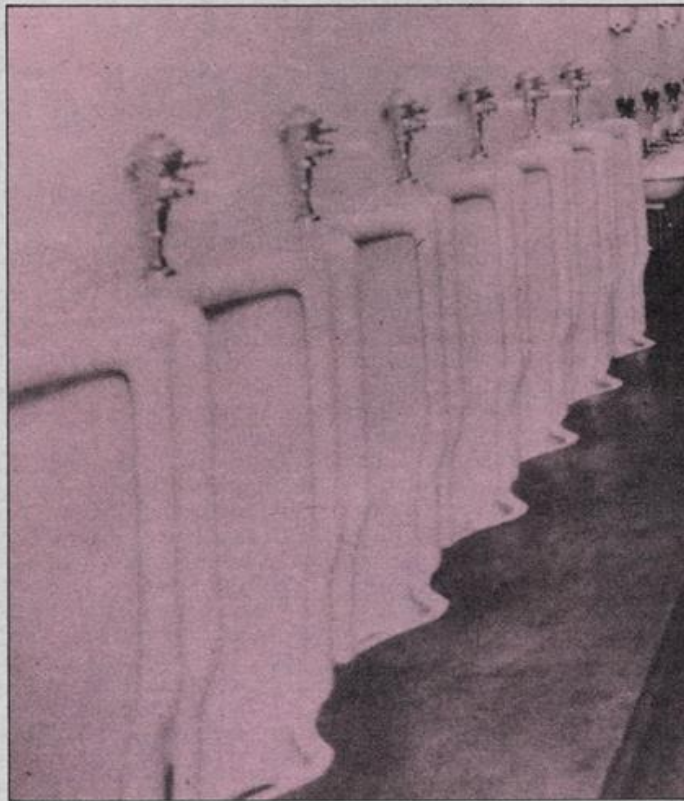
UNITED STATES ARMED-services personnel are at risk of having their careers there ruined, and their future civilian careers severely compromised, by the Department of Defense's highly questionable new marijuana urinalysis policies, charges the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws. A new draft petition prepared by NORML for presentation to the DOD, analyzing the new urine-testing procedures in detail, notes that none is adequate to determine voluntary use, or even recent use of marijuana. "These tests are not one hundred percent accurate," the petition concludes, "and their use is bad policy and, very likely, illegal."

Since December 1981, all branches of the armed services have been subject, without warning at random intervals, to "piss sweeps." Urine samples are collected from personnel en masse, and processed through either the "EMIT Cannabinoid Assay" or the "Roche Abusescreen THC": inexpensive, mass-produced "immunoassay" machines which are designed to detect in urine the presence of 11-nor-delta-9-THC-9 carboxylic acid, a metabolic end product of delta-9 THC, a substance unique to marijuana.

Policies vary among defense installations around the world, but NORML has heard of numerous personnel being severely disciplined after pulling THC "positives." Many face less-than-honorable discharges as a result, with consequent denial of disability payments, financial aid, survivors' benefits, health assistance and pensions. Such discharges may also, like a criminal record, severely compromise one's employment, legal and credit opportunities throughout life.

Passive Inhalation

However, no marijuana urine test can determine either voluntary or recent use of mari-



juana. They can only detect the presence in urine of 11-nor THC, which can appear in urine in detectable quantities for as long as 30 days after a single dose of grass smoke. Nor can these tests possibly distinguish whether the grass smoke entered the urine donor's body as a result of voluntary, premeditated marijuana smoking, or if the donor was merely exposed, accidentally or inadvertently, to other people's free-floating "side stream" marijuana smoke. For people stationed in barracks and crew quarters, this passive-inhalation factor is particularly serious.

"These tests are not discovering people who are smoking marijuana while on duty," NORML observes, "rather they are finding people who may merely be using marijuana on an off-duty basis." A person who smokes one joint to enjoy a weekend *Star Wars* movie is just as likely to pull positive on these screens, days later, and be disciplined for it, as a chronic daily weed

fiend. NORML's petition adds that, in fact, occasional users may be *likelier* than regular users to pull THC positives, since regular smokers metabolize THC much more quickly and efficiently than occasional, once-a-week smokers, according to the National Institute on Drug Abuse. "Many who ought not to be discharged will be," NORML diagnoses, "and many who are marijuana users will not be caught."

Manufacturer Admits Test's Unreliability

Beyond the inherent impossibility of detecting marijuana use from urine-test results, the tests themselves are unreliable to begin with, due to built-in technical limitations and the statistical inevitability of operator error. The EMIT pot test's merchandizer, the Syva Company of Palo Alto, California, warns that five samples out of every hundred processed by each of its machines will yield deceptive results, and the Roche

Abusescreen device, which depends on a subjective judgment by the operator for each processed sample, may be even less reliable. At best, therefore, 75,000 false results have inevitably occurred out of the estimated 1.5 million tests that have been run on U.S. armed-services personnel this year.

Moderate, occasional use of alcoholic beverages by service personnel is not punished by the DOD, NORML notes. Considering that marijuana's psychotropic effects are much milder than alcohol's, and that the long-term health effects of alcohol are manifestly much more serious than marijuana's, the DOD's new no-grass policy is both hypocritical and injurious to the U.S. armed services. "If all marijuana users were discharged from the services," NORML notes, "thirty-five percent of the services would be discharged. This would have a more severe impact on military preparedness than the current level of all drug use." If all alcohol users were cashiered, only 15 percent of the services would remain.

Most of the petition is taken up with a detailed consideration of case law, both military and civil, pertaining to the Fourth Amendment prohibition of illegal search and seizure. Service personnel are covered by the Fourth Amendment, NORML legal counsel Kevin Zeese points out. While the stated aim of the petition is to persuade the DOD to at least minimize the wholesale abuse of the new marijuana urinalysis gimmicks—which has also occurred in jails, parole programs, police departments and private corporations all around the country in the last year—the immediate effect of it should be to advise victims of such abuse that they have legal resource to challenge such violations of their constitutional rights. "Hopefully it'll serve as a handy guide to attorneys handling legal challenges to these urine tests," Zeese tells *HIGH TIMES*. **HT**



Chuck Muncie

NFL CRACKS DOWN ON COKE

continued from page 19

and encouraged players with a drug problem to seek help. Urinalysis testing for drugs became a hot issue in the players' negotiations for a new contract.

Sports Heroes Turned Informers

Quite a few of the players and coaches regarded the prospect of surprise testing as degrading, and shared Philadelphia Eagle Jerry Robinson's opinion: "If they want to test me like Foolish Pleasure or Secretariat, then pay me like that." If the owners wouldn't give the players the 55 percent cut of profits spokesman Ed Garvey was demanding, at least they could give them some respect.

Last season's heroes were now being portrayed in the media as hard drug abusers. Inevitably, fans this season would have to wonder whether it was cocaine or talent fueling their football stars. At one time or another, Strachan, Muncie and Rogers had been voted the Saints' Most Valuable Players. A newly reformed Rogers could hardly claim that cocaine ruins your physical abilities since he performed last year as the NFL's most productive running back, even under the influence.

How the much-trumpeted cocaine cleanup affects play on the field still remains to be seen. But a certain side effect already in evidence is the

R O M A , T E X A S

THE U.S. COURT OF APPEALS for the Fifth Circuit has handed down a decision that should severely restrict the arrest powers of law-enforcement officers outside their specific jurisdictions. In effect, the court ruled that peace officers, like game wardens, airport security personnel and campus cops, may only make arrests within the areas they've been assigned

players' paranoia off the field. Any football hero might be forced into the role of informer. What happens to trusted teamwork if the grand jury might call up the entire backfield on its next fishing expedition? Players who have a bad day in a game or act a bit too testy after practice might automatically be suspected of drug use.

Saints player representative Benny Ricardo is skeptical of management's tolerance for a drug-abusing teammate, especially one who is not a star like a Muncie or a Rogers. Despite receiving encouragement to seek treatment, once a third-string line-man, for example, volunteers he has a problem with drugs, "they can just get rid of a guy and get another," Ricardo told the *New York Times*.

All the *sturm und drang* over drugs in the NFL seems far out of proportion to its seriousness, say many of the players. Why single out football athletes for censure when it's clear they don't use drugs any more than the rest of the population?

"Kids are looking up to you," Ricardo commented, "but it seems you can kill someone and people will forgive you. But using drugs is unforgivable." **HT**

OUT OF BOUNDS

COURT RULES SMUGGLERS ARE UNFAIR GAME FOR TEXAS GAME WARDENS

to protect or in enforcing their limited charges elsewhere. In reversing the U.S. district court's ruling against Victor Domingo Garcia, Ruben Barrera-Saenz and Adan Montolla Mungia, the fifth circuit rejected the notion that game wardens and other parapolice officers had "cosmic arresting authority."

That night, October 17, 1980, under the stars, Texas game wardens Christopher Huff and Hilario Saenz may have been thinking too cosmically for their own good. When the pair spotted an 18-wheel tanker-trailer rumbling out of the darkness with its lights off, it wasn't illegal deer they expected to discover inside it. As Huff later testified to the district judge, a customs officer had warned him "to keep my eyes out for any kind of large vehicles; that they were using these types of vehicles to haul marijuana." So when the truck eased off the private road onto the paved state road and switched its lights on, the game wardens put away their binoculars and swooped down from their hilltop viewpoint, convinced of intercepting live smugglers, not dead game.

Driver Adan Mungia's "evasive" answers prompted the protectors of wildlife to inspect the tank, where they discovered *mucho* sacks of marijuana. While Saenz stayed with the tanker-trailer, Huff waited with Mungia at the intersection of the private road and the highway. Forty tedious minutes later, along came three people in a beige pickup truck. Huff flagged them over and handcuffed together two of the passengers, Victor Garcia and Ruben Barrera-Saenz, before finding some seeds and stems in the bed. While Huff was radioing for assistance, the

driver of the pickup, Angel Garza Soliz, made a run for it and disappeared into the South Texas brush, never to be heard from again. When Starr County sheriff's deputies arrived, the lawmen followed the tire tracks back to a white pickup with a flat tire and "marijuana residue" in its bed.

Marijuana Is No Game

From the outset, Garcia and Barrera maintained their innocence. Garcia, for years a prominent rancher in the area, said he and Barrera were working late on the Rosa Ranch when their pickup had a flat. Garza happened by and offered them a ride. A few minutes later they were in handcuffs.

In January 1981, a jury found the three defendants guilty of possession and conspiracy to distribute marijuana and Judge Filemon B. Vela, Jr., handed down sentences of five to eight years each.

On appeal, defense attorneys argued that the game wardens' warrantless searches of the vehicles should be suppressed. The three judges of the fifth circuit agreed, stating that the arrests were illegal because "the stops were made outside of state park grounds and were in no way connected with actual or suspected gaming-law violations." The court rejected the argument by U.S. attorney Louis Fisher that the evidence should be admitted based on the "good faith" exception to the exclusionary rule. Fisher said the government was petitioning for a rehearing by the three-judge panel and may appeal the case to the Supreme Court if the petition fails.

Michael Kennedy, one of six defense lawyers, dismissed

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UPI

'LUDES TO GO?

SENATOR DEMANDS METHAQUALONE BAN

WASHINGTON, D. C.

POOOR LITTLE LEMMON 714s—their days may be numbered. Vigilante U.S. senator Paula Hawkins (R.-Fla.) is out to get them. Soon, Quaalude and Mequin may be banished from the prescription market and stress clinics forever, to lurk only in the research labs.

Already the Hawk has succeeded in having her cronies in the Florida legislature push through a bill changing methaqualone from a Schedule II to a Schedule I drug; that is, having "no currently accepted medical use." A similar bill goes into effect in Georgia, November 1.

Buoyed by this two-state mandate, Senator Hawkins wants the whole country to follow suit. For the first time since passing the Controlled Substances Act in 1970, the U.S. Congress is considering reclassifying a drug to Schedule I. If successful, Quaaludes would be right up there with heroin.

Altering the drug's status is entirely up to Congress since the law prohibits the FDA from reclassifying a drug as a Schedule I substance. Earlier, the FDA had moved methaqualone from no classification to Schedule II. Food and Drug does, however, have the authority to take any drug off the market if it "poses an imminent hazard to the public." According to Edward C. Tocus, head of FDA's drug-abuse section, "When taken as it should be taken, methaqualone is not an imminent hazard."

Stress Clinics Shut Down

Nonetheless, the Hawkins machine rolls on. At an early May subcommittee hearing on the bill (S.2478), Senator Hawk called methaqualone "the most abused narcotic" among those under age 25, and bolstered her assertion with the "shocking" 3 percent increase of the drug's use by high-school seniors since 1975.



Sen. Paula Hawkins—down on Quaaludes

"It claims scores of victims every year," she hyperbolized, "in addition to associated accidental deaths, violent crime and pharmacy thefts." Spokesmen at the FDA, however, were unable to verify the Hawk's claims as to the number of deaths attributable to methaqualone abuse.

Hawkins's bill is also aimed at putting unregulated "stress clinics," which dispense the drug for insomnia, out of business. According to an aide of Hawkins, "Stress clinics are the epitome of why methaqualone needs to be gone." Already, the clinics are closed down in Florida, he claimed.

The AMA has fallen into line, taking the position that, "If a sedative is needed, there are safer and more effective drugs." The DEA is preferring to stand aside, officially yielding to the wisdom of the legislators.

No one HIGH TIMES contacted appeared very concerned that the Quaalude eaters would simply shift to another sedative-hypnotic, or that making the drug entirely illicit would remove all controls from the bootlegs to come—except the pill's manufacturer, that is.

Lemmon Fights Back

The nation's principal manu-

facturer of legitimate methaqualone, Lemmon Pharmecal, Inc., in Sellersville, Pennsylvania, is not about to take the Hawk's bill lying down. Barry Edwards, assistant to the company's president, told HIGH TIMES, "It's quite clear this legislation is unnecessary. Of course we're going to oppose it."

Edwards criticized Senator Hawkins for pushing Congress to second-guess the FDA in banning the drug. Be-



sides, "there's no evidence the drug is not safe and effective," he maintained.

The Lemmon spokesman viewed the proposed ban as futile and pointed out that "it won't stop methaqualone abuse because too much is being caused by counterfeiters anyway." Stress clinics would simply switch gears if the ban went into effect, Edwards predicted, and their new pitch might shift instead to the benzodiazepams, like Valium and Dalmane. **HT**

EAST GERMANS LINK INCENSE TO HASHISH

ZURICH, SWITZERLAND

THE RED COMMUNISTS ARE still waging bitter warfare against drugs and religion, to go by a recent report linking hashish to ceremonial incense, from the German Democratic Republic. Reporting in the *Zurcher Zeitung* here, two East German scientists claim to have proven that incense and hashish are the same thing at bottom, and that this explains their earlier discovery that altar boys in Catholic churches get "addicted" to the fumes from the censers which the poor children are compelled to swing at High Mass.

Working with the East German Academy of Science's Toxicological Research Center, professors Deiter Martinetz and Karlheinz Lohs investigated this incense-addiction plague to the bottom. Incense, they determined, commonly comes from resinous "olibanum" shrubs from India, South Arabia and East Africa. When burned, they found, such resins give off aromatic "phenolic" compounds. Hashish, another resin from a bushy plant, also gives off "phenolic" compounds, called cannabinoids. Thus, "the use of incense for cultic purposes appears in a new light," crow Martinetz and Lohs, who even go so far as to firmly identify incense-borne phenolics as "tetrahydrocannabinols," as though there were more than one variety of tetrahydrocannabinol.

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L.A. COUNTY COPS SLAY UNBORN CHILD OF DRUG SUSPECT

by Bob LaBrasca

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

IT IS A MUNDANE FACT THAT the attempted enforcement of drug laws induces many of the worst excesses in the police repertoire, but seldom do we hear of an incident as ugly as the one that occurred recently in the Los Angeles suburb of Duarte. When this particular exercise in law enforcement had run its course, 22-year-old DeLois Young had been shot twice. One of the bullets, a hollow-point round from a police .38, had pierced the head of her mature fetus, and Sheriff's Deputy Robert Armstrong would eventually be charged with the murder of Young's

unborn child.

It all started, according to county prosecutors, because several L.A. County deputies believed that a certain house on Warrington Avenue in Duarte had become a neighborhood center of drug activity. In the wee hours of a mid-April night, the officers met at a local gas station to scheme how to enter the house without a search warrant, and settled on the following ruse:

Deputy Armstrong, having bummed a dime from one of his coconspirators, telephoned the Sheriff's Department's emergency number. Identifying himself as Leroy

Jones and disguising his voice to sound like a black man, he reported sounds of a fight coming from the house on Warrington Avenue. He then returned to his patrol car in time to heed the dispatcher's call to investigate the imaginary uproar.

It was about 2 A.M. when three squads arrived at the house. Armstrong and his partner, Rene LaBelle, went to the front door. Two more deputies, Frederick Porter and David Geyer, who were in on the setup, and two other officers, who were not, covered the sides and rear. Armstrong, prosecutors say, knocked at the door, gave a false name and begged, "Let me in. The cops are after me!"

Inside, DeLois Young picked up an unloaded .22-caliber rifle and went to the

door of the house she shared with her mother and five other people. She opened the door a crack, and LaBelle knocked it open the rest of the way. According to Young's attorney, the pregnant woman was holding the rifle pointed toward the floor. Armstrong's lawyer claims she had it aimed at Armstrong. Whatever the circumstances, the deputy fired his revolver three times through the open doorway, hitting Young twice, in the chest and stomach. Quick medical attention, and the blocking effect of the fully developed skull of a child that would have been born within the month, saved the woman's life. An immediate search of the house for signs of dope turned up absolutely nothing.

Deputy Armstrong was ar-

SCANDAL-RIDDEN FORCE

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

FOR THE LOS ANGELES Police Department generally, and for Police Chief Daryl Gates specifically, absolutely nothing is going right this year. The bad press finally went national in early May over the department's practice of killing black men with chokeholds, but by then the stench was already thick. For instance:

- By the end of March, LAPD's Hollywood Division was reeking of scandal: A group of at least ten officers had been implicated in up to 200 on-duty burglaries in 1981 alone. (As we go to press, word arrives that one ex-officer, who was to have been one of two star witnesses in the Hollywood Division burglary investigation, was killed when his car ca-

reened off the Simi Valley Freeway. The D.A.'s office is investigating the possibility of foul play.)

An additional group of officers in the division were exposed as having participated in a series of late-night "sex parties" in Griffith Park with (and this is the honest truth) a troop of female Explorer Scouts. In the shake-up that followed, Gates forced the division commander into early retirement.

- At about the same time, an officer in the Southwest Division was brought up on charges of dealing "narcotics" and participating in an insurance swindle, all by way of a tip from authorities in Miami.
- And as April rolled around, it was revealed that L.A.'s finest had

"lost" three pounds of cocaine that had been placed in the headquarters property room. The loss was attributed by a department spokesman to a "storage error" committed after the blow was returned from the crime lab. No one was charged with the theft of the coke, but prosecutors worried that the disappearance of evidence would endanger their case against seven defendants awaiting trial.

Then the chokehold controversy, smoldering for years, exploded with a vengeance. The disputed tactic is actually three holds: the carotid hold, the modified carotid and the bararm hold. They render victims unconscious by cutting off blood to the brain and/or air to the lungs in varying degrees. A U.S. district judge

momentarily banned the holds in December 1981 (see *Highwitness News*, Feb. '82), but Supreme Court Justice William Rehnquist quickly granted a stay against implementation of the ban until the issue could be reviewed by the full court. The issue was ignited again, however, in April, when 20-year-old James Mincey, Jr., a chokehold victim, died after two weeks in a coma.

A review of the history of the use of the hold by the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* soon thereafter revealed that the LAPD had killed 16 men with the maneuver since 1975. Twelve of the victims were black. The number killed was greater than the combined total for the 13 other major cities using the hold.

Local political and civil rights leaders began demanding a moratorium on the lethal grip. Their anger was further aggravated when police claims that Mincey had been high on PCP when arrested were refuted by lab reports. Gates re-

rested for murder before the sun came up, but by 10:30 that same morning he was released on his own recognizance without an arraignment. Rene LaBelle, Frederick Porter and David Geyer were relieved of their duties but not taken into custody.

Almost two weeks later, the district attorney's office charged Armstrong with second-degree murder for the killing of the fetus, attempted murder of DeLois Young, assault with a deadly weapon and conspiracy to obstruct justice. Bail was finally set at \$25,000, bond was posted and Armstrong was again released. Deputies LaBelle, Porter and Geyer were charged only with conspiracy to obstruct justice. At this writing, all four deputies have been suspended, all except Armstrong with pay.

Speaking to reporters the day before the arraignment, District Attorney John Van de Kamp said his prime concern was that this case be handled on an "equal standard" with cases involving "non-policemen." By this time, of course, Armstrong, a murder

charge hanging over his head, had walked free without arraignment and without bail—a precedent-setting example of judicial leniency.

It is also standard practice, particularly in California, to charge with murder all participants in a felony that results in a death. This is authorized by what is called the "felony murder" statute. Assistant District Attorney Terry Green, a prosecutor in this case, told *HIGH TIMES* that the felony murder principle was not invoked against the other deputies because their "conduct was distinguishable" and their participation was "factually different" from Armstrong's—factors seldom taken into account in, say, armed robberies by "nonpolicemen."

He added that, for the felony murder "theory" to be applied, the criminal activity of LaBelle, Porter and Geyer would have to have been "inherently dangerous." Apparently it is the considered opinion of the Los Angeles D.A.'s staff that it is not "inherently dangerous" to break into someone's home at 2 A.M. armed with police .38s. **HT**



WESTERN COURTS DISAGREE ON DOPE-SNIFFING DOGS

by Bob LaBrasca

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

sponded to the furor by tossing a crumb to his critics: He set guidelines for the use of the holds and then halted the use of the bar-arm completely.

But he couldn't leave well enough alone. In an interview with the *Los Angeles Times*, he insisted it would be "insane" to cease using the modified carotid, describing it as a "superhold." Then, instead of blaming deaths on the hold, he tried to blame the blacks. "We may be finding that in some blacks, when it is applied, the veins or arteries do not open up as fast as they do on normal people. There may be something arresting the ability of the blood to flow again. We're going to look at that very carefully."

The black community was outraged by this unsolicited, and insupportable, medical opinion. Those calling for a ban on chokeholds now demanded nothing less than Gates's resignation. Even ever-temperate mayor Tom Bradley, himself an Afro-American, ordered the Police Commission to con-

duct a disciplinary investigation into not only the chief's "disparaging" remark about blacks, but into statements he'd made in past years that had offended Hispanics and Jews as well. For his part, Gates first refused to apologize, and then, in a tumultuous commission meeting on May 12, apologized profusely to the "entire community," but only for what he had said. He added, "I have no apology to make at all for what I was thinking." Individual commission members, however, had no difficulty severely chastising Gates specifically for what he was thinking.

In the end, the commission ordered a moratorium on use of the chokeholds for six months. They also authorized instant purchase of 300 additional Taser Fasers, electric-shock dart guns, so as not to leave patrolmen helpless against PCP heads. The dustheads, alleged to have superhuman strength, are frequently alluded to in arguments in defense of the chokeholds. **HT**

STATE DOGS CAN SNIFF OUT drugs in luggage passing through California airports, but federal dogs cannot, following contradictory rulings by the California Supreme court and the United States Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit.

The federal court made its decision first, on April 24, when it reversed the coke-smuggling conviction of John Beale. The court ruled that Beale's right of privacy had been invaded when dope-sensitive dogs were used indiscriminately to survey airport luggage. Authorities must have "reasonable suspicion" that a particular person's bags contain contraband, the court said, before they can bring in canine detectives to probe the "molecules...emanating from the interior of luggage."

Less than three weeks later, the California Supreme Court took an opposite tack in a five-to-one decision upholding the conviction of Joseph Mayberry on marijuana charges. While deplaning in San Diego, Mayberry had fallen victim to Corky the wonder dog, who, state au-

thorities claim, has been responsible for 475 drug seizures without a single error.

Acknowledging that many state and federal courts had ruled otherwise, the majority of state justices argued, "To the contrary, one who secretes illegal narcotics in his suitcase has no protectable privacy interests in those narcotics, nor any legitimate objection to an unintrusive method of detection which reacts only to contraband."

Rose Elizabeth Bird, chief justice, disagreed sharply with the majority in a 22-page dissent. Citing the recent ninth-circuit decision and other state court rulings, she said general surveillance of travelers' luggage by dope dogs could "undermine the open society to which we are all committed." She further objected that citizens should not be required to take "extraordinary measures to prevent the escape of even one marijuana molecule" from their personal effects.

Federal prosecutors, meanwhile, said they would appeal the Beale decision all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court. **HT**

COMIC-OPERA DOPE CLEANUP

continued from page 20

cotics Council claims to be using is 2,4-D—a dioxin-yielding chemical which, with 2,4,5-T, made up Vietnam's infamous Agent Orange. Since dioxin is known to cause cancer and birth defects with minuscule doses, even the Narcotics Council is using it gingerly. Instead of spraying the stuff over the terraces from helicopters, the defoliators inject it into each individual shrub's trunk. Though such a bush-by-bush process is absurd, considering the millions of coca shrubs in Bolivia, the government observes that at least it's ecologically benign. And they are using 2,4-D—on paper at least—so that ought to please Ambassador Corr, who once recommended it for all the coca plants in Peru when he was a State Department narc there.

"North American Jewishism"

But it takes more than gestures to please Corr. In the very midst of this last coca blitzkrieg, while the government was flooding the national press with tales of its alleged drug-busting exertions, Corr fired off to Washington a report covering the activities of Col. Luis "Lucho" Arce Gomez, a prime godfather of the *pichicata* traffic. Last year, as minister of the interior, Arce Gomez had been identified on U.S. television as "minister of cocaine," and was hastily relegated to a less conspicuous post in the air force. Though Corr's latest report on Arce's narcotics racketeering is confidential in the United States, enough of it leaked out down here that Colonel Arce indignantly swore he would haul Corr into a military court on libel charges.

Since a U.S. ambassador

cannot be prosecuted on such charges in Bolivia, Colonel Arce dropped the idea. The next development, within days, was a threat on Corr's life from one of the paramilitary death squads that do the junta's dirty work. Communiqués from this ultra-right-

bust of Victor Vargas, Bolivian "cultural" attaché to Mexico City, who wound up holding five ki's of Bolivian culture in Kennedy Airport, in his diplomatic pouch; since Vargas's diplomatic immunity applies only in Mexico, he will be doing time

Reagan is still anxious to normalize relations with Bolivia, despite their involvement in the international narcotics traffic.

wing group, calling itself "Sovereignty," appeared in the press, officially giving Corr one month to leave the country or be shot. Sovereignty accused the U.S. ambassador of being an agent for "international Communism and North American Jewishism,"—and worst of all—"in-sulting" the honor, integrity and good intentions of the Bolivian armed forces.

So the U.S. legation marines were beefed up against bombers, snipers and hostage takers, and the deadline passed without incident or official comment from U.S. State. However, hardly a week passed during that month in which a large-weight toot consignment from Bolivia was not busted in the United States, mainly at JFK International in New York. A Bolivian mother and her four daughters, all muling toot, brought the heaviest weight. But the largest headlines came with the

in the United States after conviction.

Signed Pichicata Receipts

For the record, the Reagan administration is still anxious to normalize relations with Bolivia's uniformed authoritarians, despite their disappointing record of involvement in the international narcotics traffic. Even the State Department is ready to officially call this drug-busting gesture a "step in the right direction." And the junta, despite the heavy influence of Col. Lucho Arce, has promised more such lively gestures in the future. Bolivia desperately needs those legal U.S.-aid dollars, since the coca money, while copious, is all banked in the United States and Europe, and does nothing for Bolivia except aggravate the already lethal rate of inflation.

There are still people in the Bolivian government who have the country's interest, and not that of the coke

trade's, foremost in mind. Last spring the junta reluctantly declared a political amnesty, and honest figures from the pre-Arce era, such as union leader Juan Lechin, were permitted to return. A total of 14 high-placed dope-money washers in the Central Bank were purged as well.

Best of all, during the Narcotics Council's comic-opera coke cleanup, some ingenious bureaucrat troubled himself to advise all paste producers in Yacami and Chaparé to turn their dope over *only* to official government drug busters. Recognizing that some dope mafiosi might dress up in green fatigues like soldiers, and take AK-47s and try to boost *pichicata* under false pretenses, this official warned the *pisadore* peasants to demand proper ID from people before turning over any narcotics to them, and to get signed receipts for any quantity thus confiscated. HT

TEXAS GAME WARDENS

continued from page 22

the "good faith" exception as encouraging police to plead ignorance in the course of their busts. That is, law-enforcement officers may make whatever mistakes they want as long as their acting in "good faith" can excuse them. According to Kennedy, the appeals court's ruling knocks down attempts to "turn everyone from rent-a-cops to game wardens into drug informers." HT

INCENSE - HASHISH LINK

continued from page 23

nol. (Though there isn't.)

These two Commies seem unaware of the unhappy history of the ESCO marijuana-

identification test kit in the USA. The ESCO was widely used in jails in the late '70s, to detect "telltale" marijuana phenolic residues in prisoners' mouths. In this way it

was quickly learned that tea, certain mints and plenty of other nonhighmaking substances contain phenolic compounds. Most likely incense does also, but that's no sign it gets anybody high.

Still and all, this disturbing new scientific evidence about the suspected health hazards

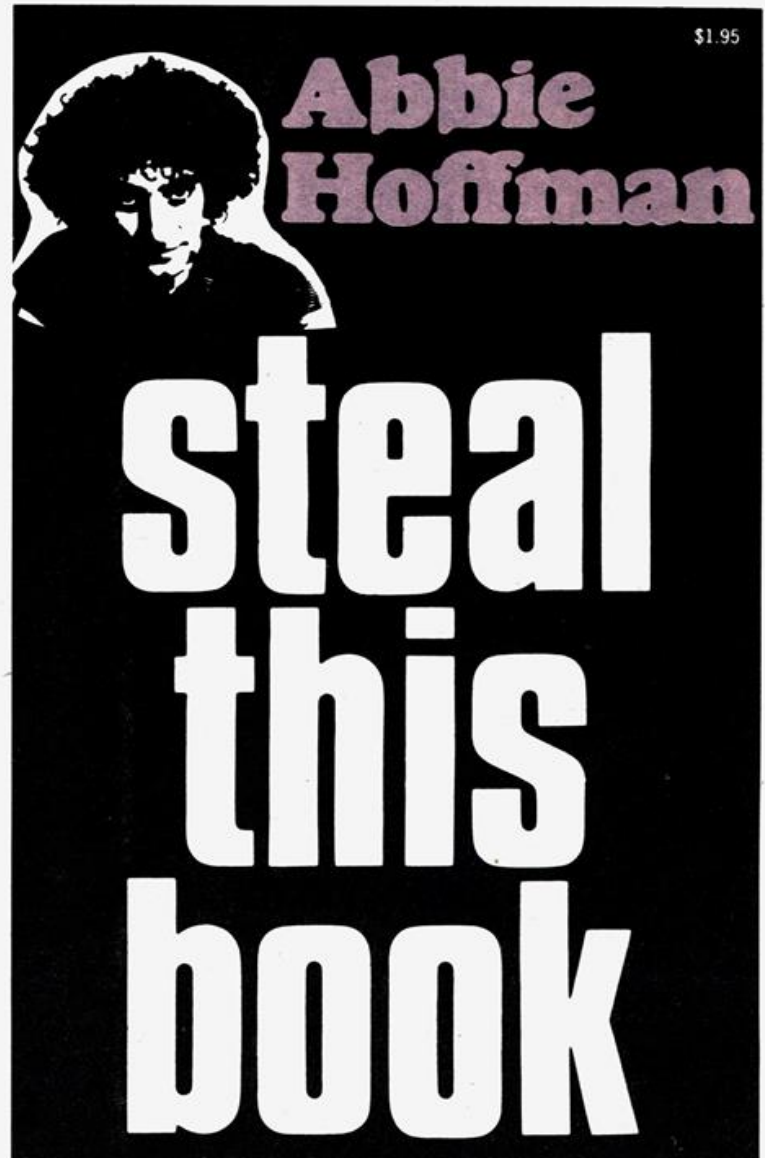
of incense for growing young children should help to legally justify the latest antireligion crackdown behind the Iron Curtain. If crank scientists can lie about cannabis and get away with it in the Free World, they can surely do the same with incense in the Worker's Paradise. HT

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

U.S. POT CROP HITS NEW HIGHS

by Bud Bogart

American pot growers outdid themselves again last season, bringing up the largest sinsemilla crop ever. The 1982 varieties range from beefed-up Mexican cross-breeds to laboratory-cultivated high-tech wonderweeds. Though some of the top-rated smokes are still being cured, and in some cases still growing, at this writing at



least 75 percent of the crop is in so far, with superb results reported from every state in the union.

The major development in poticulture this season was once again the abundant proof that great pot can be grown anywhere, even as far north as Alaska and Canada, given proper care and treatment. Even seeds from low-grade origins are turning into superstars, such as a Grand Rapids, Michigan, variety termed "recession reefer" by the locals, selling at \$25 an ounce. Further north, in Ontario, Canada, potsmokers are rolling "moosehead" homegrown (two joints and you grow antlers, is the word) and in chilly Wisconsin—where the army used to grow hemp for rope during World War II—the new-world farmers are turning out sinse by the bale.

In the established growing areas—California, Arkansas, Oregon, Kentucky—some species of wonderweed are so strong they drawf conventional Thai varieties. While regular top-rated sinse are going for \$2,000 a bee, these relatively new hybrids—high-altitude *indicus* and short-term California hybrids, for instance—are asking nearly that out of the field, with single pounds at the mid-range level fetching \$2,800.

Below that there is a huge spectrum of mid-range sinse running from \$800 to \$1,500 a bee. Some are truly outstanding, like rare old undiscovered bottles of wine, and hard-searching connoisseurs will have a field day wandering through the maze of exotic highs that are now flooding the market.

One novelty is a new method of packaging, the whole-plant purchase. Since trimming the sinsemilla for market is a tedious and time consuming process, often taking weeks after a big harvest, wholesalers are now being offered multipound lots, bound with wire, that they then trim themselves. It knocks a few hundred pounds off the price on the best buds and leaves, a lot of leaf that can bring a few hundred a pound.

Along with the harvest have come the usual round of harvest festivals, equinox celebrations and trimming bees. And once again potheads can look forward to a winter of homegrown bliss.

Cutting Edge: Probably the hottest retail sales in the commercial paraphernalia business these days is the cut trade. Coke cuts run up to \$160 an ounce. That's a lot of bread for powder that doesn't even get you high. But sometimes it's worth it, depending on what it's for.

Coke cuts are sold for two reasons: Some people want to sell it as real blow, an outright rip, and others need it as a legitimate cut for blow that can use it. There is a common misconception that all coke, if pure, is the same strength. That's like assuming that all pot, if unadulterated, is equally potent, from Mexican ditchweed to Hawaiian sinse.

The fact is that coke can be either strong or weak depending not upon its cut but upon its inbred potency. The worst grades of coke barely get you off even when they glisten in their original 86 percent pure crystal form. Other toots can take an 800 percent cut and still knock your earphones off.

This column gets a lot of inquiries regarding that question and the question of what is the best cut. According to most coke dealers and information from readers, the best cuts are plain old mannitol and vitamin B. Among the latter, inositol seems to be the market favorite. These cuts absorb quickly and easily into the membranes, react favorably to most simple tests, hold the texture without adding humidity and have a fairly respectable appearance.

HIGH TIMES welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope.

TRANS-HIGH QUOTATIONS MARKET



AUSTRALIA

Queensland "border" sticks	homegrown king	one	1-16
Mullumbimby madness	kangaroo boo	oz	100 900
Colombian pot	tasty red & compressed	oz	20-40
Thai sticks	off the boats	lb	200-300
Compressed Thai	watch for local ersatz	oz	75-225
Putty hash	Lebanese	lb	800-1200
Nepalese fingers	Frankenstein	one	15-20
Indian hash oil	critic's choice	oz	1000-1200
Mushrooms	champagne of oils	oz	200-250
LSD	desert flowers	lb	1500-2500
Methaqualone	Korean "tiles"	oz	210-250
Cocaine	Sat. nite special	lb	2800-3000
	even in cowboy country	oz	250-400
		gm	3000-4500
		oz	20-45
		oz	420-620
		one	5-7
		100	300-500
		one	3-6
		100	150-400
		gm	140-175
		oz	3000-3200

CANADA

Commercial	good flow	oz	50-65
Colombian	gone like the wind	lb	500-650
Gold and red		oz	60-85
Colombian		lb	500-750
Hawaiian buds	almost nonexistent	oz	325-350
Mexican tops	a few in season	lb	2800-3600
California sinsemilla	thimble-loads	oz	50-85
Homegrown pot	mild	lb	450-650
Hash	headscratcher	oz	225-300
LSD	red leb	lb	2000-2600
		oz	10-15
		lb	50-200
		oz	140-175
		lb	1900-2500
		one	4-10
		100	200-450
		one	3-6
		100	275-450
		gm	130-200
		oz	2000-3200

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta	slow	oz	10-15
golds, reds		lb	60-100
Commercial	usual strong	oz	2-5
domestic	supply	lb	30-80
Colombian hash	forgettable	oz	8-25
		lb	100-225
Hash oil	a lost cause	oz	150-200
		lb	1500-2000
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	oz	40-75
Cocaine	good assortment	oz	175-225
		lb	2500-3000

DENMARK

Imported weed	headster's status	oz	75-125
Homegrown pot	symbol	kilo	1250-3750
	subtle, typically European	oz	free to \$10
Moroccan hash	quality better this year than last	oz	50-100
Lebanese hash	transport	kilo	1000-2000
	problems solved	oz	60-120
Black Afghani hash	top banana	oz	1200-2200
Pakistani hash	ditto	oz	100-135
Cocaine	brisk market	gm	100-150
		oz	2500
		kilo	50,000

ECUADOR

Commercial	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10
Colombian		lb	60-100

Red and gold	surprisingly, not	oz	15-25
Colombian	that much	lb	200
Sierra buds	passable	oz	6-10
Esmeraldas	the worst	lb	70-100
swamp grass		oz	2-4
Cocaine base	lots	lb	40-60
Cocaine	pure as the driven snow	gm	negotiable
LSD	traded for blow	one	25-40
			5

JAMAICA

Jamaican gold	color, sweetness	lb	375-450
Sinsemilla	varies	lb	750-1500
	super tops	100 lb	90,000

MEXICO

Oaxacan tops	from expatriate Texans	oz	12-15
Mexican sinsemilla	worth a shot	lb	75-100
Acapulco gold	yippie	oz	10-12
		lb	80-110
Guerrero gold	muchos pesos	oz	10-20
	when around	lb	90-130
Cocaine	turkey's special	gm	7-12
		oz	65-125
		gm	30-50
		oz	400-700

PANAMA

Seeded redhair	seedy but primo	oz	150
		lb	1650-1750
Red sinsemilla	still seedy, but stingy & stoney	oz	160
Panama red	rarely red, usually green-brown	lb	1800
		oz	50-65
		lb	560

SAUDI ARABIA

Black Kashmir hash	one of the world's great hashes	gm	20
Nepalese hash	fingers only	oz	250
		gm	15-20
Pakistan hash	fresh, pressed	oz	225-250
		gm	10-15
Afghani hash	greenish black, funny	oz	175-200
Lebanese red hash	a choker	gm	10-15
Cocaine	no shit, the real thing, but \$ great	oz	175-200
Thai sticks	commercial grade	gm	250-300
Philippine pot	legal, kind of homemade	one	25
Ups & downs		oz	50-75
Moonshine		100	5
		pint	30

UNITED STATES

Area Bulletins

Spokane, Wash.	"Ron and Nancy's Revenge home-grown smoke	oz	65
Dallas	red hair Mex sinse, fresh and fruity	lb	1000
Lawrence, Kan.	range weed, not so hot	lb	200
Milwaukee	boot ludes, in real bottles	one	3-5
Baltimore	Black 'ghani hash, gummy, aromatic	lb	1690
Atlanta	red leb, dry	lb	900
New York City	red leb, "Airplane"	lb	750
Texas City, Tex.	"speed" crystal, pure and airy	gm	65
Phoenix	peyote, no shit, dry and foul	1 1/2"	5-7
	tasting	but-	
		tions	
Eureka, Calif.	lower cut "skunk" weed, A-1 still	oz	125

National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	peak of the season	oz	125-250
Commercial Mexican	trucker's special	oz	10-40
Top-grade Mexican	gold and seedy	lb	100-435
Mexican sinsemilla	with a few sinse	oz	45-60
Jamaican	appears and disappears	lb	475-550
Jamaican sinsemilla	crackerjack	oz	120-145
Commercial Colombian	when around	lb	1200-1500
Connoisseur Colombian	glut has evaporated	oz	35-45
Thai sticks	on the ascent	lb	375-450
	doggy	one	70-100
Loose Thai	half-dozen varieties	oz	700-1000
Hawaiian	some not so hot	lb	30-40
Moroccan hash	greenish black	oz	265-350
Citrali hash	back in town	lb	45-65
Lebanese hash	some past its prime	oz	475-600
Black Afghani hash	with gold seal	lb	10-25
Nepalese fingers	dreamy and aromatic	oz	180-225
Paki hash	bits and pieces	lb	200-220
Psilocybin mushrooms	dried encapsulated	oz	1950-2400
Peyote	making a comeback	lb	235-300
LSD	100 mike blots	one	2700-3200
Cocaine	king of the one liners	gm	150-180
		oz	1650-1950
Methaqualone	some real bulldozers	one	100-130
Crosses and black beaubs	erratic	100	900-1450
Meth-amphetamine	rocket fuel	gm	150-200
		oz	2000-3000
		one	4-6
		100	300-500
		100	25-200
		gm	65-100

Alaska

Commercial	shake city	oz	50-65
Colombian		lb	550-650
Domestic	alarmingly potent	1/4 oz	50
sinsemilla	most available	oz	200
Mexican weed	B-grade here; A-1 there	oz	50-65
Mainland sinsemilla	timberland	lb	500-600
Thai sticks	big mover	oz	225-300
Lebanese hash	roll of the dice	lb	2000-2750
Cocaine	blots	one	20
LSD	bootkickers	one	2400-2650
Methaqualone		100	130-200
		oz	100-175
		one	2000-2800
		one	350-500
		100	5
			350

Hawaii

Puna buds	victim of inflation	oz	225-275
Kona gold	banana-size buds	lb	2200-2750
Mauna Loa	some puny for Hawaiian grower	oz	225-275
Maui wowie	stash grade; other grades less	lb	2000-2500
LSD	fresh from the lab	one	250-300
Mushrooms	for cheap	oz	2250-3000
Cocaine	not a big mover	gm	250-300
Amphetamines	speedy relief	one	2700-3200
		oz	2-4
		free	75-125
		oz	2050-3000
		one	2



ABUSE FOLIO



CHARGES:

Ten million people are dependent on alcohol. Ninety percent of all assaults, 50 to 60 percent of all murders, over half the rapes and sexual attacks on children and from one-third to half of all arrests involve intoxication by alcohol. The suicide rate among alcoholics is 6 to 20 times higher than in the general population. Hundreds of thousands of divorces, desertions and separations involve alcohol. Industry loses \$5 billion a year and the government another half billion through the effects of alcohol on employees. Chronic alcoholism causes damage to the brain, nervous system, liver and pancreas that in time may be irreversible.

Alcohol produces tension and depression, and other symptoms, that account for a fifth to a quarter of all psychiatric hospital admissions. Alcohol intoxication may cause loss of judgment, foolhardy behavior, industrial and automobile accidents, blackouts, loss of memory, cardiac arrests and death. Withdrawal from incidental intoxication may cause headaches, nausea, loss of appetite, shakiness and muddled thinking. Withdrawal from heavy, long-term intoxication may cause grand mal convulsions, toxic psychosis with hallucinations, tremulousness, agitation and death.¹

NATURE AND USE:

Our oldest psychoactive drug, alcohol was probably discovered when a caveman got tipsy from eating fermented fruit. Except for a few groups, such as certain Near Eastern Moslem sects that forbid its use on religious grounds, alcohol is ingested in some form or other by most peoples of the world. In our own culture, it is used both socially and as a religious adjunct, although religious use has become more symbolic than a means to holy intoxication. Alcohol is so much a part of the culture of Western civilization that we tend to forget it is a drug.

Alcohol is produced by the digestion of the sugar in vegetable matter by a variety of yeasts and other microorganisms. This process is called fermentation. If fruits, especially grapes, are used, the product

ALCOHOL

ALSO KNOWN AS:
**HOOCH, BOOZE, WHISKEY, MOONSHINE,
 OL' RED EYE, POISON, JUICE, HAIR OF THE
 DOG, COCKTAILS.**

**Medical advice by David Smith, M.D.
 Written by
 David Smith and Rick Seymour**

**The authors do not advocate the
 use of any psychoactive substances.**

is called wine. If grains are used, it is beer. There are also a wide variety of regional intoxicants produced by fermentation, such as pulque (made from the maguey cactus) in Mexico and Central America, and fermented yak butter in Central Asia. Alcohol has a low vaporizing point and can be distilled into high-alcohol products such as gin, vodka, whiskey and brandy. The forms and mixtures in which alcohol is used are legion, as is the mythology connected with this drug.

In most cultures, including our own, alcohol is used in moderation for relaxation and euphoria, and as a social lubricant. Here, it is one of several publicly sanctioned psychoactive drugs for use by adults. It has a major industry complete with a wide variety of retail outlets for its sale and use. Alcohol has many industrial uses, including combustion with gasoline as gasoline. Its one internal medical application is for the treatment of methanol poisoning.² However, it is used externally as a disinfectant.

HAZARDS AND LIABILITIES:

Although about 90 percent of alcohol users may suffer no ill effects from moderate use, alcohol definitely has its dark side. To begin with, all of the charges cited above are true and are clinically and statistically verified. Further, there is a high propensity for alcohol addiction, or alcoholism. This propensity appears to be in some way hereditary. Statistics indicate that a child with one alcoholic parent is 30 times more likely to become an alcoholic than one with no family history of alcoholism. That goes up to 400 times if both parents are alcoholics. Alcoholics cannot control their intake: One drink is too many and 1,000 are not enough. Incidental intoxication can be life-threatening both physiologically (acute overdose can cause cardiovascular suppression similar to a barbiturate overdose) and physically, through alcohol-induced violence and accidents. Over 50 percent of fatal traffic accidents in-

volve alcohol. Chronic intoxication along with poor diet can cause cirrhosis of the liver, peripheral neuritis and a host of other deteriorational diseases, while withdrawal can precipitate potentially fatal seizures, psychosis and the D.T.'s. Alcohol use by pregnant women can result in a variety of birth defects known collectively as fetal alcohol syndrome. Alcohol has a dangerous additive effect when used with marijuana, barbiturates, methaqualone or benzodiazepines (Valium, Librium, etc.) and can be a secondary addictive component when used to counter undesirable effects of cocaine and amphetamines.

If alcohol were a new drug being reviewed by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration (FDA), it would never be approved for use.

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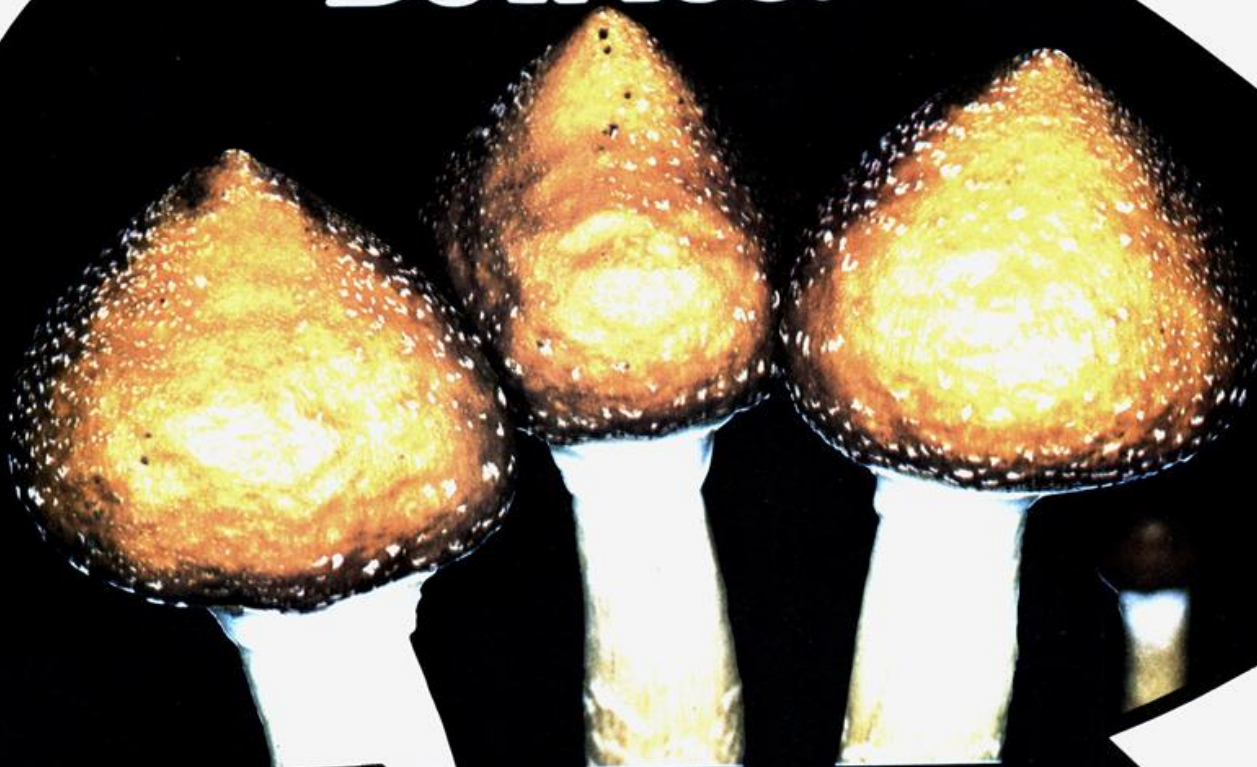
Time is the best healer for incidental intoxication and withdrawal (being drunk and hungover), although fructose, a fruit sugar, may accelerate metabolism of the alcohol.³ Coffee will only give you a wide-awake drunk. In extreme situations, the intoxicated individual should be taken to an emergency room or poison center. Chronic intoxication and compulsive drinking should be dealt with through long-term therapy. Alcoholics Anonymous (AA) and other recovery-oriented programs are recommended. Recovery orientation is based on the adoption of a way of life that is rewarding without the use of psychoactive drugs. Because of the propensity toward alcoholism in children of alcoholics, these children should be advised of the risk, in a nonjudgmental and nonmoralistic manner. □

¹ Cohen, Sidney, M.D. "Drug X: The most dangerous drug on earth." *The Substance Abuse Problems*, Haworth Press, New York, 1981.

² Becker, Charles E., M.D., Roe, Robert L., M.D., Scott, Robert A., M.D., *Alcohol as a Drug*. Medcom Press, New York, 1974.

³ Seymour, Richard B., M.A., Gorton, Jacquelyn C., R.N., Smith, David E., M.D., "The Client with a Substance Abuse Problem." — *Practice and Management of Psychiatric Emergency Care*. C.V. Mosby Co., St. Louis, 1982.

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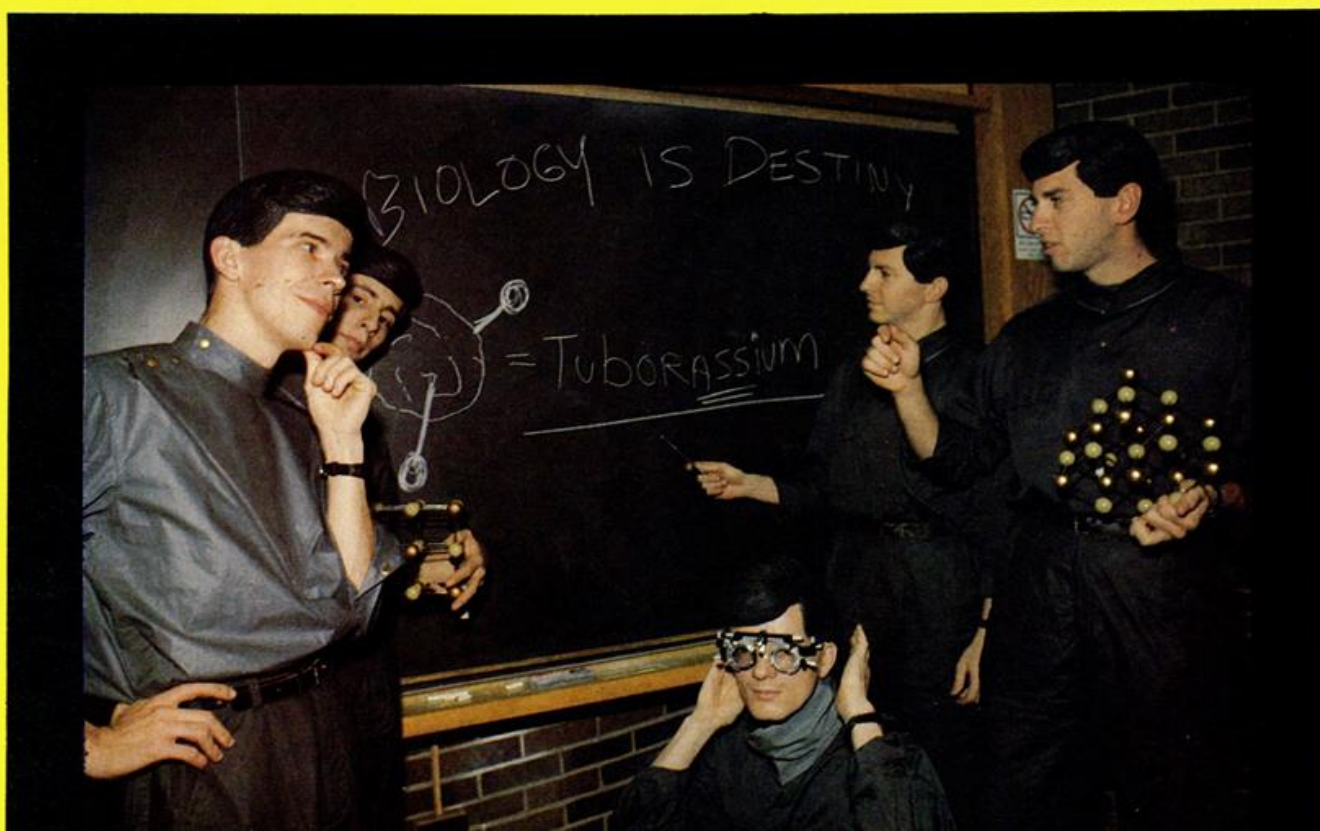
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DEVO

COME WITH US AS WE ENTER THE 21ST CENTURY, TAME TECHNOLOGY,
DEFAME E.T. AND GET A PEEK AT THE BOYS INSIDE THE JUMP SUITS.

by VALE

Devo, along with Elvis Costello, are the originators of "nerd new wave." They solidly established themselves in the history of rock music with their blockbuster hit "Whip It," which, besides attracting the last of the preteens baby-boom market, crossed over into the denizens of black disco. Their new LP, Oh no! it's DEVO!, is rocketing up the charts. Devo's appeal is based on a curious combination of romper-room rebellion, kitsch parodying of polyester consumer society, choreography based on man as machine and their own philosophy of "de-evolution": In the Beginning Was the End—evolution proceeds toward lower or less specialized life forms. Entropy with a backbeat. Just as their short songs reveal a mocking articulate wit, their promotional video cassette, "The Men Who Make the Music," demonstrates a sophisticated grasp of cinematic technique, as yet denied full feature-length expression. If Devo ever get to make their film Masterwork, those critics who've been demanding they live up to their theories of socio-



DEVOTO

political satire may yet have to eat their words. Devo's philosophy of de-evolution is periodically updated for official press consumption, but *HIGH TIMES*' West Coast wunderkind Vale caught Devo's Jerry Casale off guard in this informal conversation in an interzone beyond the prepared Devo image (with occasional parenthetical asides from the Booji Boy himself, Mark Mothersbaugh).

HIGH TIMES: Ohio's been described as very industrial and bleak—flat empty planes—
DEVO: That's exactly the atmosphere that allowed Devo to exist!

HIGH TIMES: You've been together for ten years?

DEVO: Yeah, the first four years we played about six jobs. We had a lot of time in the garage, a lot of time to reflect, after the vodka and beer bottles came at us, after we were threatened by greasers in jacked-up Chevys and hippie goons—soft-core fascists with granola coming out of their ears, hiding swastikas under fringe jackets.

HIGH TIMES: Were you friends before the band?

DEVO: We were. Since we're based on self-debasement we started out with each other—we started out in de basement! We had to take in a lot of diverse elements before we could move out of that limbo of the Midwest. I think a lot of good comes from there but it can't stay there.

The cities are the major source of information—they are devolving at a faster rate than the rest of the country—but they represent the trend always. They're ready for it. I think we are a relief from the oppression of their daily existences, that's all. We're peddling insanity and purposelessness because they need it! We weren't stupid enough to be businessmen and we weren't pretty enough to be David Bowie, we're just following out genetic imperative.

People have a bad misunderstanding of what rights are. They think they have the right to be stupid, to make themselves fat, to foist off their own paranoid and insecurities on other people. That's how *rights* are—how they get interpreted. It's an outmoded concept—like Democrats and Republicans, there's no difference between them.

All that talk about recomb DNA and people *choosing* to evolve in certain ways—that's why we chose *De-evolution*—taking apart all the assumptions of the past decade and synthesizing them, mutating them, putting them back together with a new attitude. De-evolution is simply a collective idea that's gained momentum. In politics and economics the concept of de-evolution is being thrown around a lot, as a kind of catchall for a laissez-faire policy—letting things (like cities) fall apart as being the best way to deal with situations. It's like a nonpolicy that's considered the most benevolent policy. It essentially has to do with the nature of energy itself: things degenerating from complex to simple, with entropy being the gradual winding down of the universe, the slowing down of all particles. Degeneration, de-evolution, things to come.

People can indulge themselves and believe they *chose* their lives, but let's face it, they're following some sort of genetic imperative and they do what they can, and at any point there's a number of possibilities. They're all pretty equal and it's all pretty random. This interviewer asked us, "Well, aren't you proud to be American, since this allowed you to be Devo?" It's that kind of thought we want to erase—"Don't you love your parents, they're the ones who brought you into the world!"—like it was all planned out or something—it's all random! A fluke, a joke, but people can't accept that. They have to make meaning out of it, to save themselves.

Oscar Kissmaerth III, a Czechoslovakian anthropologist who is now living as a Buddhist monk in Tibet, wrote a book called *In the Beginning Was the End*—knowledge can be eaten!—in which he explains all humanity by a strain of cannibalistic apes who start to crave the taste of brain—it increases their sex drive and the size of the brain faster than the capacity of the cranium itself, causing bizarre mutations, and causing them to go insane. And essentially, we are descendants of those apes and all society is based on our imbalanced sex drive. That's his theory. Very nice quack stuff.

HIGH TIMES: Where did you first see the word "de-evolution?"

DEVO: There's a picture of a devil with de-evolution written on his chest, and stairs starting off with, like, "world war, taxes, white slavery, cockfighting." The last one said "punk rock!" Anyhow, that was printed in 1926 by just a quack antievolutionary from Ohio. Someone sent that to us that had never seen our band before. The name of the pamphlet was "Jocko Homo—Heavenbound King of the Zoo." We used that as the basis for the song "Jocko Homo."

HIGH TIMES: Why wasn't de-evolution publicized years ago?

DEVO: Everybody's had bits and pieces, but until now nobody's been able to put it together. To start, I think you have to go around the '60s!

HIGH TIMES: That really was a big smoke-screen in diverting a lot of people into mystical or artsy-craftsy dead ends—

DEVO: It really is unfortunate, because a lot of potentially innocent, passive people got sidetracked. It reduced their mobility, which is exactly what a good capitalist society wants to do to its members—to increase consumerism, frustration and need. If men and women hate each other and the system, then they're constantly moving into more apartments, and they need more refrigerators and more cars are being sold. It works! Plus the whole psychotic quest for happiness—making it an absolutely obsessive drive so that people go nuts!

HIGH TIMES: Also the fact that the '60s were brought to us by the war in Vietnam—

DEVO: You pick up a '60s *Time* magazine—it's really frightening and grotesque. You see Timothy Leary walking out of a club in New York tripping on LSD and you see Vietnam! It's like everything went wacko!

HIGH TIMES: Do you believe in those Paul Krassner kind of paranoid about, say, Manson being the result of a Rand Corporation computer simulation?

DEVO: Krassner's typical of the kind of people who have it *half* together, and then they leave themselves open because they actually are lame enough to approach it on that level, as if it really matters whether or not you can find empirical validation for that kind of paranoia. Just the fact that you can think it is all that counts! Like science-

fiction movies in the '50s, they could imagine monsters from other planets always invading us, when it was just an internal paranoid fantasy projected and personified in monsters. It's all mythology. It's stupid to try to make that real—to find *proof*. It's just another sidetrack, another goon approach to reality. Like the Kennedy assassination—just the fact that people can think about another gunman is all that counts. That starts the thought and—I can't believe all the people who can pursue it. Everything's based on inconsistency, there's a basic hypocrisy. People are self-contradictory at the center—they love what they hate, they hate themselves, they're not sure. Meanwhile, there's flowers on all the Kleenex boxes. We had a good commercial worked out for cheek-to-cheek anal deodorant on a New York subway—you can imagine it!

HIGH TIMES: Do you have certain people picked out as devo?

DEVO: The list grows every day! Devo is like a polymorphous perverse term—it can be the absolutely most pejorative, debasing term and it can be the highest praise, and it can be both! That's the idea. There's high devo (hi-de-do) and low devo. Devoted, devoid, devolved, devotee. John Kennedy's devo. There's a lot of people who are devo, you know—we're not like them. Wink Martindale. You can make devo, you can be devo. J. Edgar Hoover was devo, there's no doubt about it. You put him next to a picture of a bulldog or a schnauzer: two head shots.

HIGH TIMES: What were some of your artistic influences?

DEVO: I get a lot from Duchamp's piece, *The Large Glass* and *The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors Even*. He kind of defined the twentieth century—laid it all out there with one big shot.

HIGH TIMES: It was cracked in shipping.

**'YOU CAN MAKE
DEVO, YOU CAN BE
DEVO. J. EDGAR
HOOVER WAS
DEVO. PUT HIM
NEXT TO A PICTURE
OF A BULLDOG:
TWO HEAD SHOTS.'**

DEVO: That completed it, didn't it? That's what he dealt with—the soul separated from the motor-driving mechanism, the libido. The bride becomes mechanical lure for these men whose minds have been removed and they are *magnetized* by the machine—like quality of the bride. I just think he predicted the de-evolution of the twentieth century. Right at the turn of the century he more or less defines what's about to happen.

HIGH TIMES: You seem to have also been influenced by Oriental culture.

DEVO: No one mentions China much, though. It's very superficial in our own interpretation but we really fantasize a lot on what China seems to represent in terms of possibilities for an orientation toward

future existence, and we love their kind of graphics. I know that they are right for the wrong reasons, but they're so appealing.

HIGH TIMES: Yeah, but there's no freedom for artists there, really. Unless it's poli art.

DEVO: But what's art going to be? What's art?

HIGH TIMES: Well, their art is mostly propaganda and costume nostalgia—

DEVO: But [sinister tone] what do you think rock 'n' roll is in America, besides Propaganda for Corporate Capitalist Life?

HIGH TIMES: You're speaking of air-play rock music?

DEVO: Well, that's what's happening, isn't it? There's not much freedom for art in America either, is there? There's freedom for just lots of proliferation of endless imitation kitsch. Stupidity is rewarded in this system—big contracts! The whole society may be an art form. Art only springs up when things have already gone haywire. It is some kind of valve—a freeway exit—but you eventually get back on and everybody understands what it's for, and anybody who takes it too far is quickly stopped, and it just becomes a problem of knowing what's too far. Because it has all to do with pacing—the whole system obviously is a dynamic, liquid system that keeps changing.

Most rock musicians, they're no more than clerks or auto mechanics, you know, from a middle-class Republican political bent, and if they're lucky, if they're successful, they'll settle into a kind of Alice Cooper type of existence, with the golf clubs. They're just another bunch of shits in another business—it's all show biz, like the rock awards.

The Beatles were special. I'm surprised they didn't go for TV and beer sooner than they did. You would expect a person from that industrial town background, soon as he makes the money, to do all the obvious, foolish, crass things. But there is that



Martin Benjamin

possibility with humans—they are capable of some kind of, like, Imp of the Perverse—making a noncausal leap. It's foolish to even deal with it in terms of a dichotomy. That's what I get from the Chinese orientation toward life. They've surpassed Aristotelian dichotomies in terms of thinking about reality—you know, where you set up a debate in language that's really a false representation of what's going on: good and bad, Republican and Democrat, purpose or no purpose. That's the kind of stuff Burroughs talks about too, because essentially he's into linguistics—

HIGH TIMES: Linguistics and photography. Do you watch a lot of TV?

DEVO: No! It doesn't do anything for me. It's about the same thing as pot. I started off being a pothead, and for the same reason I started I quit. I started because I liked it and I quit because I didn't. All it did was put me to sleep—turned your brain into Swiss cheese with big holes that weren't functional at all. It didn't, like, reconnect up any information in a good way. It just stopped!—couldn't jump the hole. But I think it's more in the national interest to have a bunch of potheads rather than cigarette smokers. Ultimately, it's better for consumer society to have a bunch of people that are zombied out but still essentially healthy physically—able to work, to give their bodies over to labor and the capitalist system, and to buy products because they've ruined their imagination—than it is to have people in hospitals being treated for lung cancer! I think that's a good reason to go from ciggies to pot. (Then you can have like a fascist reversal: "You don't smoke pot—what's the matter with you?") I've had people come up to me and whisper: "Hey, come on (snigger), let's do some coke"—"Uh, I don't really feel like that"—then it's like they're truly offended, you know! I haven't really found a drug I like. I wish it'd find me! What I'm trying to do is just expand my receptivity to what drugs *could be*. Food is drug—like the Food and Drug Administration probably has the best idea of what drugs are. Hippie culture or any other kind of pop suburban thing is like genital sexuality. You can only get off on a four-inch-square area around the penis, you know, whereas a baby—rub it anywhere and it starts to come. Anyway, I'm just trying to do that with *me*, publicly, in the environment, where all kinds of things are drugs, because then I've got an advantage—there are more things available—cheap!

HIGH TIMES: What's Devo's attitude toward dreams?

DEVO: Total indulgence on our part.

HIGH TIMES: Do you consciously try to record them?

DEVO: No, but nobody feels guilty about their dreams. No one in Devo would bother spending any time on an analyst's couch because they fucked their mother in a dream. The obvious bottom line would be: Well, was it a good fuck? Yeah!

HIGH TIMES: Well, for Burroughs, most of

his characters and actual dialogues come out of dreams.

DEVO: That still separates dreams from real life. If they are just allowed to blend together to an irresponsible point where you're increasing the time you indulge in that kind of dream state—say you're in a restaurant and you're doing it in real time to the people around you and listening to what they say—it's like never knowing where the dream stops—that's really us!

HIGH TIMES: How is Devo's music de-evolutionary?

DEVO: The more technology you have the more primitive you can be. With synthesizers you can express guttural sounds, bird noises, brain waves, blood flow. It's like putting more immediate information into the music; keep destroying the stylization for content.

HIGH TIMES: Where do you find all the raw materials for Devo's collages?

DEVO: Important sources that are often overlooked. *Feminine Libido Sexualis*, a book compiled by some crazy German about thirty years ago. All he does is compare body types of women around the world, but in a very scientific vein, with pictures of every African tribe, in-depth breast, buttock and pelvis studies. He tries to be serious about it, but every now and then he throws in information about which ones are the most erotic to your average Joe. Also, outdated medical books. You can get them real cheap at junk stores in Ohio. I have books on World War I and World War II warfare wounds.

HIGH TIMES: Are there big differences?

DEVO: Yeah, World War I had mustard gas, World War II the atomic bomb and different kinds of bayonets—different punctures and slashes. Lotta good wounds in World War II.

HIGH TIMES: I'd like to hear more about your early experiments.

DEVO: We *did* record a bowling ball rolling down an alley, and did use machine guns on a repeating loop. When we first started writing together we used windshield wipers and washing machines for our rhythm instruments. Or, like, jamming with the telephone busy signal. We realized that was getting too artsy after a while. It was impractical to do that in front of an audience—we picked up a drummer when we got our first job. For the most part we used a regular acoustic or synthesized drum set, although we did do a lot of songs with electronic percussion—even songs where the rhythm track was maybe a sneeze or a belch on a loop—it made a pattern that kept coming around, in a nice, perverted way. Although that was an interesting direction, we weren't matching up with the public. It was staying real private and just beat off. At a certain point we said, "Well, okay, we've been Devo long enough, we understand the aesthetic ourselves and we know what we're trying to do. Now, what would be the most challenging thing to do would be to make it

continued on page 64



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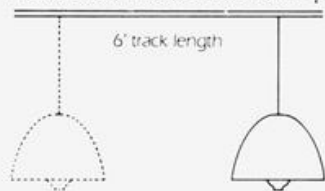
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THE PLAYER

BY CHARLES BUKOWSKI

It was a night at the quarter-horse races. Harry had arrived with \$400, and now, going into the third race, he was carrying



\$530. He knew his horses. Maybe he wasn't much good at anything else, but he knew his horses. Harry stood watching the tote and looking at the people. They lacked the ability to rate a horse. But they brought the money to the track. The track had a two-dollar exacta play going about every other race to lure them in. That and the pick-six. Harry never touched the pick-six or the exactas or the doubles. Just straight win on the solid horse, which wasn't necessarily the favorite.

Marie bitched so much about his going to the track that he only went two or three times a week. He had retired early from the construction business and there really wasn't much else to do.

The four horse looked good at 6 to 1 but there was still 18 minutes to post. There was a tug at his coat sleeve, "Pardon me, sir, but I've lost the first two races. You look like a man who knows what's happening. Who do you like in this race?"

She was a strawberry blonde, between 24 and 26, thin hips, well bosomed; long legs, pointed nose, flower mouth; dressed in a pink dress, wearing white high-heeled shoes. Her pale blue eyes looked up at him.

"Well," Harry smiled at her, "I've got an idea who might win."

"I'm used to the thoroughbreds," said the strawberry blonde. "These races are run so fast!"

"Yeah. Most of these dashes are run in under eighteen seconds. You find out pretty quick whether you're right or wrong."

"If my mother knew I was out here she'd belt-whip me."

"I'd like to belt-whip you myself," said Harry.

"Oh, you're not one of those, are you?" she asked.

"Just joking," said Harry. "Come on, let's go to the bar. Maybe we can pick you a win-

ner in the next race."

"All right, Mr.—?"

"Just call me Harry. What's your name?"

"Victoria."

They walked over to the bar. "What'll you have?" Harry asked.

"Whatever you're having," said Victoria.

Harry ordered two Jack Daniels. He knocked his off and she sipped at hers, looking straight ahead. Harry checked her ass: perfect. She was like some goddamned starlet, only not as spoiled.

"Now," said Harry, pointing to his program, "I've got the four horse figured as best and they are giving me six to one odds."

Victoria let out a very sexy "Oooh...?" and leaned over to look at his program, touching him with her arm. Then he felt her flank pressed against him.

"People just don't know how to rate horses. Show me a man who knows how to rate a horse and I'll show you a man who can win all the money he wants to carry out of here."

"I wish I had going what you've got going," she smiled at him.

"You've got plenty going, baby. Want another drink?"

"Oh, no, thank you."

"Well, listen," said Harry, "we better bet."

"All right, I'll bet two dollars to win. Who is it, the four horse?"

"Yeah, baby, it's the four..."

They placed their bets and went out to watch the race. The four didn't break well, got bumped on both sides, righted itself and was fifth in a nine-horse field but began to accelerate and came down to the wire bobbing heads with the 2 to 1 favorite. Photo.

Goddamn, thought Harry, I've got to have this one. Please give me this one!

"Oh," said Victoria, "I'm so nervous!"

The tote board flashed the number: 4. Four was first.

Victoria screamed and jumped up and down gleefully: "We won, we won, we won!"

Then she grabbed Harry and he felt the kiss along his cheek.

"Take it easy, baby, the right horse won, that's all."

They waited for the official sign and then the tote flashed the payoff: \$14.60.

"How much did you bet?" Victoria asked.

"Forty win," said Harry.

"How much do you get back?"

"Two hundred and ninety-two dollars. Let's collect."

They began walking toward the windows. Then Harry felt Victoria's hand in his. She pulled him to a stop.

"Bend over," she said, "I want to whisper something in your ear."

Harry leaned over and then felt her cool pink lips up against his ear: "You're a... magic man... I want to... fuck you..."

Harry stood there grinning at her: "My God, you *astonish* me."

"What's the matter? Are you afraid?"

"Oh, no, it's not that."

"What then?"

"It's Marie, my wife—I'm married. And she has me timed down to the minute. She knows when the races are over and when I'm due in."

She laughed. "We'll leave the track *now*! We'll get a motel, you fool!"

"Well, sure," said Harry.

They cashed in and walked out to the parking lot. "We'll take my car. I'll drive you back when we're finished," she smiled.

"Okay," said Harry.

They found her car, a pink 1981 Fiat; it matched her dress, real class with nameplate: VICKY. As she put her key in the door, she stopped: "You're not one of those kind, are you?"

"What kind?" Harry asked.

"A belt whipper, one of those... My mother had a terrible experience once."

"Relax," said Harry, "I'm harmless."

They found a motel about a mile and a half from the track, the Blue Moon, only the Blue Moon was painted green. Victoria parked and they got out, went in and signed in for Room 302. They had stopped for a bottle of Jack Daniels on the way in.

Harry peeled the cellophane from the glasses, lit a cigarette and poured a couple of drinks as Victoria undressed. The panties and the bra were pink too, and the body was rather pink and immensely well formed. It was amazing that now and then a woman like that was created that way, when all the others—most of the others—had flaws, so many flaws. It was like a maddening dream, a beautiful and maddening dream.

Then Victoria was naked. She came over and sat on the edge of the bed next to Harry. She crossed her legs. Her breasts pointed out as if she were already roused. He really couldn't believe his luck. Then she giggled.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Are you thinking of your wife now?"

"Well, no, I was thinking about something else."

"Well, you should think about your wife."

"Hell," said Harry, "you were the one who suggested *fucking*!"

"I wish you wouldn't use that word."

"Are you backing out?"

"Well, no. Listen, you got a cigarette?"

"Sure."

Harry pulled one out, handed it to her, lighted it as she held it in her mouth.

"You've got the most beautiful body I've ever seen," said Harry.

"I don't doubt that," she said.

"Hey, are you backing out of this thing?" he asked.

"Of course not," she answered. "Get your clothes off."

Harry began undressing, feeling fat and old and ugly, but he also felt lucky—it was his best day ever at the track, in many ways. He draped his clothes over a chair and sat down next to Victoria.

Harry poured a new drink for each of them.

"You know," he told her, "you're class,



'OH, you're just
my big fat Buddha!
Lemme see what
Buddha's got...

but I'm class too. We each have different ways of showing it. I made good in the world and I'm still making it. Not everybody has the instinct to operate properly."

Victoria drank half of her Jack Daniels and smiled at him. "Oh, you're just my big fat Buddha!"

Harry drained his drink. "Listen, if you don't want to do it, we won't do it. Fuck it."

"Lemme see what Buddha's got..."

Victoria reached over and slid a hand between his legs. She got it, she held it.

"Oh, oh... I feel something happening," Victoria said.

"Sure, so what?"

Then her head darted down, kissing at first, then he felt her tongue. Then he felt the suction—

"Oh shit!" he said.

Victoria pulled her head up and looked at him. "Please, I don't like dirty language!"

"All right, Vicky, all right, no dirty language!"

"Get under the sheets, Buddha!"

Harry got under them and he felt her body next to his, only her skin was strangely cool and her mouth opened and he plunged his lips against hers: icy lips, he liked it like that—fresh, spring fresh, young, new, good. What a goddamned delight. He'd rip her from thigh to skull! He played with her down there, she was a long time coming around. Then he felt a small opening and forced his finger in. He had her, the bitch. He pulled his finger out and rubbed the clit. You want foreplay, you'll get foreplay!

Then he felt her teeth in his lower lip, the pain was terrible, his penis almost went down. Harry pulled away, feeling a rip in his lip. He half rose and slapped her hard across the right side of her face, then backhanded her across the left side. He found her, down there, slid it in, rammed her while putting his mouth to hers. Harry worked away in wild vengeance, pulling his head back, looking at her. He tried to save it then, to hold back, and then he saw that strawberry hair fanned across the pillow in the moonlight.

Harry began to ejaculate, moaning like a high-school boy. This was it—nirvana! The place to be. She was silent. His moans lessened and then he rolled off.

He stared into the darkness.

I forgot to suck her tits, he thought.

Then he heard her: "You know what?" she asked.

"What?"

"You remind me of one of those three hundred and fifty-yard quarter-horse races."

"What do you mean?"

"It's all over in less than eighteen seconds."

"Maybe we'll race again," he said.

She went to the bathroom and Harry wiped off on the sheet, the old pro. Victoria was rather a nasty number, in a way. But she could be brought around. He had something going. How many men had their own home and 85 grand in the bank at his age? He was a champ and she damn well knew it.

Victoria came walking out of the bathroom still looking cool, almost virginal. He switched on the bed lamp. He sat up and poured two more drinks. She sat on the edge of the bed with hers, so he climbed out and sat on the edge next to her.

"Victoria," he said, "I can make things good for you."

"I guess you've got your ways, Buddha."

"And I'll be a better lover."

"Sure."

"Listen, you should have known me when I was young. I was mean, but I was good. I had it. I still have it."

She smiled at him. "Come on, Buddha, it's not that bad. You got a wife, you got lots of things."

"Except one," he said, draining his drink and looking at her, "except one which I really want."

ing it in the marketplace was not a glorious experience but only a necessary one.

"Hurry up, my Buddha!" he heard her yell. "Don't leave me all alone out here!"

"I won't be long, baby!" he yelled from under the shower.

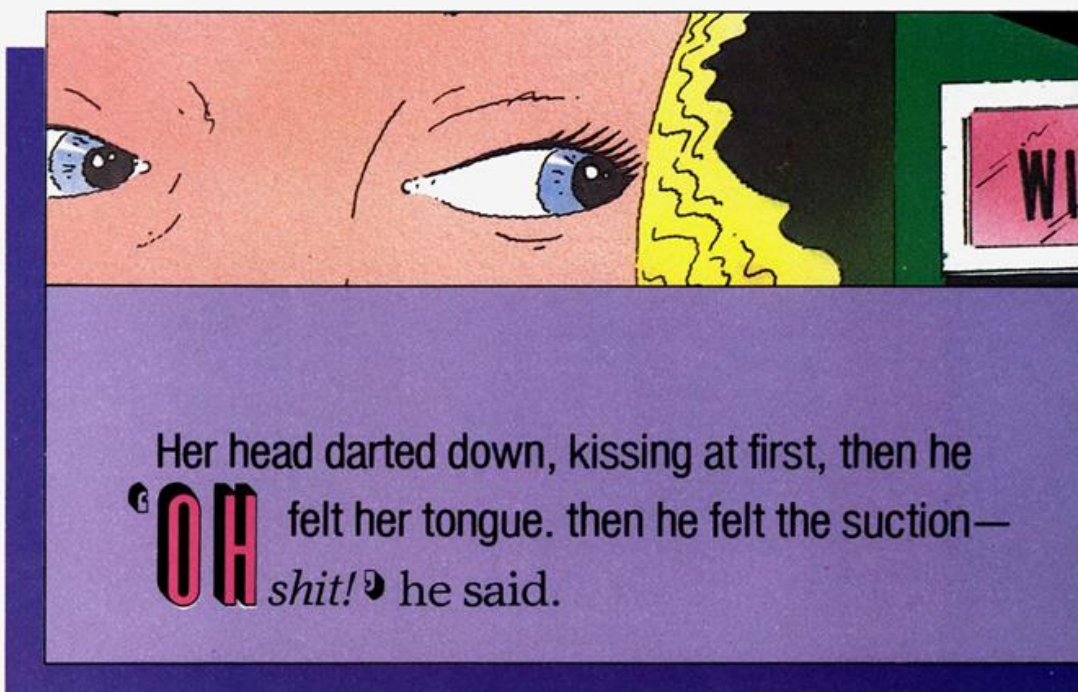
He soaped up good, washing away all the perfume-woman-sperm smell.

Then Harry got out, towed off good, then opened the bathroom door and stepped out.

She was gone.

There was a distance between things that was remarkable. All at once, he saw the ceiling, the rug, the bed, the two chairs, the coffee table, the dresser and the ashtray with their cigarettes in it. The distance between things was centuries apart.

Then, on some impulse, he ran to the closet and pulled the door open: nothing but coat hangers.



"Christ! Look at your lip! You're bleeding to death!"

Harry looked down into his glass. There were drops of red and he felt a wetness on his chin. He placed the back of his palm there and it came away with a ragged red imprint.

"I'm going to shower and clean up, baby; be right back."

He walked into the bathroom, slid open the shower door and began to run the water, testing it. It seemed all right and he stepped in. As the water ran off him, he could see some of the red sliding down by his toes and out the drain. Some wildcat. All she needed was a steady influence.

Marie was all right: she was kind, kind of dull, she had lost the intensity of youth. It wasn't her fault. Maybe he could find a way to take care of Marie and still have Victoria. Victoria renewed him. He needed some fucking renewal. And he needed some fucking fucking like that. Of course, they were all nuts, they all demanded more than there was and they never realized that mak-

Then Harry noticed that his clothes were gone: his underwear, his shirt, his pants with car keys and wallet, his shoes, his stockings—everything.

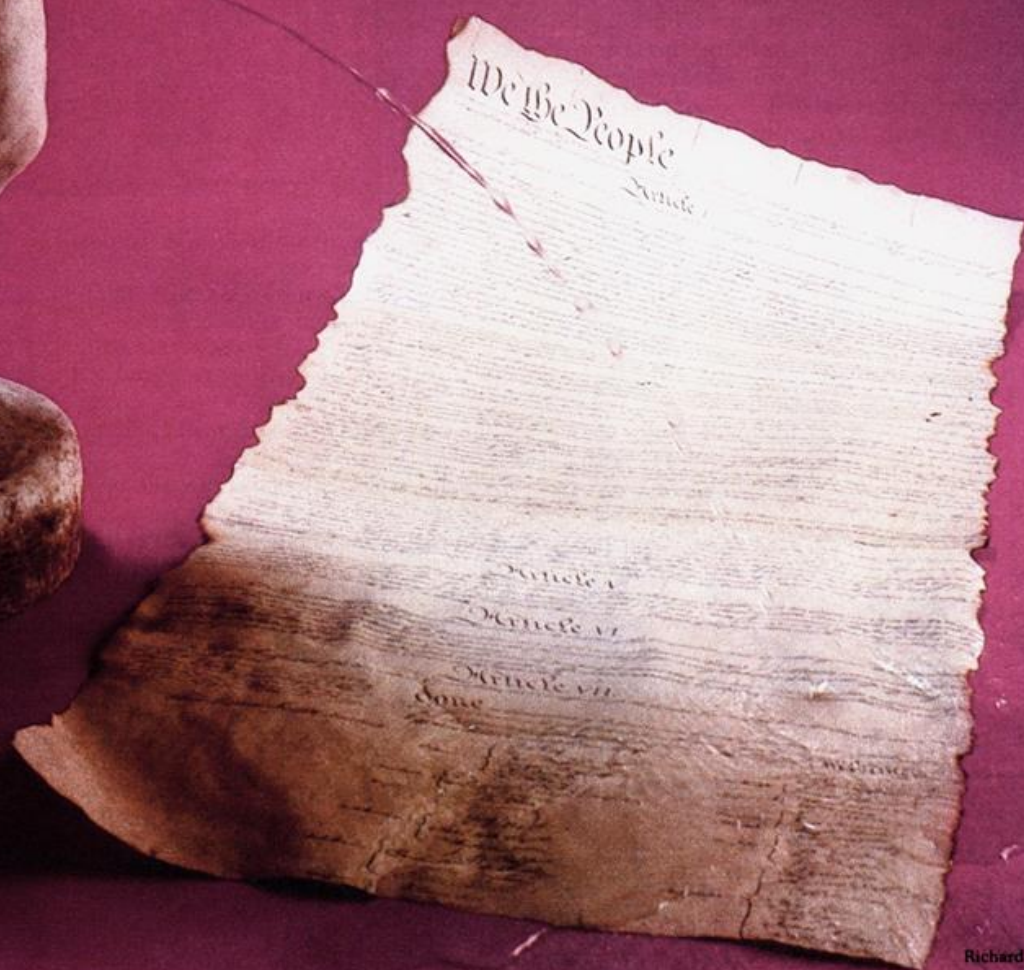
On another impulse he looked under the bed: nothing.

Then Harry noticed the bottle of Jack Daniels, half full, on the dresser, and he walked over, picked it up and poured a drink. And as he did he noticed a word scrawled upon the dresser mirror in pink lipstick: SUCKER!

Harry drank the drink, put the glass down and still saw himself in the mirror—very fat, very old. He had no idea of what to do.

He carried the Jack Daniels back to the bed, sat down where he and Victoria had sat together, then lifted the bottle and sucked at it as the light from the boulevard came through the blinds. He could see through the blinds, and he looked out and watched the cars passing back and forth.

"Jesus Christ," he said softly. "Holy shit..." □



THE GOLDEN SWINDLE:

**MARIJUANA
URINALYSIS**

BIG BROTHER
is watching you pee.
The EMIT Urinalysis is already
rampant in factories, prisons and
the military to sniff out dope
smokers. The authorities want it
in professional sports and
schools next. Just because it
doesn't work isn't stopping them.

BY DEAN LATIMER

T wo people in my shop got fired and one is a friend of mine who doesn't even smoke. Can you tell me just how this test works?"

Dear High Times,*

The place where we work, they've been having us take urinalysis tests for marijuana every month this year. They say it can show positive if you've only smoked one doobie all month. I thought that was a lie, because I heard on television it was only two weeks, not a month. So I don't smoke the last two weeks now. But two people in my shop got fired on this, and one is a friend of mine who doesn't smoke and was always putting us down for being big dopers. And I wonder, if it can catch a guy who doesn't smoke, maybe he breathed some of my smoke one day, and that's why. But then why didn't it catch me, too? Can you tell us how this test works, and is it any good or just a schuck?

Sirs:

Here in the Army there are still a few of us who like to party once in a while, when there's nothing better to do, which is most of the time. But now all of a sudden they're pulling "piss sweeps" on the base. One morning every few weeks, surprise! Everybody under 25 has to piss in a cup first thing we get up. They run the test right there, and if you pull positive, you get a choice: Go into a prevention program or go home.

Needless to say, this has us almost scared straight. Because even if you go into a program, how do you live in a barracks where somebody's always smoking something, with-

out picking up a whiff occasionally, even if you don't want to? If you pull positive more than once, even after you're in a program, it's an automatic discharge.

They say if you drink lots of cranberry juice, it flushes the THC out of your system. Is this true, or is there anything else you can do to beat this test?

Dear High Times Adviser,

Greetings from the Hole. Last week I was working days in a tailor shop and spending my nights on the honor block, and now I'm in solitary confinement, thanks to something called the EMIT, a urine test for pot. Now I didn't smoke any pot the whole time I was on work release. Weeks before I went on work release I stopped pot cold turkey, because I knew they were going to be using this urine test to check me, and it's good for 10 to 12 days after a single joint. So I would've been crazy to smoke on work release, and I didn't. But of course nobody's going to believe a con, right?

*None of these letters is authentically from an individual HIGHTIMES reader, for obvious reasons of confidentiality. Each is a composite, representative of the dozens of letters and calls we receive each month pertaining to urinalysis testing for marijuana.

How to Beat the EMIT

The phone calls are as spooked as the letters:

"My employers are going to give me a urine test for marijuana on Friday, four days from now. They say it'll show up positive if I've smoked grass any time within

the last twenty-two days. Is that true?

"Twenty-two days, is it? That's a nice, precise figure. Is that twenty-two days before Friday or before today, do they say?"

"It's not clear. Is it true?"

"Nobody knows, actually. You could conceivably show up positive on this thing if you smoked any time within the last two

to three months. Or you could show up positive if you'd never smoked dope in your whole life. Or you could show up negative even if you were smoking dope while you pissed in the sample cup. Anyhow, I imagine you *have* smoked dope within the last twenty-two days or so, right? You called here, after all."

"Sure. Is there any way to beat it? Like if I drank a lot of cranberry juice?"

"No, that's for PCP. To beat this one, you mainly try to donate your piss sample as late in the day as possible. Depends on your circadian rhythm, sort of."

"That doesn't make sense."

"Neither does this piss test, but it can screw you bad. Are they making you take it first thing in the morning on Friday?"

"Yeah, eight o'clock."

"My, my. You have got problems. You could stop smoking today, but still show up positive every morning for a couple weeks yet. What time do you ordinarily go to sleep at night?"

"Eleven-thirty, midnight . . ."

"Right. And while you're sleeping, your pancreas is releasing little particles of leftover THC into your kidneys and bladder. As your urine collects in your bladder over seven hours of sleep, this leftover THC collects there too, see?"

"And then I piss it out, first thing in the morning, and this machine catches me?"

"Supposedly. If it's working right. Unless you wake up at four A.M. Friday, and start pissing then. Eliminate all that stored-up THC hours before you take the test. If you can crank your hours backwards this week, so that you go to sleep around nine or ten, and get up and piss around four or five—"

"Jesus, that's disgusting!"

"It gets nastier. Now, this gimmick is called the EMIT Cannabinoid Assay: as pretty a piece of drugs paraphernalia as the taxpayer ever picked up the tab for. It sniffs out the ratio of leftover THC particles to particles of urine in your sample. If there's more than fifty billionths of a gram of THC in a thousandth of a liter of your urine, it'll punch out a positive on you. Whereas if there's less THC—or more urine in the sample—it'll punch out negative. You follow this?"

"I went to high school. If I increase the volume of urine in my bladder, I automatically reduce the ratio of THC in it. So drinking cranberry juice just before I take the test would help me beat it, by increasing urine volume. Correct?"

"Not necessarily. There's a lot of sugar and vitamins in cranberry juice. Cranks up your metabolism. You'll increase bladder volume, all right, but you also might enhance the release of stored-up THC from your pancreas, too."

"This is making my flesh crawl. So what do I do?"

"You drink water. You go to bed early the night before the test, you wake up a few hours before it's scheduled and piss your head off. Then a half hour before the test, you start guzzling plain old water. Drink it

slowly but continually, so it fills up your bladder to the brim, stretches it out like a Scotchman's bagpipe. You'll go in with a very little THC and a whole lot of urine in your bladder, and you'll probably beat the test. That's if the U.S. government and the test's manufacturers aren't systematically lying. And if there isn't some quirk to the metabolism of THC that brainy scientists don't know about just yet."

"I have to go through all these disgusting changes just to keep a job, and you still can't guarantee I'll beat it?"

"It's not a matter of beating anything. It's whether this piss test is any good to begin with. It's *no* good, see? But the sort of morons and pigs who use it to screen employees usually don't know that, and wouldn't care if they did. Who's your employer, anyhow?"

"Well, actually, it's the New York City Police Academy."

"Ah. In that case they certainly do know this test is *fershimmelt*, but they don't care. That's lovely. You got relatives in the NYPD?"

"Sure. The whole family almost."

"That's wonderful. Don't do anything, then. Smoke yourself silly all week and make *sure* you pull a positive."

"Are you crazy?"

"Dead serious, sport. It's the opportunity of a lifetime. Once you get bounced out of the academy on the basis of this sleazy test, your family gets a lawyer. You sue the pants off the city. With all your cop relatives behind you, you'll not only get your job restored, but a nice tidy cash settlement, too. You can't lose. It's a sure thing."

"You're nuts. You're out where the buses don't run."

"Think about it. I'm serious."

"If I do pass that test and get a badge, jerk-off, you're in trouble."

Hear No Evil, See No EMIT

The New York City Police Department has the neatest accountability carousel of all, when people ask them about the way they're using the EMIT Cannabinoid Assay. The people at the Public Information Office never heard of any such thing, they say, and helpfully recommend that you ask the academy about it directly. But the academy is regrettably unable, by NYPD policy, to talk about any of its procedures unless the inquiry has been cleared through the PIO. But since the PIO never heard of this disgusting thing, they can't very well clear the inquiry, can they? You can ride this accountability carousel 'round and 'round any number of times and have no end of fun.

Then there's this factory in Charleston, South Carolina. Do *they* ever have a Byzantine EMIT runaround. This place, for nearly a year, has been screening job applicants for grass with the EMIT, and running the urine of low-level, noncontract workers through it once a month. The bottom-drawer sweepers, stock clerks, cashiers and such are scared to go anywhere near anyone who smokes dope, on or off the job,

for fear of catching a stray whiff of something that could show up in their bladders weeks later. And the union laborers and tenured supervisory staff are so cravenly grateful that they're not subject to this control gimmick, they let their friends go down the tubes without a murmur. The United States in the 1980s: cool as the Weimar in the 1930s.

So here's the accountability chase: Try to determine *who*, exactly, is firing people in Charleston, and denying them employment, on the basis of the EMIT Cannabinoid Assay.

There's no piss-testing machine at the factory. People have to go to a local hospital clinic and furnish their specimens there. But there's no EMIT at the hospital, either. The folks at the clinic tag the specimens for THC testing, and send them hundreds of miles to an Upjohn Pharmaceuticals lab in Pennsylvania. But there's no EMIT gimmick for *THC* at the Upjohn lab, so they send it to yet *another* lab nearby which has such a device. There, a chemist finally as-

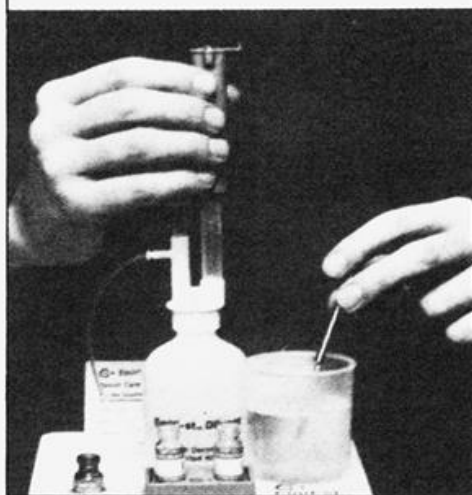
says each of these South Carolina piss specs for THC, along with piss specs from other private companies all up and down the East Coast, and sends them back to his client, Upjohn, with the following caveat: "*The results of this test cannot be construed as proof of the use or nonuse of marijuana by anyone.*" And the piss specs go back to all these employers, scores of them, and despite that very scrupulous caveat, people all over the East Coast are being fired and denied employment on the basis of this piss test for pot.

Then early on there were these five guys on a work-release program out of a Connecticut state correctional facility. This place is renowned as one of the strictest, least "enlightened" correctional institutions in the state, which is why we're not giving any names here, since most of these guys are still in there. Now, in a place like that, you *really* have to bust ass, and kiss it, to get a work-release slot, and it can be taken away from you in the blink of an eye. Which is exactly what happened to these guys. The

Thousands of EMIT units have been issued to every branch of the uniformed services . . .



Syva estimates 5 out of every 100 of its EMIT tests give deceptive results.



administrators started an EMIT program with no warning, and sprang it on these guys all together one morning. Next thing they knew they were all in the Hole—"administrative segregation," it's called in Connecticut—and stripped of all their accrued good-behavior time toward early parole.

But these guys had read *HIGH TIMES*, where we've analyzed this wretched gimmick in the letters column every three months since it went on the line in early 1980. They contacted lawyers. Immediately they were out of the Hole, with good time restored, but no more work release. And the prison stopped using the test.

They might have had their work release restored, too, but there was this accountability rigamarole, as usual. Their piss specs had not been tested at the jail by state corrections personnel, but by a lab tech for a large corporation somewhere down the road. If the warden, who set this EMIT policy, knew personally that the test wasn't sufficient to prove marijuana use or nonuse, then he could be sued for drop-kicking these poor sods with it. Whereas, if he didn't know the test's limitations, but the lab tech *did*, and the lab tech failed to advise the warden of all this, then that smart-ass piss-sniffer could have *his* personal ass in legal trouble. Or if the lab tech didn't know, somehow, but the lab *did*, then the lab could be sued. Or if the lab didn't know (which is inconceivable), then you'd have to sue the manufacturer and merchandiser of the EMIT Cannabinoid Assay: the Syva

Company of Palo Alto, California, a subsidiary of the global, God's Anointed Syntex Corporation.

Urine Testing 101 Simplified

"Look here, man. How the hell can a urine test pick up on something you've smoked? How's it wind up in your piss, you know?"

"God works in wonderful ways. You imagine you just suck in the smoke and breathe it out, one hundred percent turnover? How do you suppose it gets you high, if some of it doesn't go up into your head?"

"But it's just smoke, man. You didn't eat it or drink it or shoot it."

"Inside that smoke are little particles of a special herbal essence called THC: delta-9 tetrahydrocannabinol, which we'll call delta-9 for short. That's what gets you high, nothing else. Now, your lungs have blood sluicing through them all the time. When you inhale dope smoke, the blood catches this delta-9 and takes it straight up to your head. Takes seconds, no longer."

"What happens when it gets to your head?"

"Nobody knows. God works in *very* wonderful ways here. The current thinking is that THC imitates the action of some steroid hormone, some body juice that your pituitary gland produced now and then during childhood, but stopped producing around age ten. That's why you get this nice, cozy, spacy, protected, nostalgic feeling, as though that old childhood body juice were working again."

"What if they ran this fucking test on a little kid, then? Would it pick up that hormone and punch out a positive? You're screwed, you little punk. Obvious dope addict, send him to reform school."

"The little bastard would deserve it, too. But that's not very likely. This test doesn't look for delta-9 THC at all."

"But if it doesn't look for THC, how can it tell if you've ever been high?"

"Oh, it looks for THC, all right, but not the sort of THC you find in marijuana. It looks for the kind you find in human urine. It's called 11-nor-delta-9-THC-9-carboxylic acid. Here, let me sketch you a chart."

"Spooky. Looks like astrology."

"Well, it's biochemistry. Makes astrology look like a dignified and crystal clear science these days. See, when you smoke dope, maybe *half* the delta-9 in it sluices straight out through your liver, guts, kidneys and bladder. Most of the rest—middle circle at left—is turned by your liver into 11-hydroxy THC, and passes out in feces."

"But they've got no tests looking for 11-hydroxy THC in shit, right?"

"Even pigs have limits to their appetites. They find urine testing more palatable, somehow. So this test looks strictly for the *urinary* metabolite of marijuana: 11-nor-delta-9-THC-9-carboxylic acid. Call it 11-nor-THC for short."

"What's in that middle circle at right? Eight-alpha hydroxy THC, 8-beta hydroxy?"

"Ah, that's the *deus ex machina* that makes this gimmick so wonderful. This 8-alpha and beta hydroxy THC gets bound up to fat structures in your digestive system, like vitamins do, in your spleen and pancreas. Since they have to work through all this fat, it can be weeks before they're all released into your bladder as 11-nor THC. Months, maybe, if you're a fat person who's been smoking dope for years."

"But you don't stay high for weeks, right? Even at current weed prices."

"Not unless your brain is where your spleen should be. You don't *have* to get high. This 11-nor THC has nothing to do with getting high. Maybe you just walked through a cloud of somebody else's pot smoke, without even noticing it, and inhaled a few whiffs. Maybe you've got some liver condition, a fluky metabolism, and it turned the whole dose to 11-nor THC and tucked it away till the morning you're hit with an EMIT test. Bingo! You come up dirty on the EMIT, even though you never smoked a joint in your life."

"How do you prove you've got a liver that does all that?"

"That's not your responsibility. This is America, ain't it? The burden isn't on you to prove your liver works too well. It's on these bastards to prove their piss sniffer works at all. And they *can't* prove that!"

"Tell that to my discipline orderly. I'm not in America, I'm in the United States Marines."

Little Lost Lambs

The sheep actually get the worst of it. Somewhere out West range multitudes of sheep being raised exclusively for the Syva Company's EMIT Cannabinoid Assay. Like human livers, sheep's livers possess specific microsomes which bind up molecules of 11-nor-delta-9-THC-9-carboxylic acid, and bind up *no other* sorts of molecules. These Syva sheep are raised specifically for their 11-nor THC microsomes, and after they're slaughtered, Syva puts their microsomes into the EMIT reagent solution.

This reagent solution is a disgusting soup of sheep juice and chemically tagged particles of synthetic 11-nor THC, suspended in a liver enzyme called malate dehydrogenase. If you mix a teaspoonful of human urine into this soup, any 11-nor THC in the urine will bind to the sheep's microsomes in preference to Syva's synthetic 11-nor THC (on paper, at least). There'll be no visible change in the reagent soup to the naked eye. But the EMIT gimmick's "quartz halogen lamp" in its "dual-channel photometer" will supposedly diagnose any change in the solution's "optical density," and commend its opinion to a digital readout unit, which will punch its findings onto a computer card: "clean" or "dirty."

Of course, all this super-high-tech paraphernalia only makes the gimmick likelier to screw up. And a complete EMIT pot test unit, with 35 premixed reagent vessels,

costs only \$3,000. So in most places, the gimmick's not administered by lab techs but by minimally trained discipline orderlies, parole officers, personnel managers and other varieties of middle-management maladroits. If they're really on the ball, they *might* be aware of several common health disorders, such as bladder infections, in which a person's own malate dehydrogenase can show up in the urine, automatically ringing up a false positive on the EMIT Cannabinoid Assay even if it is working properly. The Syva Company estimates that out of every 100 urine samples run through a mint-condition EMIT gimmick, even with a totally competent operator, five samples will give deceptive results.

The Selling of the EMIT

The Drug Abuse Industrial Complex has its house organs, like the *U.S. Journal of Addiction* out of Hollywood, Florida, and they profit handsomely from advertisements for this article of drugs paraphernalia. "IMMEDIATE, RELIABLE DRUG DETECTION HAS NEVER BEEN THIS EASY," rejoice Syva's double-page EMIT ads, depicting a white masculine fist, below a glimpse of even whiter pinstriped shirt cuff, hefting a real neat pebbled-leather attaché case: "Open an attaché case, perform a few simple steps, and get a positive or negative urine test result in less than two minutes. In front of your client's eyes."

Yes, large, white masculine person, just imagine the look on your "client's" face the instant that this computer-punch gimmick rolls him up off work release, drops him in the Hole and wipes out all his good time. Supposedly, this instant, face-to-face feature of the EMIT is a superb "prevention" bonus. Suspected drug abusers, it seems, tend to get all huffy and challengeable over urine tests that are done off in some lab somewhere. Give 'em a computer card before their very eyes, statistics show, and they're much more liable to swallow the fraud.

The Drug Abuse Industrial Complex also has its Washington lobby, located in the highly respectable Maryland suburb of Rockville. The American Council on Marijuana and Other Psychoactive Drugs, Inc., is responsible for lobbying through a series of the most improbable defense contracts of all time. Thousands upon thousands of portable EMIT units, at \$3K per unit, have been issued to every branch of the uniformed services except the Coast Guard. This is the slimmest pork-barrel politics imaginable, stinging taxpayers for millions to develop this idiot gimmick in the first place, then stinging us for millions more to buy it from the Syva Company in wholesale lots.

The present head of the American Council on Marijuana, Dr. Robert DuPont, is a cherished and trusted friend of the Syva Company of Palo Alto. From 1971 to 1978, Dr. DuPont was the very headman of the munificently budgeted National Institute on Drug Abuse, and Syva was an honest producer of life-saving diagnostic devices

for hospitals and labs. Working together under government contract through the '70s, NIDA and Syva developed neat little EMIT urine tests for heroin, cocaine, speed and PCP that are still used. The pot test, however, took years and millions of dollars to put together, thanks to the preposterous complexities of cannabis biometabolism.

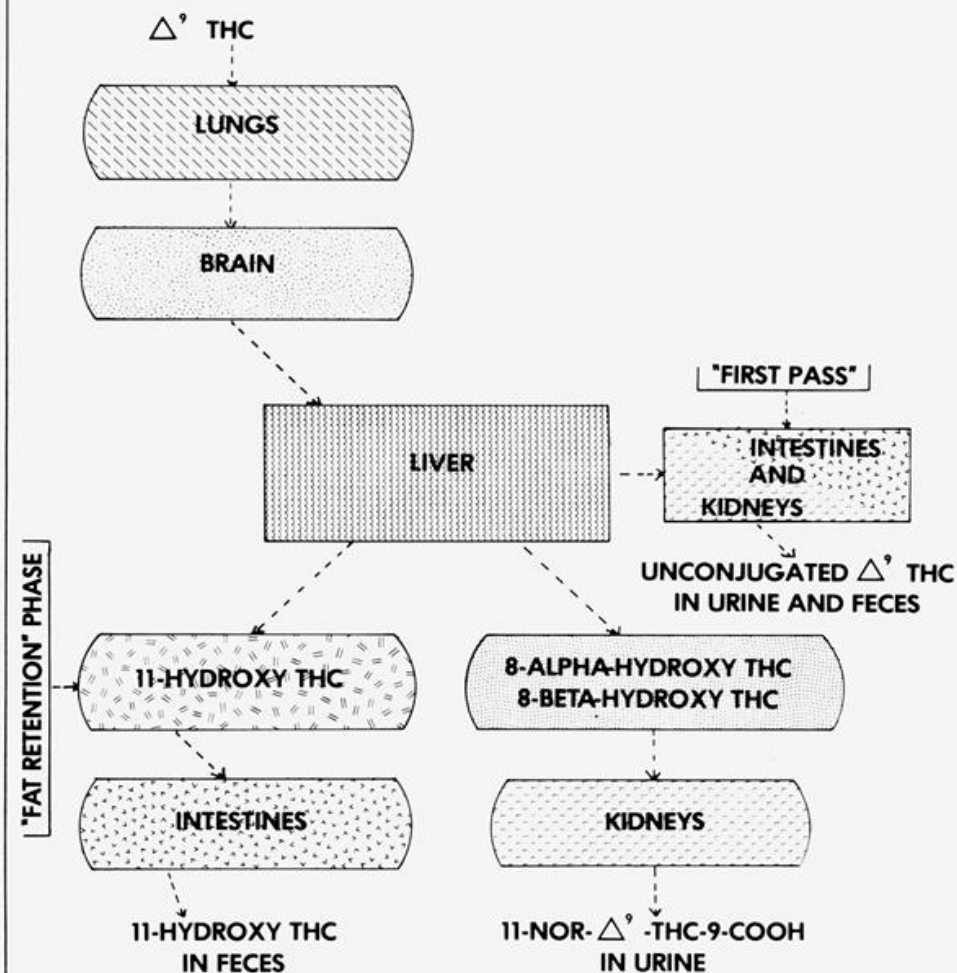
They could have made it simpler by using a reagent that sniffed for plain old unaltered delta-9 tetrahydrocannabinol in urine. But as NIDA had determined early on, in 1971, over half the delta-9 from any given dose of grass is changed by the liver into these "lipophilic," fat-seeking metabolites that can show up in urine *weeks* after a single dose. Any test that went after unchanged delta-9 THC in urine would be the same as any other dope test. If it's not there, then your client probably hasn't done any grass over the last 12 to 18 hours. But a test that targeted one of these fat-seeking, long-lasting metabolites, now that would have a whole special *control* application, wouldn't it? Dr. DuPont is a government behaviorist

shrink who sincerely believes that any sort of nonmedical drug use is both cause and consequence of social maladjustment, and therefore an appropriate occasion for the exercise of intervening authority. Syva, bless 'em, can smell dollars piling up whole years in advance. So instead of delta-9 THC, they targeted their piss-test reagent for 11-nor-delta-9-THC-9-carboxylic acid, and cranked up a media nightmare to sell it to the taxpayers.

Enter the American Council on Marijuana. In late 1977, while Dr. DuPont was still merrily disbursing NIDA's millions, Dr. Gabriel Nahas of Columbia University cranked up the ACM in New York City. At that point in time, Dr. DuPont and Dr. Nahas were at opposite poles of the Drug Abuse Industrial Complex. Nahas has always been an ardent, even messianic proponent of radical "drug prevention," putting his influential name and tongue to every outlandish reefer-madness medical myth from brain damage to Communist Peril.

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CANNABIS BIOMETABOLISM CHART



I·N·D·I·A

THE LAND THE NARCS FORGOT

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY ED ROSENTHAL
COAUTHOR WITH MEL FRANK OF *THE MARIJUANA GROWER'S GUIDE*

ED ROSENTHAL'S ORIGINAL TEXT OF THIS ARTICLE CAN BE OBTAINED FROM QUICK TRADING CO., BOX 477, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94114. SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER FOR TWO DOLLARS.

High Times' premiere hemp horticulturist goes where ganja was invented and shows them how to do it properly.

I ANSWERED THE EARLY-MORNING KNOCK ON OUR door in the Circuit Hotel in Bhopal, India, and two federal cops from the Excise Service pushed into the room. One was carrying in his cupped hands a few ounces of cured brown ganja and, with a big cop grin, dumped it on the nightstand. The other quickly located our chillum, or marijuana pipe, and held it in my face. "Do you know what this is for?"

"Actually, I prefer to roll joints," I admitted.

"No, no. You must learn exactly how to use the chillum properly, my friend, or your visit to Madhya Pradesh is quite wasted, I'm afraid." After lighting up, he showed me and my woman companion the intricate finger-fluting tricks that would keep the ganja lit in the little root-carved chillum bowl without spilling it out. The two of them watched us with utter fascination; it was obviously the first time either had seen ganja being smoked by a woman.

I was pretty nonplussed myself. It was the first time in my life that police had ever burst into my room with dope, and then insisted I smoke it in front of them.

There are three provinces in India where marijuana is grown and consumed legally: Madhya Pradesh, Orissa and West Bengal. We were visiting Madhya Pradesh because it's closest to the international airport in Bombay, and we had only a few

days to check out the legal cultivation scene. Poor people everywhere in India smoke ganja or charas hash, as do the ascetic communicants of Shiva, a populous Hindu sect. Also, though the government is loath to admit it, cannabis is consumed by college kids everywhere, and, just as in the United States a decade ago, it is becoming vastly popular among the educated and well-to-do. Altogether, an *awful* lot of people on this many-peopled subcontinent are into ganja now, so I expected to see whole rolling emerald plains of it on the train ride from Bombay to Bhopal.

I was not disappointed. Barely ten miles out of a little town called Khandwa, we spotted the first serried ranks of irrigated dope hemp nodding in the subcontinental haze, and I nearly fell out of the train window craning after camera views. I had to keep reminding myself: It's *legal* here. There's no *end* of it.

Once in Bhopal, Madhya Pradesh's capital, we went straight to the Department of Agriculture. Informed that I was an international expert on the botany, pharmacology and industrial uses of the hemp plant, with numerous published works on the subject, the agricultural director treated me with what seemed to be extraordinary deference and respect—until I realized that Indian civil servants treat *all* English-speaking Europeans that way, out of ingrained colonial habit. Because, deference not-

withstanding, this gentleman told me he was very surprised to hear that marijuana might be growing anywhere in Madhya Pradesh, please, good sir, and would have to check to see if there was any truth in the rumor. In the meantime, the Circuit Hotel was to be highly recommended.

On our return to his office a few hours later, the director informed us that yes, indeed, by golly, there *was* some ganja being cultivated near Khandwa. I must be possessed of a truly formidable level of expertise in this area, he complimented me, to have spied it and distinguished it from the other foliage, particularly from a rapidly moving train window. I told him it was nothing, I had done it a thousand times under even less favorable circumstances.

Luckily, the stripper strike had been settled shortly before our visit to Khandwa, coinciding with the ganja harvest. Hemp strippers, women who strip the leaves and buds from the cannabis plants, are possibly the most ill-paid employees in the Indian civil service, earning hardly two rupees per day: maybe 25 cents—enough for four cups of tea. It seems the government had recently been apprised that these women had been supplementing their incomes, from time out of mind, by letting the hemp resin collect on their palms during their labors, scraping it off after work and selling it on the black market as charas hash. Since charas, unlike ganja, is highly illegal everywhere in India, the bureaucrats had instituted new supervisory policies to suppress this vice, and the ladies had gone on strike until an accommodation was reached.

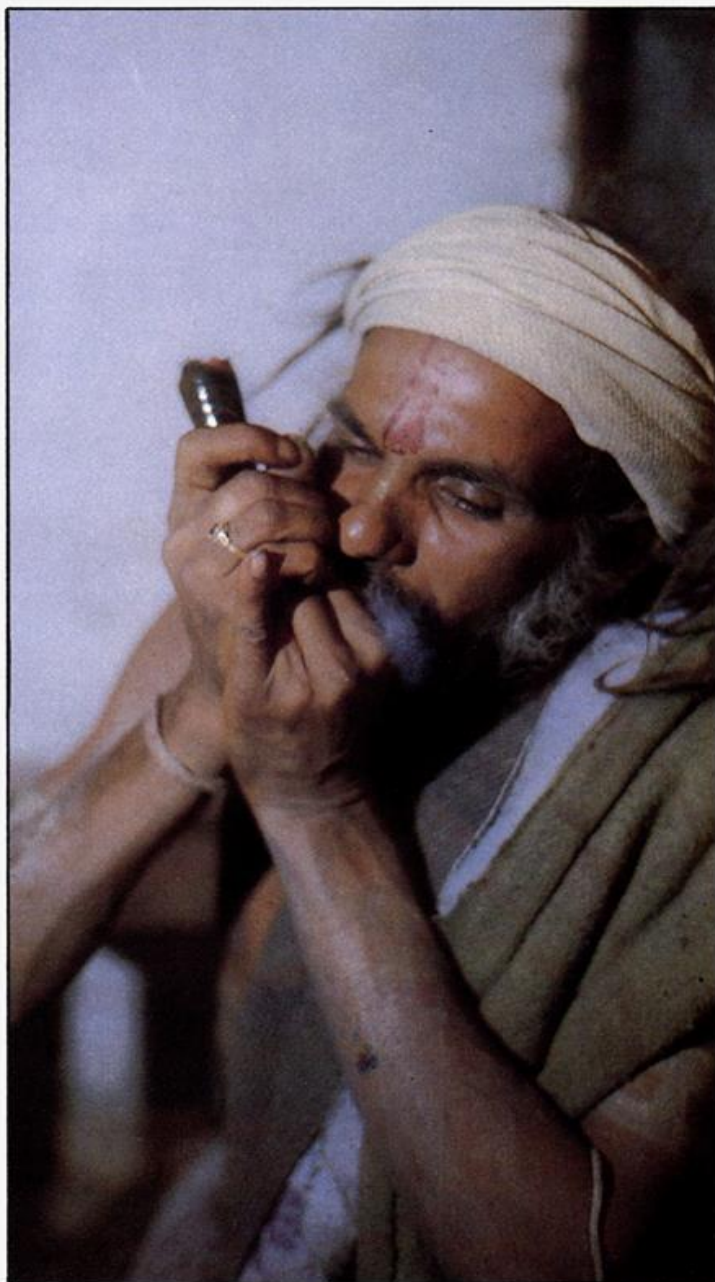
Since they were still making only two rupees per day of decidedly odious labor, it could not have been much of an accommodation. There they stood in the airless curing shed near Khandwa, in circles, stripping the leaves and buds from the long stalks while supervisors stood by with canes to watch for waxy green resin buildup on their palms. At the end of the day, the palm scrapings were rolled into balls which were neatly placed in muslin bags, sealed and signed by the supervisors and sent off somewhere to be (supposedly) destroyed. If I am any judge of cannabis economics, someone in the Indian civil service is making all the money those poor women lost after their stripper strike.

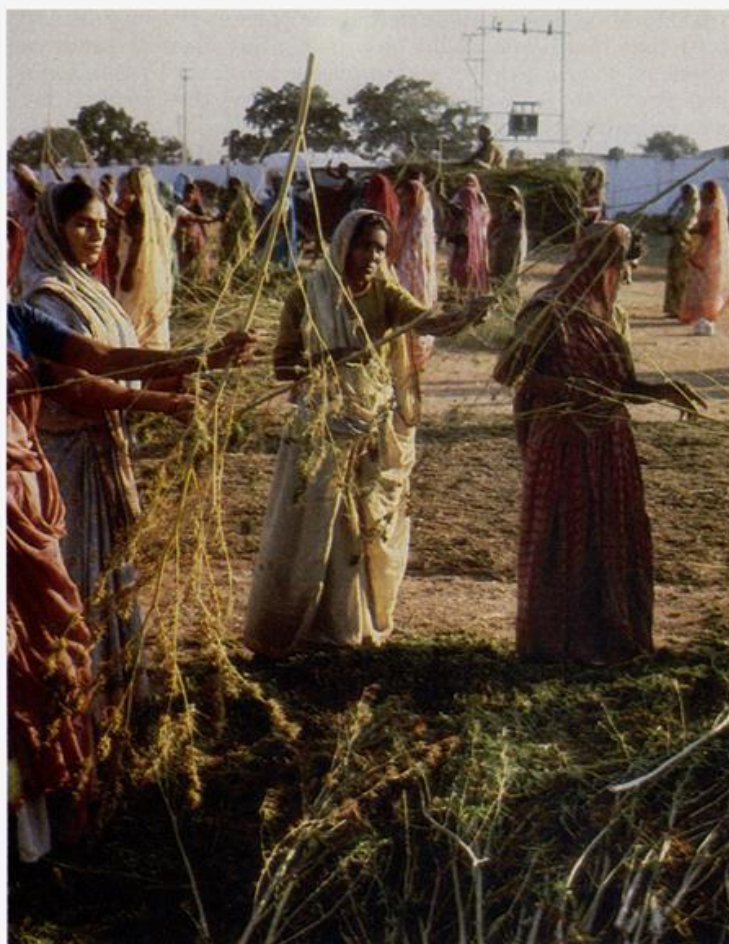
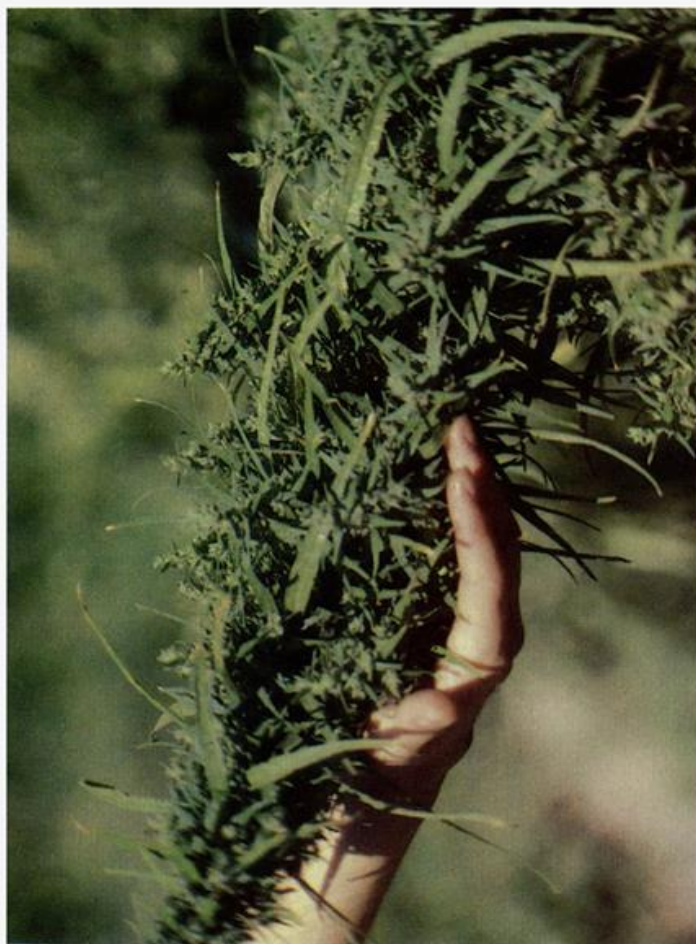
The ganja plants themselves, at the two ten-acre Khandwa plantations I inspected through the exuberant courtesy of the Indian departments of agriculture and of excise, are raised from miscellaneous Nepalese seeds. Planted about three feet apart, they're allowed to grow to about nine feet, generally. I was surprised, at harvest, to find all the female buds bursting over with seeds; not the slightest attempt had been made to sex the crop, because of ignorance, laziness or some state policy forbidding it.

Still, the producers manage to come up with a very respectable end product, thanks to their elaborate method of curing the ganja. As the women strip the leaves and buds into piles, others pluck the buds from the piles, leaving the leafy shake to be discarded. The buds are rolled flat with little presses, and piled in clumps to literally ferment in the sun. Anaerobic bacteria work very swiftly in Madhya Pradesh, as witnessed by the sharp ammonia odor that quickly emanates from the curing bud piles.

The very best buds are selected after fermentation, rolled again and sun-cured some more. Come evening, 50-pound rocks are placed on the bud piles to retain the heat and moisture; they're removed briefly every few hours while the buds are shaken and repiled. By the end of this comparatively brief process, the buds, originally brilliant green, are as rusty brown as commercial Colombian, smelling somewhat blander because of the swift evaporation of their aromatic terpenes. A lot of the THC has undoubtedly been transformed into mere cannabitol by this time, but it works out pretty well all told, because the remaining THC is now stabilized and fixed, and can be transported roughly without losing further potency. Grass cured American-fashion, by clothespinning it in the sun for days, may start out with higher THC levels, but it deteriorates drastically with handling.

continued





All through our "inspections," the officers from the agricultural and excise departments competed with each other to provide us jeeps, introductions and interviews. They were either trying to make these two international cannabis experts feel important, or—more likely—to show each other how important *they* were considered by these two international cannabis experts. The excise people, I am glad to report, won hands down.

No one we met, of course, had ever smoked ganja personally, except for the director of an agricultural research firm who said he'd tried it once, and it had made him crazy for three days. Now this person was working on some sort of plant-treatment compound that he hoped would render pollen particles sterile; then they wouldn't have to *think* about sexing their plants.

By and large, though, the Indian officials in charge of ganja production took minimal interest in the potency of the article. On the way back from one field inspection, I bombarded an excise man with all sorts of suggestions for standardizing his Nepalese seed stock, sexing his plants and so on. His attitude was lukewarm at best. Ganja, he personally believed, was only smoked by the poor, and some old-fashioned religious people. It made them lazy, he believed, and if it got more potent it would probably just make them lazier. But he'd take my ideas under advisement.

He may have done so, too. Early next morning, in the Circuit Hotel's restaurant, we were invited to breakfast with the chief excise officer himself. We dined delectably on fruit yogurt, cauliflower in a light curry sauce, chapati bread and tea with milk. He asked about marijuana law enforcement in the United States and listened with interest. It may have been the first time he'd ever heard the truth—way out here in Madhya Pradesh.

"Prohibition of marijuana in the USA is a total failure, a disaster," I told him. "More people than ever are smoking, more marijuana's being smuggled in all the time. The police keep on seizing more and more marijuana, but even *they* have to admit it never amounts to a tenth of what gets through. There's so much illegal money to be made, large organizations of people have formed to circumvent the import ban, and more and more public officials and police authorities are being corrupted by their money. The best development in the last few years has been the growth of domestic marijuana production, which is capturing the high-priced end of the market without all this organized-crime corruption. The money goes back into the community, not the bank accounts of international hoods and political shysters."

The officer pointed out that in 1964, India signed the United Nations Single Convention Treaty on Narcotics, which officially pledges them to ban all production and sales of cannabis within 25 years. If the fields in Madhya Pradesh, Orissa and West Bengal are exterminated by 1989, what then?

"When that happens," I guaranteed him over tea and chapatis, "your entire legal industry will be handed straight over to the black marketeers. The controls you now have on the quality and potency of ganja will disappear entirely. The government will lose every rupee it now gathers in taxes on ganja, and all the growers, strippers and transporters will be out of work—those who don't go into the black market, and thus automatically become criminals. Thousands and thousands of people will have to be arrested, prosecuted and most of them jailed: people who've smoked ganja all their lives, and people who just want to try it out of curiosity. The price of ganja will increase astronomically, and the profits will be irresistible to shrewd businessmen who would otherwise stay in legitimate industry. You'll have to create a whole new drug-control bureaucracy, demanding unlimited sums of public money to try to control ganja, an impossible project which will grow *more* impossible, *more* expensive and *more* oppressive every year. Already there's a thriving charas trade on the black market, just because charas is illegal, and I know that gives you headaches. Imagine the headaches if plain *ganja* were illegal!"



He winced at that one.

Whatever effect this sermon may have had on the chief excise collector of Madhya Pradesh province, it was right after that very pleasant breakfast that a couple of his cops burst into our room bearing ganja. While they didn't smoke any themselves—had never *touch*ed it, kind lady and good friend, in their lives, my goodness, no—they were most inquisitive as to how these international cannabis experts might rate their merchandise, and its value on the current American market.

In all honesty, I had to compare it favorably with good, middle-hold commercial Colombian, worth, say, \$700 a kilo wholesale, on the back-bay off-load dock in Pamlico Sound. Estimating that they could probably harvest 2,300 kilos per acre out of their Khandwa plots (minus the 10 percent that had caught fusarium wilt), that pocket-computed out to around \$16 million from just *one* of the plots I'd inspected. *That* had them goggling all right. This stuff in our chillum was being peddled in tea shops in two-gram doses for one rupee—not \$60 a kilo, *retail*!

One of them then curiously inspected a stash of ganja that we'd purloined from the fields the day before, and cured ourselves, the American way. "You would not find many buyers here," he told us, "for ganja so green and pine smelling."

Obviously everyone in India is suffering from New York Syndrome. □







COCAINE CONFIDENTIAL

AT LONG LAST

COCA

Homegrown cocaine? Not exactly, but there's a multiplicity of uses for the coca plant. Here's an easy-to-follow technique for its cultivation.

BY RON SMITH

Before Coca-Cola and Vin Mariani, before mannitol and inositol, before lactose, sucrose, lidocaine, procaine, tetracaine, benzocaine and butacaine, there was coca. Indians chewed it for its sustaining qualities. It provided physical endurance, mental clarity, resistance to altitude sickness, increased longevity and, contrary to popular myth, kept teeth white and gums healthy. It gave them a small dose of cocaine (about a quarter of a gram per two-ounce daily dose of leaves), a variety of similar alkaloids and a near-complete daily requirement of almost every vitamin and mineral the body requires. They considered it a gift from heaven to mankind and called it "Mama Coca," the Divine Plant of the Incas.

The first divine plants I ever saw were two dozen wilting cuttings in cardboard boxes delivered to my apartment by a friend of mine who wouldn't tell me where he got them, other than that they were off a mother plant that had been in the country for over ten years. He was planning to take them to New York to sell, but since he was temporarily living out of his car, he was hoping I would keep them for a few days and revive them a bit. No problem. Cost him one plant. As soon as he left I called another friend who had been a combination drama and horticulture major in college, making her the ideal company for the next

couple of weeks. She knew Marx Brothers and Burns and Allen dialogues by heart, as well as the Latin names for most North American plants.

We pulled up one of the cuttings and found they didn't have any roots. Whoever sold them to him had only recently cut them from the mother plant and just stuck them in soil. We put some wood slats across a fish tank and piled all 24 plants on top of them to keep the soil warm and humid and then sat there for the best part of the next two weeks until they all rooted. The first thing we learned about coca cultivation was that they are extremely hardy and can survive abuse that would kill a junkyard weed.

As far as I know, none of those first plants ever made it to New York, but I kept mine, and also kept track of some of the others, including a few that went as far north as the state of Washington, and they are all doing well. Occasionally, some of the growers get together to chew coca leaves, drink coca tea and coca wine, and exchange growing secrets. After a couple of years we began to agree on methods that seem to give the healthiest plants.

Propagation

Propagation is done with one of two types of cuttings: either single leaf or whole stems. Stem cuttings are the easiest, and can be taken when the plants are mature enough to have lateral branches with major leaf clusters near the tip, and one or more new branches starting out closer to the main trunk. Cut the stem five to seven inches from the end, and at a sharp angle, allowing the root-producing cells in the stem as much surface-area exposure as possible. Trim off all the large leaves, leaving only one or two of the youngest and smallest at the tip. These leaves would be an unnecessary drain on the system during the early weeks of rooting and would probably die anyway. Where these leaves were removed there will be wounds in the stem leaking a creamy white fluid. Before planting, the stem should be dipped in Rootone or some other rooting agent, particularly coating these spots.

Plant the stem two inches deep in a mixture of half regular house-plant potting soil and half vermiculite. The soil at this stage needs to be light and airy, allowing the delicate new roots to spread easily. It should be kept damp but not soggy. If it dries out completely, it can contract, breaking off the new roots, and if it stays too wet the stem will rot.

Cuttings should be warmed with a bottom heat source at a constant temperature of 70° F. A heating pad or even a high-wattage light bulb in a box should work well enough. Keep the air humid by misting frequently or by putting a thin layer of damp newspaper between the cuttings and the heat source. Plastic pots work better than clay because clay tends to dry out too fast. Keep out of direct sun and allow six to eight weeks to root. You can tell when they're rooted because they will begin to put out a new leaf growth at the tip of the stem.

If you are anxious to start new plants and don't want to wait until your plant has a mature branch system, cuttings can be started from a single leaf taken from the main stalk. Clip it close to the stem and at an angle. Plant in the same soil mixture and the same conditions as for stem cuttings. Since they have to be planted much more shallowly, you may want to cover them with plastic to keep the top inch of soil from drying out too rapidly. This type of cutting takes longer to root, usually 12 weeks or

Cut stem five to seven inches from the end.



Ron Smith

Cut stem at a sharp angle.



more, but don't get impatient. I've seen some that took five months to root and then produced healthy plants.

Coca can also be grown from seed, but it's the least desirable method. The seeds don't dry or store well, and the plants don't produce seeds every year, so your propagation would be very limited.

Transplanting

When the cuttings begin putting out new leaf growth, they are ready to be transplanted. If you're going to grow them in pots, they should be at least one-gallon containers, because coca is a fast grower and you want to transplant as little as possible. Even a mature coca plant has an unusually fragile root system, being a mass tangle of very fine hairlike roots, and transplanting can cause enough damage to send the plant into a dormant shock state for six weeks.

Cut the soil mixture to one-quarter sand or vermiculite and three-quarters potting soil. This allows good drainage and gives a larger plant a firm rooting. If you're planting outdoors, sandy soil is best.

Transplanting is hard on all plants and should be done in low light to limit the stress. Potted plants should be kept indoors or in the shade for a day or two afterward. Outdoor transplanting should be done in late afternoon or on a cloudy day. A mixture of vitamin B and liquid fish emulsion will help keep them from going into shock. Remember, plants are sensitive to your thoughts and emotions, and given its long relationship with man as a domesticated plant, coca is probably higher on the sensitivity scale than your average Creeping Charlie. Approach them in a calm mood and wish them well, especially when you're going to be jerking them out of their soil.

Environment

Coca is native to the mountain slopes of Bolivia, Colombia and Peru, and grows best at an altitude between two and five thousand feet. Although certain species are highly adaptable to a wide variety of climates, changes from the native conditions tend to lower the alkaloid content of the leaves, so the idea is to come as close as possible to duplicating those conditions. Unless you live on a mountain, there's not much you can do about altitude, but you *can* do a lot with water, light and temperature.

The combination of mountain slopes and coarse soil causes rapid drainage around the roots of native coca. Although they may get frequent rain, it runs off very quickly, washing over the roots instead of soaking them. Sand or vermiculite will help create this condition in potted plants. For outdoor plants, break up the soil to a depth of one and a half feet before planting so that the roots won't sit in water trapped by a layer of hard-packed soil. If you live in a dry climate, you should mist your plants every morning. If you are growing indoors, artificially heated air is usually very dry and you may need to mist several times a day. On



Plant cuttings in four-inch plastic pots.

the market there are miniature plastic-dome greenhouses, with umbrellalike structures that are attractive enough to keep indoors and provide an ideal humidity-preserving environment.

Coca plants prefer a lot of sunlight, but if you've had them indoors, work up to full sun gradually. They're often planted among taller plants so that they get the softer rays of early morning and late afternoon, being at least partially shaded from the harshest midday rays. If you're growing indoors, keep them next to a window, both for the light and the fresh air. Southern exposure will provide the most light. Gro-Lites make for healthy-looking plants but low alkaloid content.

The ideal temperature range is from 60° to 90° F. Occasional days of 100°-plus won't kill the plants, but it may cause some leaves to drop. Frequent misting will help keep them cool. They can take temperatures in the low 40s for a couple of days without much harm, but if it stays there for an extended time they will go into a dormant phase. In cold climates they will go dormant for most of the winter, lose most of their leaves and recover nicely in the spring. When they start to put out leaves again, wake them up with a dose of cottonseed meal and bone meal. If the temperature varies widely from day to night, don't move your plants outdoors during the day to catch the light and then back indoors at night for warmth. Too much movement stunts their growth. Outdoors for summer

One-year-old coca plants.



and indoors for winter is fine.

It would be almost impossible to provide the ideal combination of all these factors in a wide variety of climates, and you may need to sacrifice a less crucial need to meet a more important one. If the temperature where you are is consistently higher than 90° F., you may then have to grow them in the shade to keep them cool enough. Experiment to find the best blend of conditions for your climate.

Harvesting and Curing

Coca is a perennial rather than an annual, which means it will continue to grow from year to year. Harvest times are not as strictly defined as with most annuals, where you plant in spring and harvest in summer or fall. Coca will produce mature leaves all year which should be picked and dried, and there will be major harvests when a large number of leaves mature at about the same time, one to three times per year, depending on the environment. These will usually be in late spring, midsummer and late fall, but indoor growing and especially Gro-Lites can throw off this schedule.

When the leaves first appear they are light green, oval-shaped and fairly soft. When they are ready to be picked, they will be darker green, more elongated and fairly leathery. Pick them close to the stem and pinch them off or use scissors to avoid damaging the stem. Before you can chew them they need to be sun dried. (Oven drying can be used in a pinch, but it should be an emergency last resort only.) Harvesting should be done in early morning on a sunny day so you can dry them in one day. If stored overnight before drying they may mold, but after drying they will keep indefinitely. Spread them a couple layers deep and turn them every couple of hours until they reach a soft, pliable leathery texture. They should be chewed into a wad, mixed with lime (the mineral—not the fruit) to prevent burning your gums and throat and to help extract the alkaloids, and then sucked rather than swallowed. Indians keep a wad of coca going all the time—if it gets a little weak they add more coca, and if it gets a little strong they add more lime. Since either one can burn your mouth without the balancing effect of the other, in this way they avoid the painful extremes.

Speaking from personal experience, you don't want to get so impatient that you chew the leaves without drying or without the lime. At our first Autumnal Equinox Coca Harvest Celebration and Croquet Tournament, after months of patience, we munched and sucked handfuls raw and without the lime. Expecting a numb jaw and a pleasant exuberance, the burnt mouths we got instead were a definite disappointment. Some people's enthusiasm for coca was severely set back, and some people never played croquet with us again.

A little research got us straightened out on chewing, but we still looked for other

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LIGHTS, HYDROPONICS, ACTION,

A BRILLIANT SOLUTION TO THE SUMMER DOLDRUMS

It may seem strange and unnatural to be talking about *planting*, here in November, but that's what we're talking about. All the high-and-mighty sinsemilla growers north of Marin County are taking this month off for their annual Harvest Moon Ball orgy, and after that they'll all be so wasted they won't want to work for another six months, and so rich they won't have to, either. But along about next May, when the cannabis cupboard begins going bare, *these* feckless wastrels will begin running out of smoke and money both. And it'll get worse before it gets better for the dirt-farming community, over the long, dusty drought months before the first September bud cullings. And that's why we're talking about growing now, in November. It's not unnatural at all, especially if you look up in the 41st chapter of the Book of Genesis: Joseph's prophetic dream about seasons of plenty followed by seasons of dearth, and how simple it is to *beat* that ancient system.

And now, thanks to the highest technology of the late 20th century, beating this system is not merely simple, but tasty and even profitable. Set up a properly lighted hydroponic growing system *now*, and by next June, when everyone else is getting perilously close to the bottom of the Baggie, you'll be just beginning to trim enough healthy fresh smoke to keep you fat and giggly till September. Set it up just right, and you conceivably could tide over your whole neighborhood, and all your friends and relations, through the straitened drought months.

Lighting is the thing to think of first. The *Cannabis sativa L.* organism is peculiar among the vegetable kingdom in its ultra-sensitive response to light, which plays a role in the plant's life cycle that is nearly as crucial as genetics. Screw up the lighting and you can forget the whole crop. Set up the lighting properly *now*, and you can just coast straight through to your unnatural springtime harvest.

Full spectrum fluorescent tubes will do the trick if you're just bringing up three or four plants in a small hall closet or whatever. About six bulbs will suffice for such an operation. Robert Connell Clarke, author of *Marijuana Botany*, has determined that ultraviolet light is particularly efficacious for fostering superior buds, so you should

make sure to get fluorescents with this essential ultraviolet band and with the broadest possible spectrum.

More ambitious indoor cultivators will opt for metal halide illumination, and profit from it immensely if they exploit it properly. The right halide arrangement will boost delta-9 content just immeasurably, while hastening the growing process and increasing the yield of smokable material per bush.

Most growers prefer the standard 1000-watt halide bulb, serving a ten-by-ten-foot growing area uniformly and dependably, though available bulbs range from 250 watts to 1500 watts. Halides with increased red spectra will promote potency at flowering time, of course; some growers augment their halides for this purpose with high-pressure sodium lamps, but if you score the proper halide bulbs you can spare this extra expense. Just bring in fluorescents as side-lighting at flower time, to promote peripheral flowering, and you'll substantially increase your return.

A full halide unit includes the bulb, metal reflector and ballast. The circular reflectors are recommended, since arcs and squares will lose light through the sides and leave dead spots in the corners. When rigging the remote ballast, always make *sure* it stays clear of water, or the whole unit will short on you and bye-bye cannabis crop. Before ordering *any* halide unit, check the equipment information thoroughly, with a special eye for safety features. A lot of cut-rate units will save initial investment cash, but will *not* see you safely through six months to harvest time. If you have any questions about a unit, write or call the manufacturers *before* ordering it. Few things are more distressing than a burnt-out sinsemilla grow shed, or an electrocuted sinsemilla gardener.

Once you've diagramed your lighting system and set up your hydroponic basics, the fun starts. Of course you kept the best-looking seeds from the tastiest weed you've smoked all year, haven't you? Haven't we *all*? Well, now you take the little beggars and tenderly lay them between moistened paper towels in a snug, warm place to germinate for a few days. You can set up your lighting arrangement during this time, and paint the walls of your growing space with a flat-white coat, to insure maximum light reflection. You shouldn't let *one beam* of light escape from your growing shed or closet, for combined reasons of security and efficiency. This means you have to provide daily air circulation with a fan, which you have also stocked beforehand.

Meanwhile, you've kept the germination towels moist, right? By and by you will witness the miracle of birth, as the tender root-tips poke out of the seed covers. When the tips are half an inch long, you place them in their special rooting media—groblocks, peat pellets or whatever—roots down, seed covers up. Arrange these on a tray under your lights, being sure to keep the fluorescents three to six inches away (two to three *feet* for the halides). Don't

want to singe the wee sweeties in their infancy, do we?

When the rootlings are four to six inches high, you plant the peat pellets themselves into your hydroponic growing media. Now you can really outdo Mother Nature by furnishing your plants with 18-hour "days" and six-hour "nights." Only at the north and south poles does this ever happen in nature, but your *Cannabis sativa L.* simply glories in it. The plant has a lust for light which can only be gratified with an indoor hydroponic unit under scheduled artificial lighting, and the plant's gratitude is abundantly expressed through higher delta-9 levels, a quicker growing season and plenty more buds at harvest.

After just three months or so of this botanical luxury, you may want a machete to hack your way into your growing shed. We recommend pinking shears instead. Trim the outermost sun leaves carefully and continually, and all the energy the plant would otherwise put into growing mere leaves will go instead into the manufacturing of high-THC buds.

Between the fourth and fifth month, the males will commence to declare themselves with little podlike exuberances along the twigs. You can pluck the males out now entirely if you wish, or try to extirpate the pods as they appear, if you're really obsessive about it, and have lots of time on your hands next April. It'll depend on how many of the plants turn out to be male, of course, and on your personal devotion to the sinsemilla fetish.

Just about the time the males start podding, your plants will undergo a gradual photosynthetic change-of-life development. From lusting after *light* all through its youth, *Cannabis sativa L.* at puberty conceives a growing appreciation for *dark*. It's preparing to shift its priorities from mere growing to having sex, you see, for which it prefers darkness: The best THC is produced during darkness, under a veil of modesty. Therefore, midway through the fourth month you should begin *reducing* your 18-hour photo period by one hour per week, each week for six weeks. When you're feeding your plants a brilliant 12-hour tropical "day," and a serene 12-hour equatorial "night," then you'll begin seeing the longest, fattest, bushiest colas in all the world, with delta-9 crystals so abundant you'll suspect someone sneaked in and powdered them with confectioner's sugar as a practical joke.

But the joke will definitely not be on you. Just when everyone you know is scrabbling to score seed-ridden, moldy old bottom-of-the-boat Commie 'lombo, at premium prices, there *you'll* be, rolling up emerald sinsemilla spliffs the size of Havana cigars and twice as contraband. And though it hardly cost you *zip* to start it last November—a hydroponic unit, some bulbs, some fans—it'll pay off better than a blue-chip stock portfolio over the drought months. Remember the old fable about the grasshopper and the ant, and be edified. □



Purple hairs reaching out for pollination.



Seedling root tip just peeking out of its seed case.



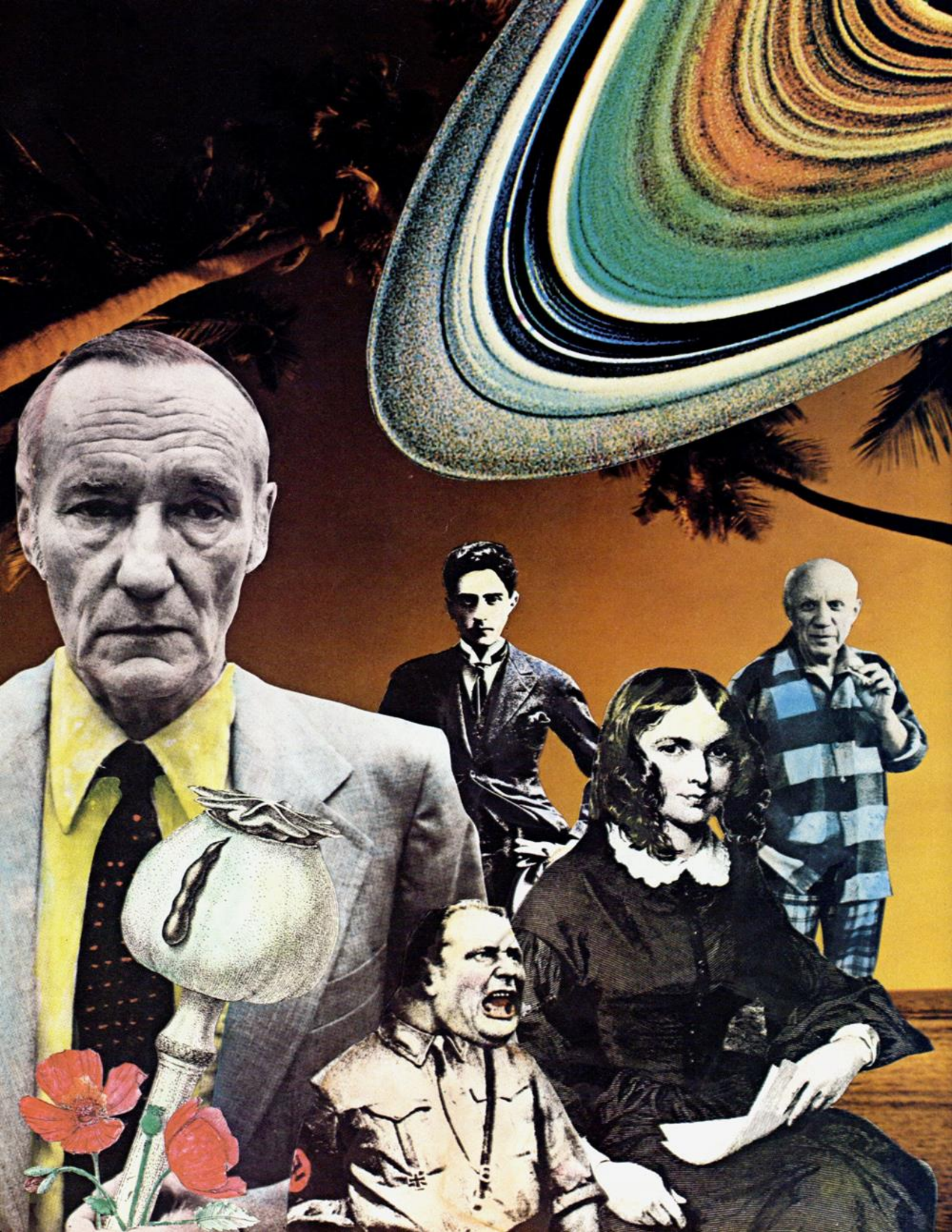
A "plant's-eye" view of 125,000 lumens.

AFTER ABOUT
THREE MONTHS OR
SO YOU MAY NEED
A MACHETE TO
HACK YOUR WAY
INTO YOUR
GROWING SHED.



Swelling colas under fluorescents.

Photos courtesy Applied Hydroponics, San Rafael, California



MASTER ADDICTS

by MICHAEL R. ALDRICH

OPIUM HAS FUELED MEN'S DREAMS SINCE THE DAWN OF CREATION. SOME OF HISTORY'S GREATEST WRITERS HAVE BEEN PARTISANS OF THE POPPY. MICHAEL ALDRICH, DRUG SCHOLAR, EXPLORES THE LAUDANUM LITERATURE.

pium, raw opium—the best painkiller known since the dawn of creation: yet historians, delicately embarrassed, seem reluctant to admit its profound influence on world leaders and events. The history of the human race might be interestingly revised if all the great opium eaters would rise up and dance where they died. Who are these famous monsters, these immortal addict shades?

They pass before us in a dream, revealing all states and conditions of humanity: Marcus Aurelius, Plotinus, Avicenna, Paracelsus, Ronsard, Savonarola. Baber, first Mogul emperor of India, and his heirs, poisoning each other with slow-acting poppy juice in a blood feud for control of the subcontinent.

Cardinal Richelieu appears, dueling through eternity with the Three Musketeers. Robert Clive, first British governor of Bengal. Ben Franklin, who died addicted to opium taken for gout, and thereby lived to set a new form of government in motion. William Wilberforce, who got slavery abolished throughout the British Empire. Friedrich von Schiller, giant of German literature.

A thousand Romantic poets fall out of the sky, clutching their laudanum flasks—Elizabeth Barrett Browning keeping hers discreetly tucked away beneath her crinolines. "How do I love thee? Let me count the ways," she moans, measuring out her drops.

Among millions of recent addicts, seven of planetary influence pass by in a shower of beetles and stones: Billie Holiday, Edith Piaf, Janis Joplin; in contrast, Hermann Göring, Joseph McCarthy, How-

ard Hughes; between them stands William S. Burroughs, miraculously alive, gauntly pointing to the future.

It is the Dark Ages of drug addiction, anno Domini 1524. Paracelsus, physician and sorcerer, returns to Switzerland from the Orient. In the pommel of a huge sword given him by the magi of Constantinople, he carries a secret remedy, the "Stone of Immortality." He never parts with it, not even when he sleeps.

"He had pills he called *laudanum* which had the form of mouse turds," a disciple writes, "but he used them only in extreme emergencies. He boasted that with these pills he could wake up the dead, and indeed he proved that patients who seemed to be dead suddenly arose."

Paracelsus astounds his fellow alchemists, saying, "Don't make gold, make medicines," and the science of chemotherapy is born. He discovers that just as vitriol has a spirit that can transform iron into copper, so drugs have *arcana* or "immaterial talents" (our phrase would be "active principles") that transform disease into health. Humans are part of a chemical universe: "All a man eats out of the great world becomes a part of him." With this knowledge he writes the first textbook of medical chemistry in Europe.

Offered a chance to teach at Basel, he blows it by inviting nonstudents—barbers and alchemists—to his classes held off campus. He chucks Avicenna's famed *Canon of Medicine* into the fire, urging "experiment and reasoning" instead. *Experimentum et ratiocinium*: The walls of Scholasticism crumble as he speaks. Learned doctors think him a charlatan; peasants fear his magic.

His apprentice records the Master's

strange drunkenness: "Often he would come home staggering, after midnight, throw himself on his bed in his clothes wearing his sword which he said he'd obtained from a hangman. He had hardly time to fall asleep when he rose, drew his sword like a madman, threw it on the ground or against the wall, so that sometimes I was afraid he would kill me."

It is not the first or last time an addict will awake to slash at phantoms in the night. Like Avicenna, Paracelsus dies of an overdose. The legend of Dr. Faustus, symbol of our yearning for access to the infinite, grows up in the decades after his death.

About 1670 the English physician Thomas Sydenham perfected a ruby red tincture of opium in alcohol, naming it *laudanum* ("most highly praised") in honor of Paracelsus. Henceforth, opium eaters were usually laudanum drinkers. Available without prescription and cheaper than beer, it gradually pervaded all levels of society. Sydenham wrote, "Among the remedies which it has pleased Almighty God to give to man to relieve his sufferings, none is so universal and so efficacious as opium."

Once a reliable liquid opiate hit the grocery stores, a learning process began which has not yet run its course. Nineteenth-century Romanticism was the perfect cradle for addiction, and vice versa. The poets found it opened up new vistas of consciousness to explore. Many, like Keats and Shelley, took it during illness and wove opium imagery into their finest poems. Others became lifelong addicts, like George Crabbe, who took moderate doses for 42 years without apparent ill effect, though he did have recurrent nightmares of pursuit by nameless phantoms.

©M. R. Aldrich, 1979, 1982

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, fragile addict genius trapped in a dolphin's body, created the Romantic image of the indolent poet whose masterpieces rose effortlessly in opium dreams. Childhood rheumatic fever brought about a chronic heart disease from which he suffered great pain the rest of his life. He was a miserable, guilt-ridden addict who drank enormous quantities of laudanum—friends saw him drain a pint once in a single gulp—out of strict medical necessity. Pain was endless; euphoria was only occasional.

STC, as he preferred to be called, was quite addicted by the 1790s when he wrote "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" and other opium-inspired masterworks. Desperately needing money in 1816, he published three of these visions ("Christabel," "Kubla Khan" and "The Pains of Sleep") together as a pamphlet. In a preface he said "Kubla Khan" had come to him as he was nodding out over an old travel book.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree,
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

Moreover he asserted that it appeared fully composed: "All the images rose up before him as *things*, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved."

Scholars have relentlessly disputed this account, some even calling it a fraud. I take STC at his word. He was trying to explain something never explained before: how drug visions actually arise, words and images flashing through consciousness, ready to vanish as quickly as they come. If the author has practiced verse making for years, as STC had, he may be able to get these glimpses down "instantly and eagerly," the way a Japanese brush painter must capture a whole image in a few strokes before his mind wanders. In so doing, STC gave the world one of the most perfect poems in English, and an unforgettable image of the addict:

And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes in holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

If one theme unites all literary addicts, it is the search for a cure. STC hired thugs to keep him away from the apothecary shop, but that didn't work—they were too easy to outwit. In despair he committed himself to the household of a sympathetic doctor, James Gillman, with instructions to give him minimal doses of laudanum and no



PICASSO TO COCTEAU:

"The smell of
opium
is the
least stupid
smell
in the world."



more. (Typically, he came for a week and stayed 18 years.) In this self-imposed prison his genius flowered once more in philosophic reveries. He thus invented the only mode of treatment yet devised that leaves the addict any self-respect: the voluntary private maintenance clinic.

Coleridge was a pioneer in the kingdom of opium; Thomas De Quincey was an adept. He surveyed its uncharted regions, mapped its dimensions and created a whole new genre of literature with the *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, published anonymously in *London Magazine* in 1821 and in book form a year later. Imagine De Quincey's loneliness, calling his book "the doctrine of the true church on the subject of opium; of which church I acknowledge myself to be the only member—the alpha and the omega."

This slim volume is the foundation on which all modern drug literature rests—the first deep probe of drug-altered consciousness. Agatha Christie had it recommended to her as a vocabulary builder. Written hastily (De Quincey needed cash) during a month of high-dose laudanum swigging, it is lively, musical, digressive, impassioned and brilliant—a book of dreams composed in waves and rhythms, slow swells and funny tangents, spontaneous psychoanalysis long before Freud.

De Quincey, a child prodigy, could sight-translate newspapers into Greek at age 15. He ran away from home and starved for months in London, where he met a pitiful child-whore named Ann, who saved his life, vanished and haunted his dreams forever after. Admitted to Oxford, he astonished his tutors with his proficiency in literature, but did not graduate—he took his Greek finals stoned on laudanum and walked out in disgust when told he could answer questions in English rather than Greek.

He first turned on in 1804 as a result of a raging toothache, purchasing laudanum from a chemist who, he said, "has ever since existed in my mind as the beatific vision of an immortal druggist, sent down to earth on a special mission to myself." For the next eight years he carefully spaced his trips once every three weeks so he wouldn't get hooked. Stoned on 25 drops of laudanum, the usual medical dose, he would go to the opera or mingle with the Saturday-night-live crowds of the marketplace. These excursions are described in "The Pleasures of Opium" section of the *Confessions*, which ends with the famous line, "Thou only givest these gifts to man; and thou hast the keys to Paradise, oh, just, subtle, and mighty opium!"

Then everything changed. De Quincey moved to the Lake Country near Coleridge and Wordsworth, a lovely spot but often cold and damp. There, in 1813, stomach convulsions from his runaway days kicked

up again, and only extravagant amounts of laudanum could ease the pain. His dosage leaped to 8,000 drops a day—enough to kill an ordinary mortal, particularly one as frail and tiny as De Quincey. He struggled with this vast tolerance the rest of his life, designing a system of dose reduction that got him down to 1,000 drops a day during calm periods, but this escalated instantly in any physical or mental crisis.

De Quincey is often charged with seducing people into drug use with his book, but anyone who makes this claim (Coleridge was among the first) hasn't really read it. "The Pains of Opium" he describes are terrifying. He is utterly prostrated, unable to concentrate or complete any task; work revolts him; once-lovely reveries become nightmares so frantic that he dares not close his eyes. He needs those blood red drops every hour of every day. The keys of Paradise become the locks of Hell.

Nevertheless, De Quincey managed to produce a shelf full of fascinating books, and lived out his days as the wizened wizard of laudanum. "He was not a reassuring man," his daughter wrote, "for nervous people to live with, as those nights were exceptions in which he didn't set something on fire, the commonest incident being for someone to look up from work or book, to say casually, 'Papa, your hair is on fire,' of which a calm 'Is it, my love?' and a hand rubbing out the blaze, was all the notice taken."

The *Confessions* sparked a horde of imitations, mostly execrable, self-pitying, guilt-ridden and forgettable—precisely the opposite of those qualities that make the original great. Alfred de Musset rendered it into slapdash French, but not until Charles Baudelaire did De Quincey find a worthy translator.

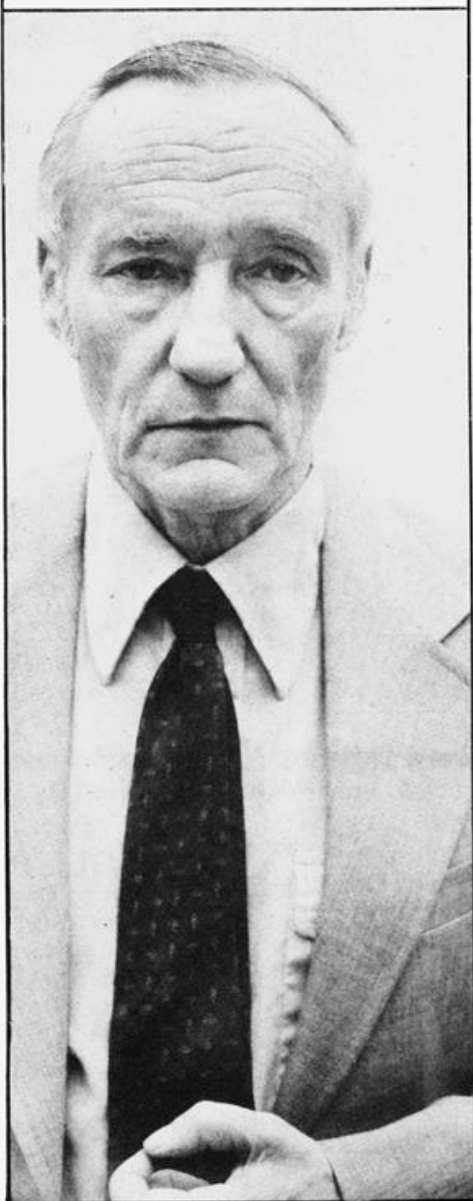
Baudelaire adapted the *Confessions* as the last half of his masterpiece, *Artificial Paradises* (1860), which is primarily about hashish. Great mystery surrounds this book. Why, after a most intelligent and perceptive essay on hashish, does Baudelaire dismiss the drug with the preposterous assertion that it destroys the will?

The answer is twofold. First, Baudelaire had just been convicted of obscenity for some poems in *The Flowers of Evil*; he was trying to appease the censors. Second, he was an addict, taking laudanum most of his life for syphilis, and had himself experienced the dreadful loss of willpower so eloquently described by De Quincey. He transferred the addictiveness of opium to hashish, and inveighed against both. Had he not made this crucial blunder, *Artificial Paradises* would stand as the greatest book about hashish ever written.

At least Baudelaire made one thing clear: Addiction is not voluntary.

BURROUGHS:

"Junk is not,
like alcohol
or weed,
a means to
increased enjoyment
of life.
It is a
way of life."



history of growing consciousness. Having broken through Victorian reserve by publishing the *Confessions*, De Quincey then set the tone of the modern whodunit with his lighthearted essay on murder as a fine art. Edgar Allan Poe, occasional opium eater, invented the mystery story in which the key element is the detective's uncanny, almost extrasensory, perception: Poe called it "ratiocination."

Back across the Atlantic, the laudanum addict Wilkie Collins added a new twist in *The Moonstone* (1868), which T.S. Eliot called "the first, longest and best of English detective novels." Here the plot (chasing nameless phantoms in the dark) turns entirely on the detective's mental condition: for he is also the person charged with the crime (stealing a cursed diamond) and is not aware of the act—he did it in an opium dream. Unraveling and finally recreating opium consciousness establishes his innocence.

Charles Dickens was an addict at the end of his life, taking opium for gout as his friend Collins did. Dickens's *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* (1870) opens in a seamy dock-side opium den, and again the plot turns on the hero's mental state, making it the most "psychological" of Dickens's novels. It is also the first mystery to feature opium smoking. Dickens was unable to complete it before he died; several spiritualists claiming to be in touch with his ghost have tried to finish it. More recently, English novelist Leon Garfield has published an intricate, brilliant and thoroughly Dickensian solution to the hundred-year-old puzzle.

Sherlock Holmes was a sometime morphinist as well as a cocaine addict. Among more modern drug-related thrillers might be mentioned Sax Rohmer's *Fu Manchu* series, Thomas Burke's *Limehouse Nights*, Eric Ambler's *A Coffin for Dimitrios*, Agatha Christie's *The Labours of Hercules*, and especially Dashiell Hammett's *The Dain Curse* (1929), a Chinese box of hard-boiled consciousness in which every time the detective thinks he's solved the crime, another clue appears to lead him deeper into mystery.

Claude Farrère's *Black Opium* (1904) is the first book after De Quincey that I would recommend to anyone interested in opium. Ostensibly a series of unrelated short stories, it is nothing less than psychic autobiography, a long and fateful evanescence of the human soul—from the first pipe of opium ever smoked on earth, to the last musings of stoned consciousness, where the narrator cries, "I am no longer a man, no longer a man at all." Beyond that lies only nightmare: the disembodied spirit unable to find and return to itself.

Farrère treats the stages of addiction as periods in a mythical history of opium: legends, annals and ecstasies, followed by

continued on page 61

The history of mystery is intimately a

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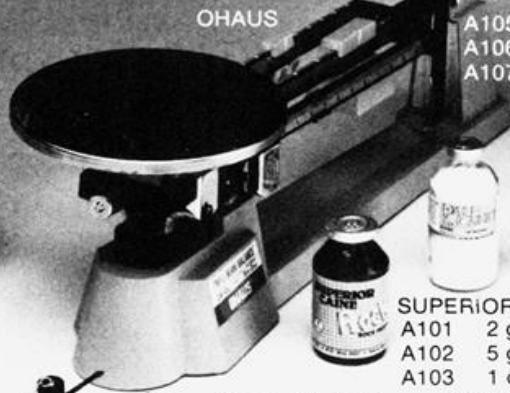


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MASTER ADDICTS

continued from page 59

doubts, phantoms and the nightmare. Here appear some regal ghosts—Emperor Huang Ti, the Comte de Saint-Germain and the famous Dr. Faustus, who beats the Devil by fleeing to the fairy kingdom of opium. These great shades mingle with some splendid low life: a pirate who becomes immortal by drawing blood-opium from the arm of a demon princess; a cowardly chevalier made heroic by nine magic pills; a secret opium priest who carries his stash in his sword and cooks it up at midnight on the altar of a church; a scuzzy Parisian whore suddenly possessed by the medieval spirit of Heloise, Abelard's doomed nun-lover; an old cemetery guard who can hear his corpses turning under their tombstones as he lights his ancient pipe.

These tales are all the more amazing because Farrère, unique among the masters of addiction literature, was not an addict. He smoked opium in Indochina where he began writing the book, and occasionally after that for inspiration, but never got hooked. His later works are just now being recognized as pioneering examples of science fiction and fantasy—another realm of literature that owes much to drugs.

Picasso to Cocteau: "The smell of opium is the least stupid smell in the world."

One of Farrère's stories describes a brilliant artist and *bon vivant* who turns into a stolid bourgeois dolt when he stops smoking opium. This attitude was shared by a remarkable group of O-heads gathered around the musicologist Louis Laloy in Paris during World War I. Laloy published a classic monograph on the subject, *The Book of Smoke* (1913), for which Farrère wrote an introduction. In it they defend the honorable rite of opium smoking against not only the French national addiction, wine, but also against morphine or heroin injection.

In 1924 Laloy recommended to young Jean Cocteau that he smoke opium to overcome his suicidal depressions at the death of his friend Raymond Radiguet. Always original, Cocteau became an addict by choice, almost experimentally, and signed into clinics repeatedly to reduce his tolerance. During this time he produced some of his most luminous works: the play *Orpheus* (whose death-angel Heurtebise appeared to stoned Cocteau one day while riding an elevator to Picasso's flat), the poems of *Opéra* and the novel *Les Enfants Terribles*.

In *Opium: Diary of a Cure* (1930), written in a clinic at St. Cloud, Cocteau contributes some marvelous aphorisms to the addiction literature:

"Opium, which changes our speeds, procures for us a very clear awareness of worlds which are superimposed on each

other, which interpenetrate each other, but do not even suspect each other's existence."

"Opium desocializes us and removes us from the community. Further, the community takes its revenge. The persecution of opium addicts is an instinctive defense by society against an antisocial gesture."

"To moralize to an opium addict is like saying to Tristan: 'Kill Yseult. You will feel much better afterwards.'"

"It is a pity that instead of perfecting curative techniques, medicine does not try to render opium harmless."

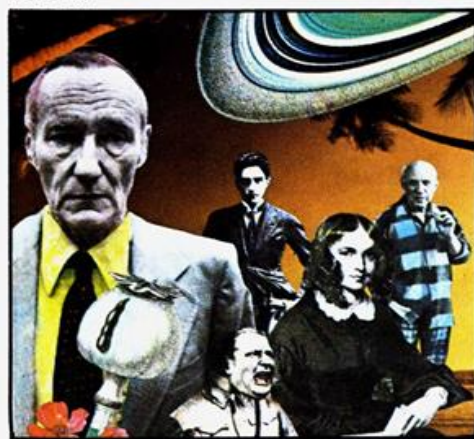
"Tell this obvious truth to a doctor and he will shrug his shoulders. He talks of literature, Utopia, and the obsessions of the drug addict."

"Nevertheless, I contend that one day we shall use those soothing substances without danger, that we shall avoid habitmaking, that we shall laugh at the bugaboo of the drug and that opium, once tamed, will assuage the evil of towns where trees die on their feet."

A century-long learning process: Coleridge felt enthralled by opium and shut himself up in a prison of guilt. De Quincey shrugged off guilt and learned to live with his habit. Baudelaire thought drugs destroy the will and condemned them. Farrère smoked opium judiciously without getting hooked. Cocteau clearly saw the possibility of beneficial opium use if it could be changed chemically.

This was a gradual opening of consciousness from fear to hope, from impossibility to the possibility of intelligent drug use.

By focusing on life-process changes instead of drugs, the wily addicted magician Aleister Crowley made a real breakthrough in *The Diary of a Drug Fiend* (1922). The novel is modeled after the *Divine Comedy*, only it starts in Paradise—the cocaine honeymoon of Peter Pendragon and his wife, Lou, who soon descend into the Inferno of heroin addiction. To get them out, a master named King Lamus spirits them off to a secluded abbey and teaches them the meaning of the motto "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law." Once they discover their true goals in life, they no longer need heroin.



Crowley's program, a prototype of the modern therapeutic community concept, consisted of five steps: (1) voluntary isolation to force the addict into self-examination; (2) free availability of drugs, a real-world test to emphasize personal choice; (3) a "Magical Record" system, now common in smoker's clinics, of listing a reason each time a drug is used—which makes the addict conscious of self-deceptions, excuses and meaningless habit; (4) the revelation that one no longer really wants drugs; and (5) the recovery of one's "true will" or purpose in life, which enables the individual to start fresh.

Once the craving for drugs is overcome, free choice is restored. The addict can choose to remain addicted, as Crowley did, or can end it by withdrawal—painful, perhaps, but finally with some promise of success. Knowing this, the individual is free to use drugs or not, leaving both fear and fascination behind.

In King Lamus and Pendragon we see the "Master" and the "Slave" within Crowley struggling with the problem of will set up by De Quincey and Baudelaire, and for the first time the Master wins: Crowley has the sense that he can successfully use these drugs without danger—if he so chooses.

James Lee, in *Underworld of the East* (1935), goes a step beyond Crowley. Lee, a British engineer, regularly injected huge doses of morphine and cocaine, smoked opium and hashish, and experimented with other drugs during 30 years of travel in Asia. Not only did he control his drug use with scientific precision at extraordinary tolerance levels, he was also able to stop using drugs any time he wished "without any trouble or suffering."

"The life of a drug taker can be a happy one," he wrote, "or it can be one of suffering and misery: it depends on the user's knowledge." Lee learned drug yoga from an Ayurvedic doctor in India who first gave him morphine for malaria. "Morphia should not be used by anyone for longer than a few months," the Babu said, "because the action of the drug is continually in one direction."

"He told me that he used many kinds of drugs, each in turn; changing over from one to another, using them sometimes singly, and at other times in combinations, so that no one drug ever got too great a hold on him." The Babu also taught Lee to sterilize needles, eat well and pay close attention to his bodily health, balancing the effect of one drug with another as necessary.

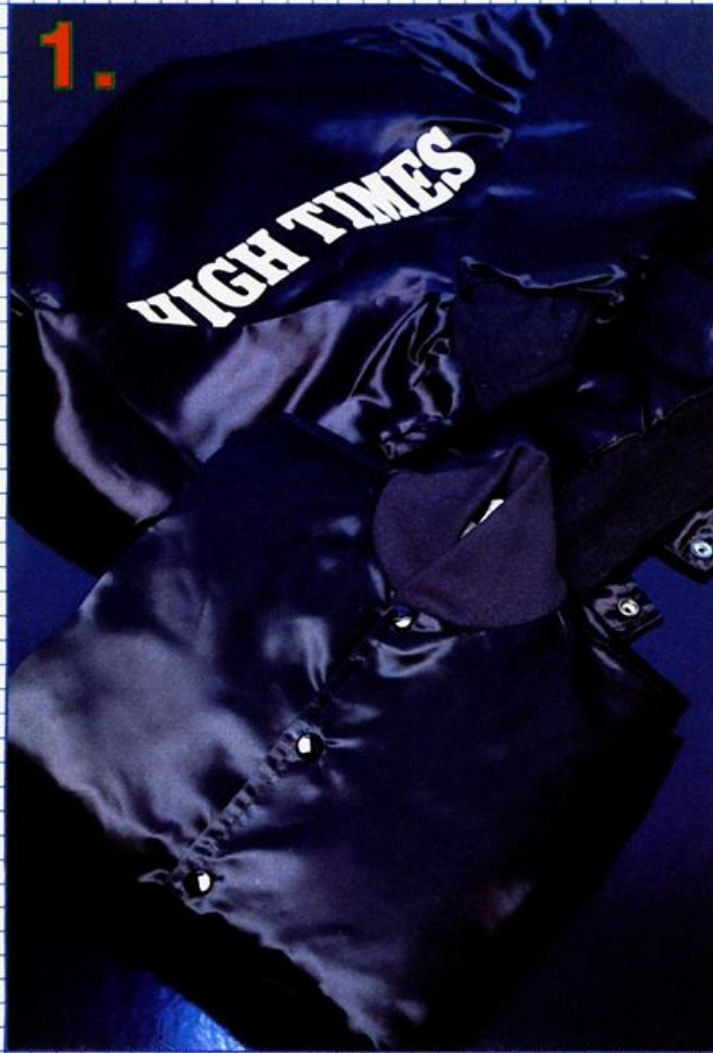
Thus Lee could let his morphine tolerance climb to 10 grains a day by building up his cocaine tolerance to 80 grains a day, starting with tiny doses to avoid "an undue shock on the heart." When he wanted to cut down or stop entirely, he'd alternate injections at ever-decreasing doses. The key to

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HIGH TIMES HIGH

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CATALOG-O-RAMA

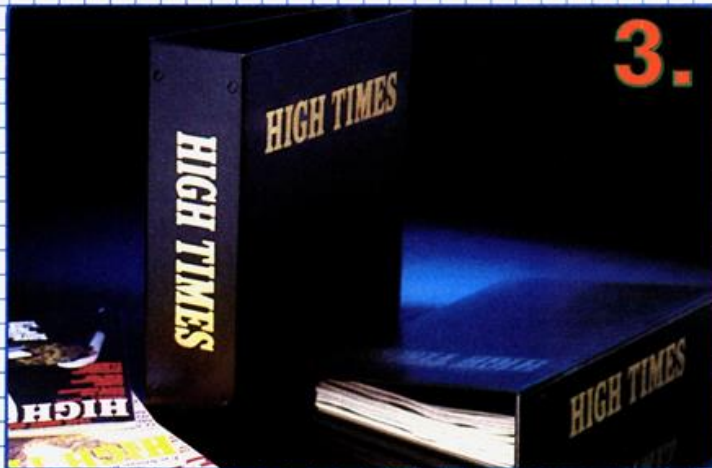


TIMES

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AT LONG LAST COCA

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methods of ingestion. Making tea and rolling and smoking coca leaves are both more convenient and give just about the same effect. The leaves then need to be dried further than for chewing, but not to the point where they become brittle and powder easily, as this destroys much of the alkaloid content.

Coca vs. Cocaine

The theory has been advanced that because cocaine is one of the chief alkaloids of Coca, it represents whatever sustaining quality the leaf can possibly have... but this is not in unanimity with the selection of native users of Coca any more than would the quality of a choice tobacco leaf be governed by the amount of nicotine it contains. The fact is, the Andean Indian selects Coca that is rich in the more volatile associate alkaloids and low in cocaine.

—Dr. Mortimer Adler
History of Coca

In spite of its cost, excessive cuts and legal implications, cocaine seems to have established a pretty permanent popularity. It's unlikely that coca chewing will ever replace cocaine, and it's even less likely that offering a lady a wad of coca leaves will ever be considered as chic as offering her a whiff of your silver spoon. But for the sake of the connoisseur experience, it would be nice to see domestic growers do for coca what they've done for homegrown weed. □

INTERVIEW: DEVO

continued from page 35

commercially palatable to people—to do that and still keep it Devo, to let people in on it so it wasn't a private joke." And that's when we picked up a drummer who had real drums.

HIGH TIMES: How did you develop the Booji Boy voice and persona?

DEVO: Booji Boy came around back when Jerry and I didn't have any jobs and we'd sit around wearing masks and just assuming the personality that we were, for a whole day maybe. There would be days where, if you had a camera, you would see both of us with chimpanzee masks on for the whole day, assuming Afro-American dialects and, during one visit to mask shops, we came across some Booji Boy masks and some "China" specs—glasses.

So we made this demo tape in Akron with seven hot tunes on it, including "All of Us," "Shimmy Shake," "A Plan for You," "Be Still," "Rope Song." We got into our little car and drove to—we knew one person who was in the music business who was successful, from Ohio; we had gone to see him when he had played local clubs, and he had gone from being a real person to being a—uh, teenage idol—so we were real excited. We said, "This guy, although he doesn't play our kind of music exactly, I know when he hears it he'll realize it's great stuff and he'll help us out!" We were

continued on page 66

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INTERVIEW: DEVO

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certain of it—"It's going to be the big time soon!" And we're hitting each other on the shoulder, pack a little bag full of clothes, and we get our rubber masks and drive out to California, and on the way out there I wore the Booji Boy mask and Jerry wore the China specs and he was the all-knowing Chinaman and I was Booji Boy representing innocence, naivete, and so we invented these characters on the way out to California. And we got out there and went to the residence of the man who was going to make us—

HIGH TIMES: Who was he?

DEVO: Joe Walsh. And he goes, "Hey, boys, hey-y-y-y-y!" and put his arms around us. We went *stiff*, you know, because we were anything but hippies (loose, natural, y'know)—so we go sit down in his living room, he puts on the tape and in the middle of the second song he runs out to his kitchen and starts rolling J's real fast and gets himself smoked up real high, along with the other people in the kitchen. We look in and they're all going, "Hyuh-hyuh," and there's this guy with really long hair down to here and bell bottoms pointing to us, and we go, "Uh-oh." And Joe Walsh comes back and politely lets the tape finish and goes, "Well, guys, you're either above me, or, uh, below me, or somewhere else! All I can say is, You *almost* got it together, and when you finally do, I want you guys to come back and see me." That was in 1975.

We thought, "We're gonna show 'em that there's alternative realities: Ideas still exist!" So we adopted these "personalities" to use onstage—we were certain people would be *relieved* just to see something new for once. But it turned out quite the opposite.

One place we played where we ended up getting paid to leave, some guy who had been yelling "Aerosmith!" all night finally ran up and grabbed my face with the Booji Boy mask and just, *scrueeeaaah*—

HIGH TIMES: He wrecked the mask—

DEVO: Yeah. I have three Booji Boy masks, and the oldest one has stitches that go up along the side of the head like Frankenstein. And he said, through clenched teeth, "I said Aerosmith, goddamn it!" as he ripped it up. So that's what we had to contend with in Ohio.

HIGH TIMES: When did you first decide to wear jump suits?

DEVO: We first got those blue firemen's jump suits and we wore those masks that took your face away, 'cause we decided that what we hated about rock 'n' roll was *stars*. We watched Roxy Music, a band we liked, slowly become Bryan Ferry & Roxy Music. If you got a band that's good, you bust it up and sell three times as many records. Take the Beatles, for instance. The magic was in the combination—nothing that any single Beatle did after that matches up.

HIGH TIMES: How would you describe the music scene now?

DEVO: Confused, wishy-washy, *dopo* stuff,

except—what isn't, these days? I mean, we're in it, we're in it full—this might as well be Eisenhower! The little twits that buy *Orange Juice* and *Haircut 100*—I mean, they're more disgusting than their parents! I mean, the world's been taken over by anal deodorant spray! It's been taken over by these bloodless goons—*techno-brats*—who can't put enough quarters in video games, who are more conservative and fascist than their parents—cleanness, conformity, adherence to major trends. It's really happening. That's why they love *patterns*, that's why they love video games: because there's absolute safety and control in patterns. A culture that leaves its active phase always resorts to just multiple patterns, tracing back on itself. It's real safe. You put the quarters in the Pac-Man game—

HIGH TIMES: That's almost an ultimate consumer metaphor.

DEVO: Because you can't win. And even if you win, all you win is that you're being chased by and you're chasing all these things *longer*! You don't win a goddamn thing—you put more money in! It's amazing—you're being eaten by capitalism, and when you get your break and the men turn blue you better have them all lined up so you can chop 'em down!

Anyway, it's too big! You can't even fight it. People just think you're sick if you say a bad word about *E.T.* or *Tron*. And they're two of the sickest movies ever made! They're like—if Walt Disney were alive today he'd be Steven Spielberg! I mean, man, he did nothing but a *Sound of Music* with an outer-space mutant. Unbelievable. You know the culture's in trouble when great big stupid Republican jocks go into a theater and after fifteen minutes of *E.T.* they're sobbing like babies. Because it's so flawlessly done—it's as good as *Triumph of the Will*.

HIGH TIMES: And it's got the old safety valve of fake rebellion—

DEVO: You got it. But you know what they're rebelling against is a warped, stereotyped view of *science and information*. It's like all it really is is Reagan propaganda for *Follow Your Feelings—your own instincts*—you know, *innocence*, the Cult of Innocence. And it's real archconservatism masquerading as liberation—total bullshit. The adults are cartoons shot from the waist down, the scientists are—

HIGH TIMES: —faceless goons in lab coats jingling S&M keys—

DEVO: It's part of the American tradition to put down ideas—they're skeptical of people with ideas, don't kid yourself. It's like—Reagan should have hired Spielberg to make that film—it shouldn't have been funded by a studio; it should have been funded by the White House!

HIGH TIMES: When they covered that house in plastic, they evoked that womb-suffocation trauma—

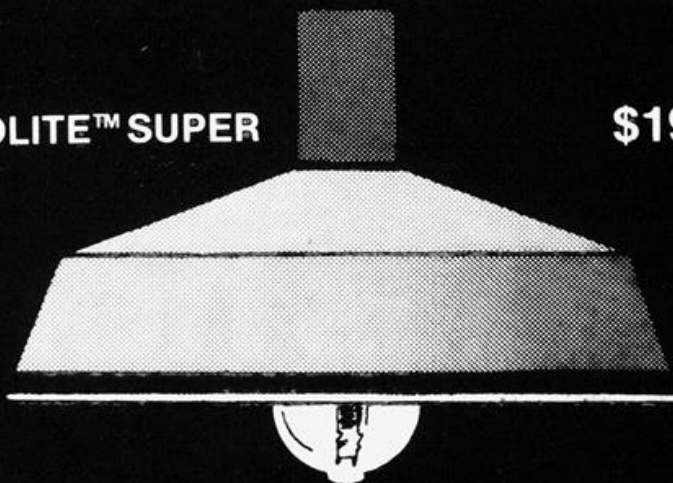
DEVO: Oh, yeah.

HIGH TIMES: I mean, there are deep-seated reasons why that film is so successful.

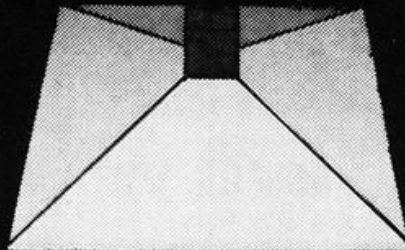
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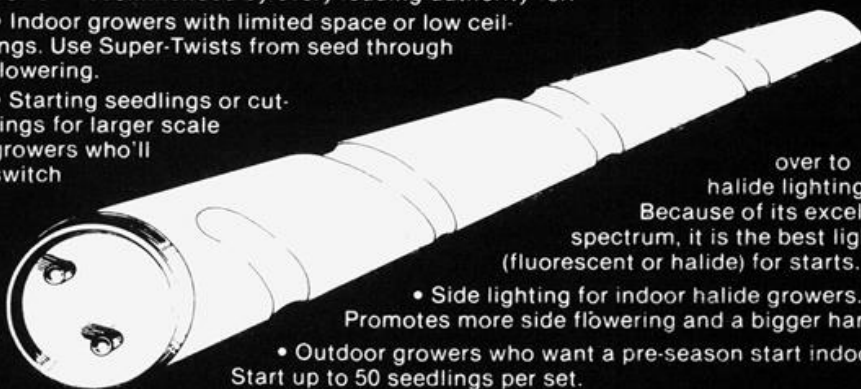
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THE AMERICAN journal

OF DRUG, SUBSTANCE AND ALCOHOL
PREVENTION, RECOVERY AND AFTERCARE*

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Dr. Robert Alcoa... "Horrendous!"

A former head of the National Institute on Self Abuse said "horrendous" about the recent proof that substance-use-abuse-type behavior appears among preschool kids, many as young as three or four years old.

"We're talking about babies and drugs here," Dr. Robert Alcoa, currently head of the U.S. Council on Marihuana Et Cetera (CMEC), told the *American Journal*. "Babies and drugs. Let no one miss the message—it's babies and drugs. Let's hear it one more time: babies and drugs. Horrendous."

The appalling specter of babies and drugs was raised by a recent paper from the University of Chicago entitled "Paths Leading to Teenage Psychiatric Symptoms and Substance Use." After following 2,106 Chicago schoolchildren from the first grade through the tenth grade, Dr. Sheppard Kellam found that students who used substances by the tenth grade were entirely different from students who developed psychiatric problems.

"Horrendous!" said Dr. Alcoa. "This will be cited as proof that teenagers who get caught with marijuana don't automatically

need to undergo compulsory behavior-modification therapy in recovery programs run by the Drug Abuse Industrial Complex [DAIC]. The DAIC's message to parents and children, that substance use of any sort is prima facie evidence of severe and permanent psychiatric disorder, will be impaired. And the DAIC will lose a lot of lucrative treatment slots that would otherwise be filled. So let's find something *else* in this paper to publicize, okay?"

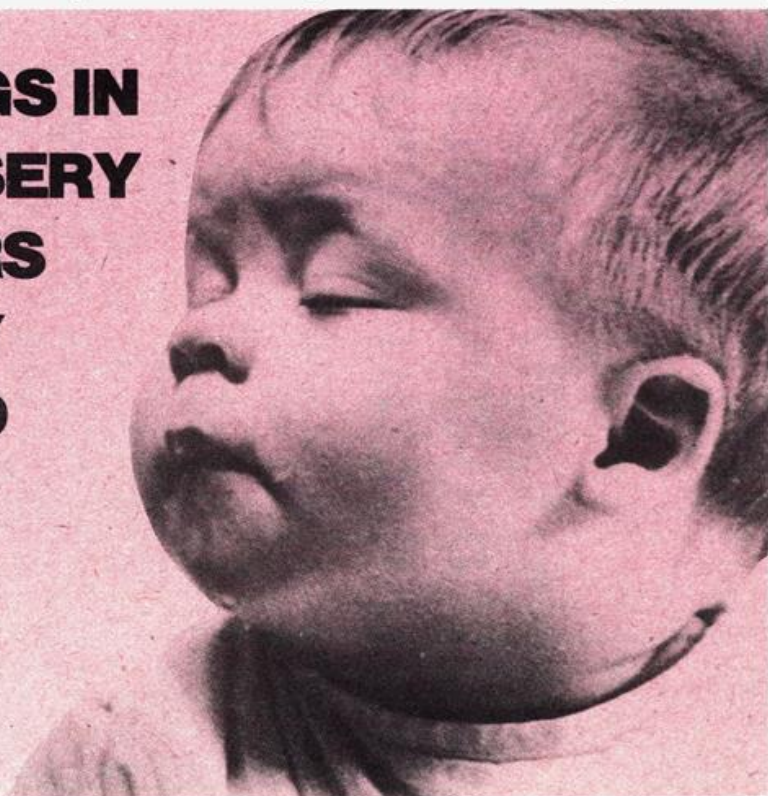
Dr. Kellam also found that 16-year-old tenth graders who used substances had shown a telltale personality profile in the psychiatric evaluations made of them in the first grade, when they were only six. The boys did, anyway. Six-year-old boys who showed combined traits of aggressiveness and shyness—sullen little brats with frequent temper tantrums—were likeliest to adopt substance use by age 16.

When this was brought to Dr. Alcoa's attention at CMEC headquarters in Wash-

ington, he called for a full-court, no-holds-barred, knockdown, drag-out crackdown on shy, aggressive six-year-old boys. And *younger!*

"We've gone beyond juvenile delinquency," said Dr. Alcoa. "Now it's *infantile* delinquency! This is the inevitable result of substance- and drug-use/abuse-type behavior, and the decrease in American parenting power caused by television. These loathesome children must be saved from their future substance-type inclinations, and the best way to do that is to catch them *before* they become shy and aggressive in the school environment. I say the DAIC should be given carte blanche to extend behavior-modification therapy to all four- and five-year-old children, to desensitize and program them away from this horrendous risk of future slavery to drugs, substances and alcohol. That's why we're talking about babies and drugs. Yes, babies and drugs. All together now: babies and drugs!"

**DRUGS IN
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UPI

DRUG EXPERTS DEBATE ON MARIJUANA HEALTH HAZARDS

A Colombia University professor of abnormal pharmacology and President Reagan's newly appointed Substance Czar said that marijuana use was "horrendous." Unfortunately, the two senior celebrities in the field of drug-, substance- and alcohol-use/abuse-type behavior could agree on blessed little else. Their spotlight panel discussion at the last four-day conference of the U.S. Council on Marihuana Et Cetera (CMEC) was so acrimonious that we feels on the American Journal couldn't decide which side to take.

Dr. Carleton Turnip, President Reagan's newly appointed Substance Czar, has actually been in office nearly a year, but has done so little on the job that we're still calling him newly appointed, in the expectation that someday he's liable to do something. The White House office of Substance Czar has traditionally been a source of big favors for the Drug Abuse Industrial Complex, so we're anxious to stay on good terms with Dr. Turnip.

On the other hand, it seems pretty obvious that after the 1984 elections Dr. Turnip will be back to growing USP-grade belladonna for the state of Alabama, his sole and only area of expertise. Whereas Dr. Gabbiel Nuthatch, chairman of the Department of Abnormal Pharmacology at Colombia University, has been acting as political front man for the ultra-hyperreactionary pharmaceuticals industry for 20 years now, and will be doing so for years to come. Dr. Turnip can only temporarily do us favors, that is, while Dr. Nuthatch will be flush

with influence until kingdom come. So we're not taking sides here. We're just printing the verbatim transcript of the historic encounter between these two senior celebrities in the field of drug-, substance-, and alcohol-use/abuse type behavior. A kiss on both their arses.

Dr. Turnip: Ahem. Although Vice-President Bush's drug-war efforts in South Florida have reduced the flow of marijuana there to a trickle—

Dr. Nuthatch: What? Are you crazy? What are you talking about, you stupid shitkicker?

Dr. Turnip: I have to say it, Gabe. It's on my file card: "to a trickle," see? Just let me say it, and then jump straight to the word "children." That way we keep the White House happy, but all anybody hears is kids on dope.

Dr. Nuthatch: You should invoke the children first, you moron. Who taught you the basics of drug prevention anyway, for God's sake?

Dr. Turnip: Ahem. Although Vice-President Bush's drug-war efforts in South Florida have reduced the flow of marijuana there to a trickle, marijuana is still an ever-spreading drugs plague that is poisoning more and more of our children every day. This is shown by the seventy thousand beds we have to set aside annually for treating children with the marijuana habit. These poor little addicts simply tear at your heart with—

Dr. Nuthatch: Addicts? What do you mean, marijuana addicts?

Dr. Turnip: Marijuana's addictive now, Gabe. I know you were too high-and-mighty to go to the preconference strategy session where Bob Alcoa worked this out,



TEXAS KIDS GET A CHANCE WITH FAT FEDERAL GRANT

Parents-power advocate H. Gross Pro, billionaire chairman of Texans' War on That Stuff, said the substance situation in his state was "horrendous." H. Gross Pro accepted a \$250,000 grant from the federal REACTION poverty program, personally delivered by First Lady Nancy Reagan at a three-day Dallas meeting of Texans' War on That Stuff and the U.S. Council on Marihuana Et Cetera (CMEC).

H. Gross Pro said the money would be used to combat drug, substance- and alcohol-use/abuse-type behavior in Texas: "Now our parents can afford to hire the best lawyers in the Lone Star State," said H. Gross Pro, "to draft even tougher laws





Sharon Sullivan

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but we're saying marijuana is addictive now. One-to-one correspondence with heroin. If you get hooked on grass you're hooked for life, and the DAIC can give you all the therapy we like, whether you want it or not. That opens up twenty-three million new potential treatment slots for us, Gabe, at twelve thousand dollars per year per slot. Don't sneeze at it.

Dr. Nuthatch: Unacceptable. To do that, you have to throw out so much chapter and verse from the marijuana research literature—

Dr. Turnip: It's in the literature, Gabe. Reese Jones, Neal Benowitz 1976: They fed THC to a bunch of guys at Langley Porter for a month, and they got used to it within five days, and they had withdrawals when it was stopped. Tolerance and dependence, Gabe.

Dr. Nuthatch: My ass! It's a functional accommodation! Those boys were getting twenty-five milligrams of pure delta-9 every three hours, day and night, around the clock for thirty days! They *accommodated* it, they didn't *tolerate* it! That was shown by the abstinence reaction. They hardly had any withdrawals at all, and they were only *physical*, and they lasted less than a day and were not accompanied by any drug-craving or drug-seeking behavior. That's not even psychological dependence, you threshold-level underachiever, much less *addiction*!

Dr. Turnip: Don't be such a stodgy old reactionary, Gabe. It's nearly 1983, and you're still going by the old Rolleston Commission's definition of addiction from the '30s.

Marijuana Shown to Cause Crime and Sex Perversion

A doctor at the Concord Narcotics Farm in Arkansas said that marijuana is a "horrendous" cause of crime and sex perversion in American society. "The olden, long-ago notion that marijuana by itself does not specifically cause its addicts to engage in violent criminal conduct and sex perversion was premature, and must be deeply reassessed in view of this disturbing new scientific evidence," Dr. William Potluck, head of the National Institute on Self Abuse (NISA) said to a congressional appropriations committee the minute he heard about this new one.

against drugs paraphernalia and in favor of comitatus. We're also lobbying the Austin legislators to set up compulsory long-term aftercare centers for suspected drugs abusers and trafficking terrorists. We'll have to line a lot of legislators' pockets with the long green to shove *that* one through, believe you me. So this federal money will fit right neat into the old kitty—nothing personal meant by that, Nancy."

The first lady, with 19-year-old REACTION administrator Angie Hamjob, then toured a "tough love" preventive-recovery facility in Kileen, run by Texans' War on

Dr. Nuthatch: What's the half-life of THC in the body? Do you know *that* much, Carleton?

Dr. Turnip: Well, delta-9 THC's about seventy-two hours. Eleven-hydroxy and 11-nor THC hang around in the spleen for a couple weeks, though.

Dr. Nuthatch: Right. As any pharmacologist could tell you, drugs with a half-life longer than thirty hours are nonaddictive. You can't develop physical dependence on drugs with prolonged retention times. Otherwise *vitamins* would be addictive, you imbecile.

Dr. Turnip: So what? So we just don't talk about THC's retention phase. Who's to know any better?

Dr. Nuthatch: But then how can it cause amotivational syndrome or damage chromosomes, or chronically reduce the immune response, if it hasn't got a prolonged

Proof that marijuana causes crime and sex perversion was invented, on a NISA grant, by Dr. Richmond Claybrain of the department of Whizz-Bang Statistics at Concord. By computer-correlating a sample group of 12,368 morphine and heroin addicts treated at the Concord Narcotics Farm between 1938 and 1954, Dr. Claybrain discovered that 99.02741 percent of them also had smoked marijuana at least once in their lives. Moreover, these marijuana-and-opiate abusers were 60 times likelier than nonabusers to have been arrested by the police in their lives, often for crimes of violence. And they were six to



That Stuff. Mrs. Reagan's eyes filled up prettily with tears as she learned that small children, some as young as three or four, are fingered for "tough love" therapy by the children of Texans' War on That Stuff parents, and are all accorded the very latest in aversive, reinforcing and systematic-desensitization techniques by volunteer behaviorists working for token salaries.

"The endangered American Christian child is like a teapot," Mrs. Reagan said. "You won't get a peep out of him until you make his bottom good and warm."

retention phase? It can *only* do all those things if it stays active in the blood and fat for weeks on end.

Dr. Turnip: Well, I'm not a pharmacologist, but—

Dr. Nuthatch: You're a *truck gardener*! A florist! You're going to pitch out amotivational syndrome, chromosome damage and immune system disruption—*my* myths, the ones I invented, *me*, Gabbriel Nuthatch—for your lousy little one-season "addiction" media scare. I'll see that you and Alcoa fry for this! That two-bit headshrinking quack will be lucky to get hired as a nut-house orderly after I'm through with him. And you, you redneck fertilizer salesman—

Dr. Turnip: Sticks and stones, Dr. Nuthatch. Sticks and stones.

Dr. Nuthatch: Assassin! Communist! Terrorist!

eight times more likely to have been arrested for crimes involving sexual prostitution, either as "hookers" or "pimps."

Dr. Claybrain had earlier proved on NISA grants that marijuana causes heroin, and cocaine is caused by marijuana also and causes heroin also all by itself even if it's not caused by marijuana. After he finishes his next NISA grant, which will show that marijuana causes Red Communism and race mixing, Dr. Claybrain will apply for a NISA grant to prove that marijuana causes long hair, promiscuity, venereal disease and intolerance toward authority figures in adolescents.

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MELISSA... **WHERE**
SHOULD WE BEGIN?

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JOB IS SO **MASSIVE**
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ISSUE A **BLANKET**
CONDEMNATION OF THE
ENTIRE GOVERNMENT
& GET OUT QUICK??

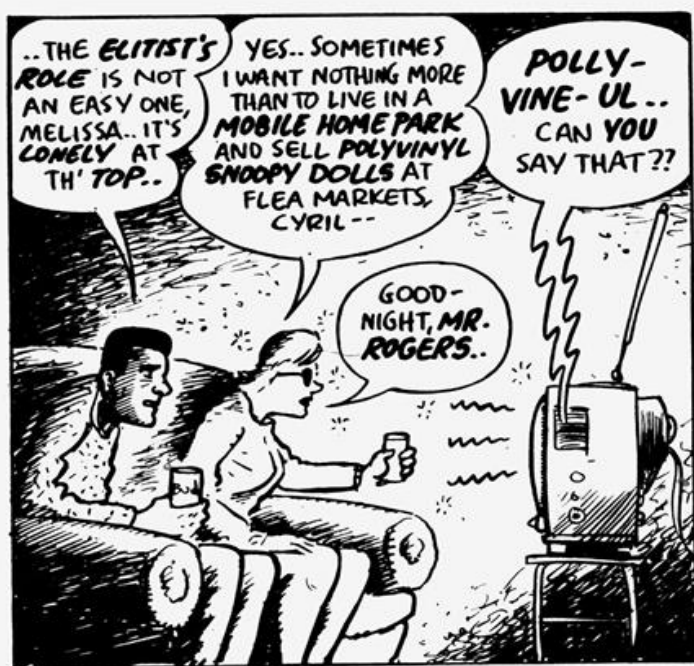


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IF I SHOULD GIVE
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TREASURE IN LIFE
& JOIN AN **AUTHOR-**
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OPINION??

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MIND EITHER.. SHOULD I
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A **HAIRCUT** OR DRIVE
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A COUPLE OF
SUB-MORONS!!



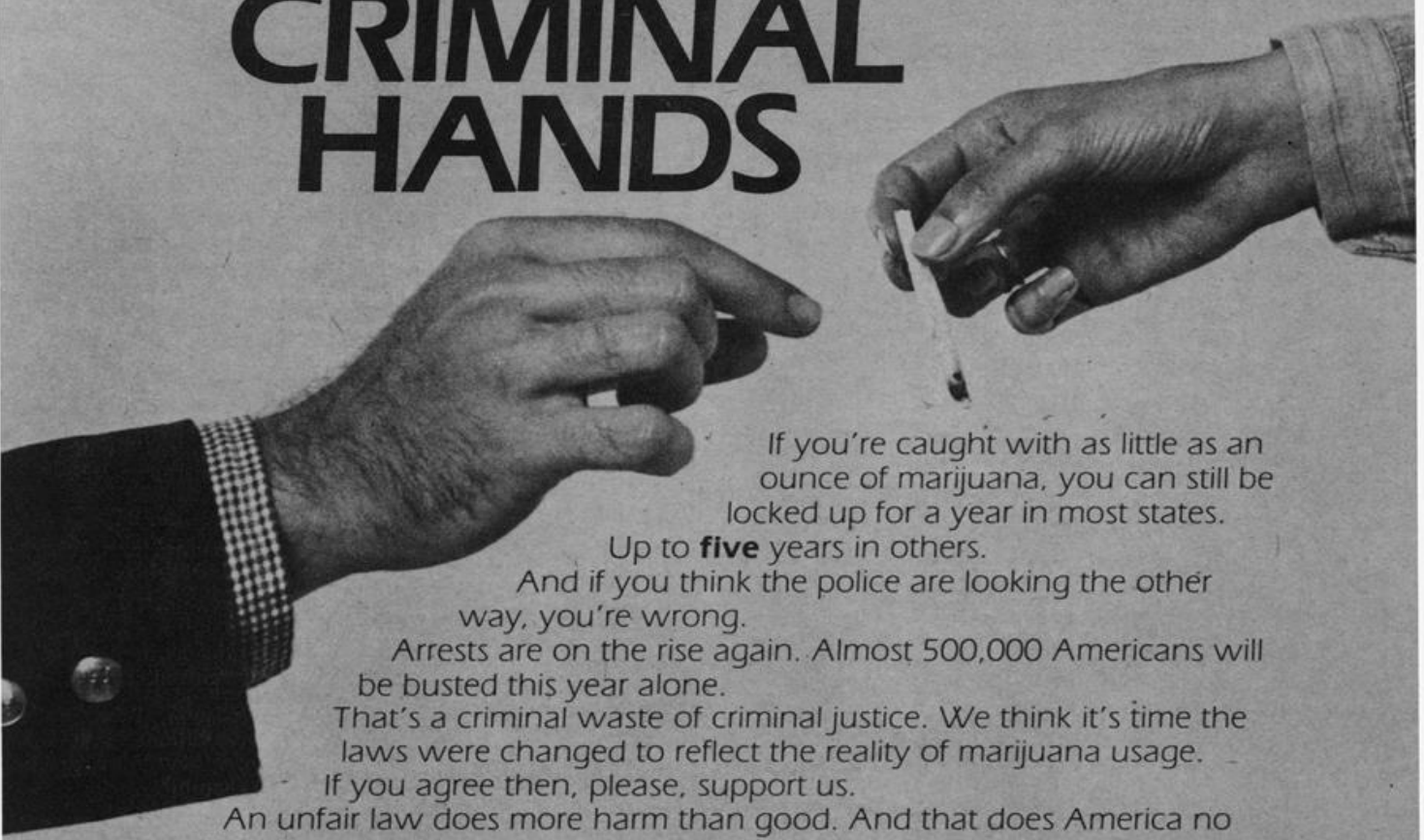
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ROLE IS NOT
AN EASY ONE,
MELISSA.. IT'S
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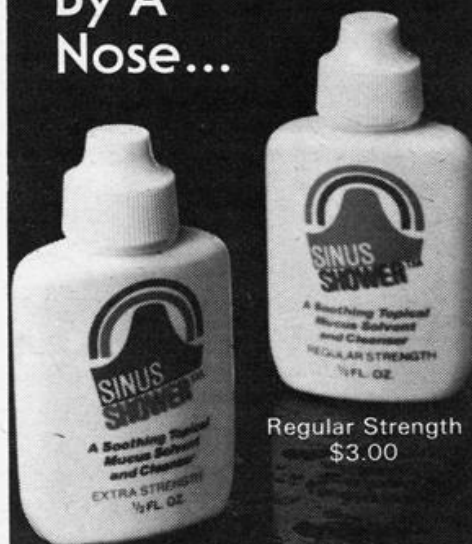
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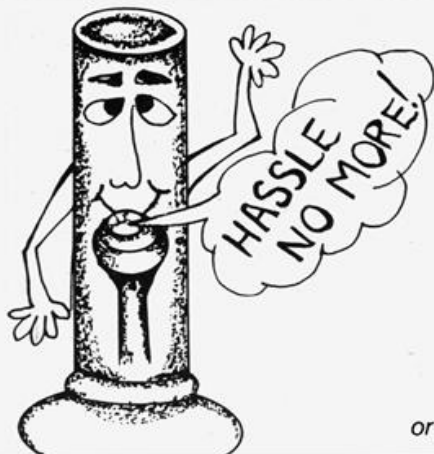
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She moved on me too soon. Keep smiling. Write again. HOWARD

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To DEE, Congratulations! We have been married for 3 months now! DAVID

To BIG JIM C. at H.T. Happy Birthday fellow Scorpion! Thank for everything. Luck and love always, your grateful student.

White, lonely (incarcerated) Southern Christian gentleman seeks serious correspondence with lady of same. Will answer all replies. SAM LOBRANO 154-931, P.O. Box 57, Marion, OH 43302.

Incarcerated musician/song- writer seeks support, preparing to record. JESSIE L. WISE #21669, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

Lonely prison inmate desires to correspond with any female who is honest and sincere for a serious relationship. Age, race or looks unimportant. MICHAEL FLOORS #161-176, M.C.I., P.O. Box 57, Marion, OH 43302.

Rania and Jimmy, thanks for letting me join you on your honeymoon! ANN MARIE

Papa and Aunt C. This is the last one worth reading! Love you.

Dear Long John Silver: I miss you and want you back in the holster. GUNSHY

Dear John, If you are reading this and I know you are—I put acid in the orange juice. Gotcha back, ha-ha. SUSAN S.

Nadea—Remember "Two Marbles on Mars" Reply: LITTLE FRANKIE, T.H.C., NY 10023.

Corrine: Silence is the Dragon's Fire.

Cindy—Roma—Please call DAVID.

To My Tuddie Schlub, Yes, I do LOVE YOU even with that nose, pink hair and the nudging. Love always, MRS. SCHLUB (the big girl with the thing on her nose).

Hey Valerie, Happy, Happy Birthday! I miss having you around. SUSAN

Dear Billy Idol, They say blondes have more fun and when two blondes get together it's white lightning. Think about it. Love, PINKY

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1001 THOUGHTS ABOUT DRUGS

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312 ONE WITNESS SAID: "I DON'T DO too many drugs anymore because I have gone beyond them. They have taught me my lesson and there isn't so much need for them anymore. I mean it's still fun to get stoned but there's a lot more to it. There is more to it than just fun. After you have learned the lesson, you have fun in virtually anything."

Le Dain Commission Report, Canada, 1970

313 PEANUT BUTTER IS BETTER THAN pot.

Free Store Theatre, NYC

314 SO LONG AS YOU DO NOT TAKE IT [opium] yourselves, but continue to make it and tempt the people of China to buy it, you will be showing yourselves careful of your own lives, but careless of the lives of other people, indifferent in your greed for gain to the harm you do to others. Such conduct is repugnant to human feeling and at variance with the Way of Heaven.

Commissioner Lin Tse-hsu, letter to Queen Victoria, 1840, at beginning of the Opium Wars, by which England enforced the continued sale for huge profits of Indian opium to Chinese addicts

315 THE GANG'S INCREDIBLE affluence was an overpowering lure in recruiting technicians who were needed for various jobs. One former gang member recalls his first visit to Black Tuna's \$300-a-day oceanfront duplex at Miami Beach's Fontainebleau Hotel. An eight-foot-long table was completely covered with money, in denominations up to \$50, stacked eight inches high. "I was told there was \$8 million on the table," he says, still a bit awestruck...

Stanley Penn, Wall Street Journal, July 22, 1980

316 THREE YEARS AGO ON A SUNNY afternoon in the garden of a Cuernavaca villa, I ate seven of the so-called sacred mushrooms which had been given to me by a scientist from the University of Mexico. During the next five hours, I was whirled through an experience which could be described in many extravagant metaphors but which was above all... the deepest religious experience of my life.

Timothy Leary, lecture at meeting of Lutheran psychologists, Aug. 30, 1963

317 "TOO MUCH JUNKIE BUSINESS" song title, Johnny Thunders

318 WE WORKED IN LABORATORIES like scientists building space ships to send explorers farther and farther out. Until we couldn't always bring them back.

student synthesizer of hallucinogens, Berkeley, New York Times, Jan. 17, 1971

319 PEOPLE: WITH OTHER DRUGS ON the rise, why are so many kids drinking?

William Radar, M.D.: Because it's the thing to do, it's a fad, like long hair and LSD in the '60s, with bisexuality in the '70s. Alcohol is the drug—and it is a drug—of their choice, and parents are comfortable with it because it's something they themselves use. The parents are making the illness worse because they say, "At least they're not smoking marijuana." And it's easier to get this drug than others because it's right in the house. Alcohol is the Number One drug-abuse problem among teenagers today.

People, Aug. 23, 1976

320 IT IS PROBABLY NO ACCIDENT THAT the society which most consistently encouraged the use of these substances, India, produced one of the sickest social orders ever created by mankind, in which thinking men spent their time lost in the Buddha position under the influence of drugs exploring consciousness, while poverty, disease, social discrimination and superstition reached their highest and most organized form in all history.

David C. McClelland, Harvard University psychologist, 1963

321 AS TO LSD... THE PRINCIPAL SIDE effect of taking it is pregnancy. One should call LSD "Let's Start Degeneracy."

Harry J. Anslinger

322 BHANG... SO GRAND A RESULT, SO tiny a sin!

Indian folk saying

323 BLOW YOUR MIND... SMOKE GUN-powder.

324 CONFOUND THAT GIRL! ALL MY cigars She's spilled upon the shelf,

And mixed up those I give my friends With those I smoke myself.

James G. Burnett

325 AT LEAST 50,000 DEATHS A YEAR—more than from all infectious diseases combined—are known to result from psychotropic drug overdose.

from ad for Psychotropic Drugs: a Manual for Emergency Management of Overdosage, by Nathan S. Kline, Medical Economics Co., 1974

326 DOPE FOREVER Hell's Angels motto

327 DRINK NO LONGER WATER, BUT use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities.

1 Timothy 5:23

328 FRESH WEED BETTER THAN WILTED rose.

Charlie Chan

329 HURRAY EAT! HURRY DRINK! For the world is a wedding from which we must soon depart.

Talmud: Erubin, 54a

330 IF A MAN WHO TALKS OF OXEN should become an opium eater, the probability is he will dream about oxen.

Thomas De Quincey

331 IF YOU ASK A GUY WHEN HE MADE his wine, and he looks at his watch, that's when you know you've got trouble.

E.G. (Buzz) Arthurs, proprietor of Wine Art (stores for wine-makers, Toronto), in New York Times, Dec. 12, 1979

332 IN MEDICINAL DOSES CANNABIS has been used as an aphrodisiac.

Robinson

Aphrodisiac effects are lacking.

Walton

333 IN THE COURSE OF HISTORY MORE people have died for their drink and dope than have died for their religion or their country.

Aldous Huxley, 1958

334 IT SEEMS ALL THE AVERAGE FELLOW needs to make him take a chance is a warning.

HIGH TIMES welcomes reader contributions to this clever column. Address correspondence to: Dope Lore, HIGH TIMES, 17 West 60th Street, New York, N.Y. 10023.

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HIGH TIMES

INTERVIEW: DEVO

continued from page 69

that makes it—they've got nice sappy synthesizers—the same old formula, sappy, direct, but with synthesizers. If people would play those same songs, but with guitars, all the hip people that love them would go, "Ugh... they stink!"

HIGH TIMES: P.T. Barnum is still right—So what's next for Devo?

DEVO: We're planning another tour and a movie. The title is *Animal Farm*.

HIGH TIMES: I remember reading that book in grade school.

DEVO: It's still applicable.

HIGH TIMES: I didn't see the animated version of it—

DEVO: It stunk. This has nothing literal to do with the novel *Animal Farm*. *Animal Farm*'s an obvious political fable—you can break it down into a three-act play. First there's the rebellion, and the idealist, communist animals win and they take over from Jones, the animal oppressor. In the second part they have to establish their order and learn how to survive. They're corrupted, and in the third part they're as bad as Jones, indistinguishable. So evil, regressive impulses win out over virtue. That's just how it is!—perfectly right for Devo—talking about de-evolution, the regressive side of human nature, the self-destructive programming—*Animal Farm*! The plot just very vaguely follows those three acts—even though it's not that fine, that's what happens. Except that with the Devo twist, I

think that audiences will totally identify with the pigs. But anybody with brains will be horrified to watch them cheering just like they do when Boogi Boy puts a fork into the toaster! That's what they love the most: killing the future. The characters that an intelligent person would know represent hideous ideas would be the ones that the kids love! It would be aimed that way purposely.

HIGH TIMES: Film's the territory you were always headed for—

DEVO: It gives me a new lease on life; that's the goal I need to feel good.

HIGH TIMES: I heard that you might wind up collaborating with Burroughs.

DEVO: Burroughs sent me some song lyrics! Here's one; it's called "Pick Up Your Stick." I wish we could use it, but we just couldn't find anything to put it in, not that we wouldn't ever do it. "Stick" was an underworld expression dating back to the '20s that referred to criminals providing themselves with a legitimate trade or profession that they could fall back on or look good at, so that they wouldn't get thrown in the slammer. Burroughs wrote me, "Short-order cook is a common stick. Safecrackers will be welders or locksmiths. Some have a farm tucked away. Con men make good salesmen, up to a point. Truck drivers, waiters, parking-lot attendants, longshoremen—all God's children got sticks. The best sticks are those you can pick up anywhere—you may have to move fast and keep moving. That's why there are so many short-order cooks."

And this is just a letter! I mean—the whole thing sounds like a rap out of his book with Clem Snide! Anyway, he wrote me that letter and sent me this song called "Pick Up Sticks":

When you're old and sick,
lean on your stick,
you're hot as a rivet,
stink like a civet,

—stuff like that, you know:

grab that stick,
"a simple swineherd officer"
oink, oink, oink
your luck's going sour, you're losin'
the power,
don't push it son, that jailhouse isn't fun,
grab that stick, before you get a lick, from
someone else's stick...

You know, I mean the guy is tremendous—he probably knocked that out in five minutes.

We were talking about drugs—he said, "Oh, you just gotta get over the hump. You gotta do enough so you change your system over—it's the middle ground that's bad."

HIGH TIMES: But most don't survive that. He's one of the damned few that have.

DEVO: He's special. □

Portions of this interview have previously appeared in *Search and Destroy* magazine. Back issues of S&D are available from: RE/SEARCH, 20 Romolo B, San Francisco, CA 94133.

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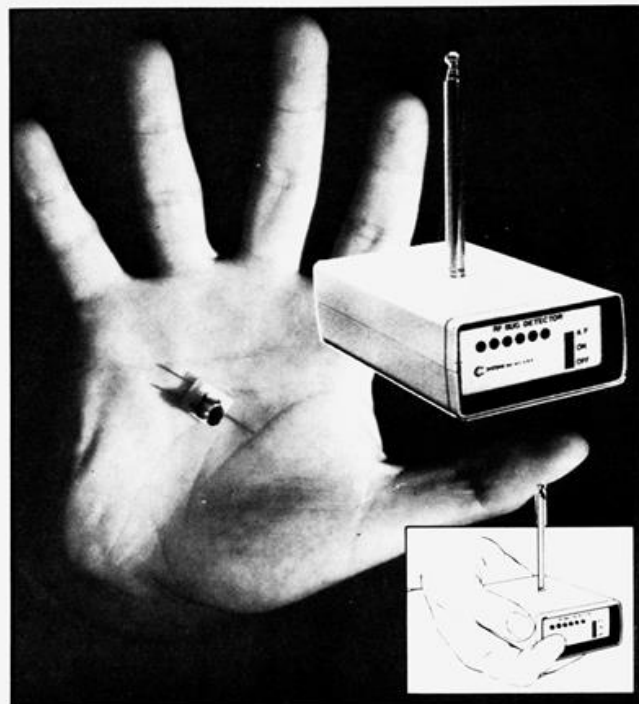
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THE GOLDEN SWINDLE

continued from page 45

DuPont, anxious to maintain at least a minimal image of scientific respectability for NIDA, had not dropped a government dollar on Nahas in years—not since Nahas had proved, by God, on the government tab, that marijuana so thoroughly abolishes the body's immune systems that terminal pneumonia and shingles must result every single time you torch up a joint.

Nahas and his hired pen, Peggy Mann—surely you've seen her enlightening marijuana series in *Reader's Digest* since 1979—were singing the praises of piss-test paraphernalia from the start, in ACM direct-mail flyers and speeches. They derived something swell out of it, too: the fabulous "fat solubility" marijuana myth.

That was the ACM's opening salvo in its premiere 1978 media blitz. Did you know that when *your* child smokes marijuana, the THC is stored in his fatty tissues for over 30 days after every single dose? Did you know that the brain and genitals are the single fattiest parts of the body? Did you know that THC snaps chromosomes, erodes nerve cells, puts spermatozoa to sleep and does any damn-fool other thing a pot-scare wizard wants, in laboratory tests? Bold pioneers of prevention strategy, these ACM pamphleteers, once they got a look at Syva's research and development papers on the EMIT.

NIDA kept mum. After all, they'd known about THC's shockingly prolonged fat-retention phase ever since Drs. Monroe Wall and Mario Perez-Reyes, at Burroughs-Wellcome's pharmaceutical think tank in Research Triangle Park, North Carolina, had figured it out for NIDA in 1971. They knew THC metabolites no more collect in brain and gonadal tissue than fat-seeking vitamin B does. It was not their job to correct the record every time some political pot-scare specialist took NIDA material and distorted it to panic the public. For in mid-1978, Dr. Robert DuPont was booted out of NIDA, suspected of being a "drug soft-liner." NIDA's exclusive function, since then, has been to support the ACM's growing litany of pseudoscientific reefer-madness myths.

When Jimmy Carter's ludicrous 1980 hostage-rescue scramble fell apart, littering the Iranian desert with helicopter pieces, Dr. Gabriel Nahas of the ACM went loudly to Washington and said it was all because some of the helicopter tenders on the U.S.S. *Nimitz*, out in the Persian Gulf, must have been smoking marijuana. Nahas had his eye on the *Nimitz*, and when a jet cracked up on it later that year, the postmortem findings—showing that some of the deck swabs had smoked dope sometime within the previous month—were taken straight to Rep. Joseph Addabbo from New York, who was having problems at home and dearly needed lively and righteous headline issue just then.

And now enter Dr. Robert DuPont. By 1980, inevitably, Dr. Nahas had become publicly involved with a ridiculous crypto-

Commie-Fascist political cult called the U.S. Labor Party (since rebaptized as the National Anti-Drug Coalition, or "Nadcee"). No one else in the Drug Abuse Industrial Complex wanted anything to do with all these pizza-faced young goose-steppers who showed up in force at every drug-abuse seminar Dr. Nahas attended, with their incomprehensible epistemology of antidrugism and anti-Semitism. So in 1980, Nahas was very gingerly retired from the ACM, and was superannuated there by Dr. Robert DuPont, frantic now to demonstrate his credentials as a radical drug hard-liner.

DuPont, as a former director of NIDA, had the advantage over Nahas of being able to generate his own headlines. When Dr. Robert DuPont addressed the Defense Department on the scientific horrors of marijuana abuse and the crying need for a cheap, mass-produced piss test for pot, that made press all by itself. Yes, yes, the admirals and generals and air marshals all agreed: A piss test for pot would be a godsend.

So, behold now and marvel at the extraordinarily timely appearance of the EMIT Cannabinoid Assay, fresh off the line in December 1980 and presented to the world at a full-dress ACM banquet in Rockville.

No kidding. A piss-test banquet! Scores attended, top muck-a-mucks from NIDA, Syva, state prison boards, therapeutic communities, drug companies, parents groups, schools and hospitals, Peggy Mann, the armed services, and no one is reported to have blown lunch at any point during the ceremonies. They have cast-iron digestions in the Drug Abuse Industrial Complex. A slender book's worth of speeches—you can buy it, needless to say, from the ACM—lauded the EMIT for use in every conceivable setting from SAC bases to Detroit assembly lines. Midway through it all, NIDA research chief Dr. Richard Hawkes, who largely developed this accursed thing, spoke briefly:

"The reliability [of the EMIT] is at present quite sufficient for research purposes," Hawkes shilly-shallied delicately. (He was following some Drug Abuse Industry speaker who had urged compulsory monthly EMIT screenings for every schoolchild in the country, on the grounds that *all* children are natural-born liars and drug addicts, and deserve to be punished mainly because they're small and weak and *can* be punished. Since this place was a zoo of such creatures, Hawkes picked his words with care.)

"Its use as a forensic tool must be somewhat qualified, however," he hemmed. "False positive results are a possibility with any assay," he hawed. "A false positive result occurring once in a hundred true positives is insignificant in an incidence survey for research purposes," he dithered, and then took it quickly over the hump: "That one false positive is of grave concern when it is a forensic sample from an individual whose freedom or career or civil rights hang in the balance."

Then he sat down fast. He was succeeded

Some ACM members propose compulsory monthly urine testing for every schoolchild in the country.

by a very cranked-up therapeutic-community lobbyist, exalted at the prospect of the EMIT being used to force at least 20,000 extra schoolkids, and 250,000 service personnel, into drug "therapy." Without the EMIT to catch them, these poor wretches would never have become fodder for the Drug Abuse Industrial Complex.

Think of the Children

If you are especially chilled by all this carnivorous talk about snaring hapless schoolchildren with the EMIT pot test, you are not the only one. After this incident, the Syva Company began gingerly distancing itself from the American Council on Marijuana. The clearly delineated mission of Dr. Nahas, and of Dr. DuPont after him, had been to lobby this hideous device into prisons and the armed services, where its victims would have no solid civil rights under the U.S. Constitution. The notion of the EMIT being forced onto free, middle-class, white schoolkids, whose parents can afford lawyers, transfixes the folks at Syva with dread. Once they'd landed their long-sought-after EMIT contracts with the Defense Department, Syva actually began chastising the American Council on Marijuana.

This was simple pissing into the wind. When the ACM claimed the EMIT could catch a dope smoker 30 days after onetime use, Syva downgraded it to "four or five days." When the ACM said it could sniff out 25 nanograms of "marijuana residue" in a milliliter of piss, Syva doubled it to 50 nanograms. When a U.S. Navy spokesman, on ACM disinformation, rated the EMIT as "99.9 percent reliable," Syva, in anguish, affirmed that the test itself is meaningless without confirmation by "alternative methods." And it was all simple pissing into the wind, because no one in the world was listening to Syva, except for HIGH TIMES.

continued on page 86

The lab itself warns: The results of this test cannot be construed as proof of the use or nonuse of marijuana by anyone.

THE GOLDEN SWINDLE

continued from page 85

We've been saving it till school's in session. For all Syva's hangdog heel dragging, their loathsome piss test really ought to be used on schoolchildren by now. The time is more than ripe. The American Council on Marijuana has permanently sold the national media on their notion of pot being as poisonous as Strontium 90, and of millions of small children being addicted to it. The ACM currently has a deadline of "three years," they say, before they anticipate that regular biweekly pot piss scans become "an invaluable part of every child's learning experience." The long-term project, as openly explicated by Dr. DuPont, is to jimmy this gimmick into every slot in American society where people can possibly be coerced or induced to submit urine samples for inspection by higher authorities—*except* for open courts of law, where it wouldn't float, because the gimmick doesn't work.

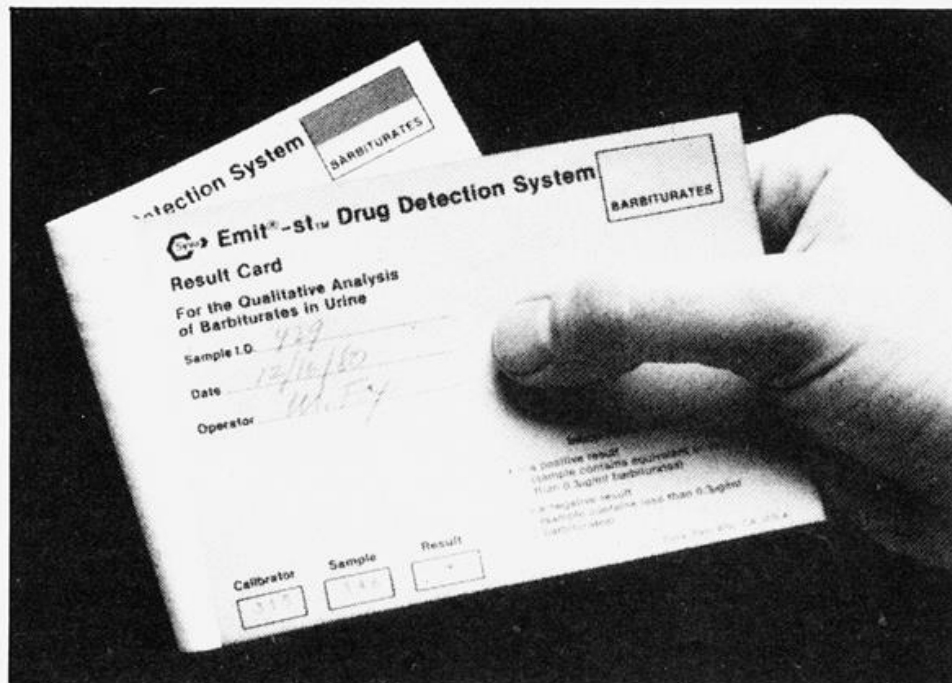
"I hope people can really grasp what is going to happen," he advises, "because the technology is driving the politics and attitudes in this area. Society has evolved a high level of drug use, and we're going to have some painful times as we come off this decade-long drug epidemic, and this is one of the ways it is going to happen."

So by the fall term of 1984, if there is any decency left in this narcotics-corrupted society, the EMIT Cannabinoid Assay will be a permanent institution in American education, like McGuffey's Reader and *Sesame Street*.

Sordid Dreams

Whereat I personally have the most sublime secret pipe dream...

I am in a rest room, a public restaurant toilet, a tiny, unventilated, reconverted pantry really, smoking a joint. It is really dynamite connoisseur weed, man, Coptic-



quality Jamaican burning bush, with a delta-9 content of around 5 percent. Now, if I were a typical marijuana smoker, I'd roll out a typical 500-milligram joint: 25 milligrams of delta-9 THC in it, at least, right?

Now, in smoking it, if I were a typical marijuana smoker of average body weight, I'd take in about six milligrams of THC, and let the rest of it drift off in the side-stream smoke. (c.f. Perez-Reyes, *et al.*, "The Clinical Pharmacology and Dynamics of Marijuana Cigarette Smoking," *Journal of Clinical Pharmacology*, Aug.-Sept. 1981, p. 201S.) It would take a good, careful five to seven minutes to lovingly titrate all that Jamaican tetrahydrocannabinol down to six available milligrams.

Meanwhile, while I'm deliciously abusing this masochistic drug to my heart's content, outside the locked rest room door a child is impatiently waiting: 14 years old, son of a Republican assemblyman, a real achiever and go-getter, and right now he has to go real bad. He's hopping from one foot to the other, biting his manly young lip in frustration, rapping politely at the door, forlornly rattling the lock. Just when he thinks he's going to disgrace himself, the door finally opens and this middle-aged slob hippie ambles out, smiling liquidly at nothing in particular.

He darts inside, slams the door shut, kicks up the lid, down-zips and drains his adolescent bladder in a long, drawn-out cadenza and diminuendo of relief. There is a peculiar aroma in this place, sort of like a soggy pine forest, half an hour after a wet skunk has sauntered through, mildly exotic, not at all unpleasant. A new deodorizer, maybe, he sniffs as he dutifully washes his hands, combs his ducktail, tries out a few interesting new manly expressions in the mirror. I figure this kid could take in at least six milligrams of THC out of the 19-plus milligrams I left hanging in the air there. Since the kid's never been high before, and doesn't know his subliminal

marijuana cues, he never notices a thing.

Then a few days later, this kid's high-school principal announces a brand-new urine-testing program to tell who are the drugs abusers in school and who aren't. Of course this self-righteous little vermin is one of the first to volunteer a sample in the locker room, and to watch while the lunch-room monitor runs it through an EMIT gimmick. The computer card slides out before his very eyes, and from that day forth, for the rest of his life, that kid's legal, employment, and credit opportunities are severely compromised: a self-demonstrated drugs abuser at 14.

Smoke without a Token

What we're talking about is the passive contamination of individuals who may accidentally or inadvertently inhale enough free-floating marijuana smoke to show up positive, days or weeks later maybe, on the EMIT Cannabinoid Assay.

The Syva Company contemptuously calls this the "contact-high theory," and swears it couldn't happen in a million years. They say it's laughable. They categorically and comprehensively repudiate the possibility. Then, when you start referring to passive-contamination studies on tobacco smoke, carried out years ago by the National Cancer Institute, that now furnish the basis for laws prohibiting smoking in public places—then the Syva people toss the potato straight over to the EMIT's codeveloper, the National Institute on Drug Abuse. It's NIDA's bailiwick, not Syva's, this pettifogging technical stuff.

But at NIDA, for all the billions of tax bucks that burbled through that place before the Reaganauts gutted it last year, they can't put their finger on one single passive-contamination study that's ever been published on reefer smoke. Not one. For generations now, cops have been citing the exceptional range and density of mari-

juana's "sickly sweet odor" to justify warrantless searches of automobiles and other enclosed spaces, but NIDA never bothered to look into it. Not once.

Dr. Gabriel Nahas, though, was imaginative enough to look into this in 1976. That year, Dr. Philip Zeidenberg had a NIDA grant to run a six-week pot-smoking study involving a clutch of volunteers sequestered in a ward at the Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons. Nahas somehow got in on the act and had a nonsmoking control subject in the ward sit out the entire six weeks specifically to check on this passive-contamination factor with marijuana smoke.

The results were published in *The American Journal of Psychiatry*, January 1977, page 76: You damned well *can* passively inhale enough marijuana smoke to ring up a "positive" urine, several times over! Zeidenberg, Nahas, *et al.*, *op cit*.

The subject was some wretched exchange student at Columbia—a relative of one of the report's authors—who was pledged not to smoke any dope on pain of having his green card revoked, and be chucked back to the Land of the Pharaohs. He was deeply averse to dope smoking, on moral and religious grounds, and clearly had a miserable time clapped up for six weeks with a mob of volunteer reeferheads. He kept rigorously to the yonder side of the ward while the lads were smoking, and only once noticed a "contact high," which he found intensely dysphoric.

Still, every time they checked this poor guy's urine, every weekend, they found between 100 and 200 nanograms of THC metabolites per milliliter of it: double to quadruple the concentration sufficient to ring up a positive on the old EMIT, right? Syva has characterized this study as "lousy and uncontrolled" of course. The hearts are as cast-iron as the stomachs in the Drug Abuse Industrial Complex.

NIDA's research *jefe*, Dr. Richard Hawkes, could not recall this 1976 study offhand for *HIGH TIMES* when we asked about any passive-contamination THC studies. The only thing in this line that Dr. Hawkes could recommend was the wonderful 1978 Buick Regal Test.

This beauty involved four guys sitting in a Buick with the windows rolled up, in a Los Angeles parking lot, at the behest of Mr. Hugh Alcott of the California State Parole Board, a copious consumer of EMIT gimmicks. One of the guys smoked three pipefuls of "local" California reefer over two-and-a-half hours, and the others abstained. Though the three nonsmokers all caught a "buzz" off the side-stream smoke, says Alcott, none pulled positive on the EMIT pot test over 24 hours afterward. They got high on marijuana, that is, and got away with it! This "experiment" has never been written up before, anywhere, either. So all future references to it in the research literature will have to cite *HIGH TIMES* as the original source for it.

Now check this out. We have one study, carried out by degreed and experienced narcotics researchers, published in a presti-

gious academic journal, which effectively says that you can punch out an EMIT positive without ever getting high, just from sitting in a spacious, well-ventilated hospital ward with people who are smoking miserable 1 percent THC Mississippi Mexican. Opposed to that, we have three guys in a Buick getting *bombed* on some evidence-bin Humboldt homegrown, and coming up clean as Snow White on the gimmick. And *HIGH TIMES* is the *original cite* for it! Now which one sounds "lousy and uncontrolled"? And though these two research projects rather neatly cancel each other out—which is historically typical of all marijuana research—they both agree that this piss-sniffing gimmick of Syva's can't possibly work properly, either which way.

Distinguished Counsel Replies

"So what the hell do you want me to do? File a class-action habeas corpus suit against the state prison board on behalf of every con who gets rolled up off work release with this urine test? Sue the Defense Department, and every police department who's ever used this thing, and every private employer and every school board? Sue them for what? Invasion of privacy? Involuntary self-incrimination? Illegal search and seizure?"

"Those things don't work anymore, huh?"

"The Fourth Amendment is a plucked chicken these days. Go ask the Supreme Court right now if you have any reasonable expectation of privacy in the contents of your bladder. You use public urinals, don't you? Your own toilet's linked up to the municipal sewer system, isn't it? Whatever's in your bladder has got to come out eventually, so how can you reasonably expect privacy for it?"

"That's crazy."

"No, you're crazy if you think the Constitution applies here at all. Who are we talking about? Cons and service personnel? They have whatever rights their keepers feel like allowing them from day to day. Job applicants? The only thing an employer can't legally turn an applicant down for is skin tone, and that'll be put back right any day now. Employees who get fired, now there might be a chance there, if they had unions or contracts or civil service. But you know and I know that this piss test is being run on people with not the slightest potential muscle behind them. Stock clerks, cashiers, janitors, waitresses, pieceworkers."

"Poor people. People who can't afford to hire lawyers. People who'd most likely just get in worse trouble if they tried to exercise what few rights they've got, on paper."

"My heart's bleeding, sincerely. Also, my meter is running. What do you want me to do, for God's sake?"

"Think of the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments."

"Due process and equal protection under the law?"

"Equal protection *from* the law, in this case. You've got all these people having their civil rights infringed on because *may-*

be they breathed someone else's marijuana smoke. Look at this *Journal of Psychiatry* report. If this thing is true, then probably every third person who pulls an EMIT positive is a victim of passive contamination, and especially cons and servicemen. When they get punished, then, or lose their right to work, they're paying the penalty for a crime somebody else committed. You would have to go far to find a more outrageous obscenity committed against the sacred principle of equal protection."

"My, my. And what law school did you flunk out at? But okay, this piss test judges people unfairly. If an EMIT positive were presented in an open court of law against a marijuana defendant, the prosecutor would be laughed right off his shingle."

"Right. This thing isn't a forensic device. It's a mediocre diagnostic aid. If it's not good enough to be used in court to compromise anyone's civil rights, how can you use it in that way in any other context?"

"You might have something there, actually. Let's see. If you could round up some EMIT victims to serve as plaintiffs, they could sue the people who made them take the test for arbitrarily violating their rights to equal protection and due process. That could include anybody who ever had to take the test, whether they came up positive or negative."

"Then the burden of proof would be on the plaintiffs to show that the violation was arbitrary. You'd have to prove that the EMIT doesn't work. How could you do that?"

"Hey, it'd take *years*. You'd have to go to NIDA and demand they replicate all these old passive-contamination tobacco studies, using marijuana. And they'd have to lobby the money for it out of the Reaganauts, which could take until after the next election just to start with. Showing whether this thing works could take longer and cost more money than it took to develop it in the first place."

"You sneaky bastard. All you really want is the *injunction*."

"Bull's-eye. Mothball it with an injunction until after this latest political dope-scare binge peters out. That way at least it doesn't serve as a lever for further prying up everyone's rights to privacy, the way it's being used now."

"Okay, then. You find me some plaintiffs who are ready to pay some money, and I'll work up a class-action civil rights suit that'll sink this thing deeper than Jimmy Hoffa. But you'll have to find people who've been fucked over by this thing, and who have enough money to keep a suit going for years."

"Even though they might never see a decent penny in a settlement, even after they win. Boy, that's a tall order. The sort of thing the ACLU does, right?"

"The ACLU? You're talking about *drugs* here, my man. The ACLU doesn't dirty itself with drug cases, no matter what the constitutional issues are."

"And criminal-defense attorneys don't dirty themselves with anything that doesn't turn a dollar."

"My heart just lost another pint." □

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MASTER ADDICTS

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his unique reduction technique was that instead of injecting more morphine when he felt the need, he'd reduce the amount of cocaine he took, to create a lower dosage equilibrium.

When an addict withdraws by the usual reduction method, he noted, the craving becomes so intense that few have the willpower to continue. Lee instead countered the effects of morphine with cocaine, thereby readjusting his body to weaker doses of both. The process was completely painless and took about a month.

Then, in Sumatra, Lee made an even more startling discovery—the "perfect antidote" for addiction. The Malays brought him many jungle plants to experiment with. Lee boiled down one of these, which he called "Number 2," and evaporated the decoction to a powder. A solution of this injected gave him a "feeling of great vitality, the absolute perfection of mental and bodily health."

When he tried it in conjunction with cocaine, he found that "the drug had entirely nullified the effect of the cocaine." It did the same with morphine, opium, hashish, liquor and absinthe: "No matter what drug I was using, with the aid of Number 2 I could give it up quite easily." This took a fortnight. He started calling it "The Elixir of Life."

Not a botanist, Lee never identified the plant itself. It was probably *Combretum sundacum*, a forest creeper which Chinese opium smokers in Malaya in 1907 discovered would completely remove their craving for drugs. Though tested and found effective by British pharmacologist C.A. McBride, and even marketed briefly in the United States as an addiction cure, it was generally ignored by the medical community. Obviously it should be reinvestigated; for if it is half as effective as Lee says, it may indeed contain a chemical miracle.

It is the Dark Ages of drug addiction, anno Domini 1953. A man can get picked up by police just for talking about dope in the subway. Senator McCarthy glowers from the tube, but in the public's mind a drug user is a wretched drooling creature out of Nelson's *The Man with the Golden Arm* (1949). The only famous dopers are musicians like Billie Holiday and Charlie Parker, though Hollywood insiders know Bela Lugosi is an addict and that the whole vampire "I vont, to sock, yore blod" syndrome is secret junk metaphor.

Into this waiting room of consciousness steps young Allen Ginsberg, carrying a stick of dynamite—a manuscript called *Junkie* by an unknown "William Lee." Ginsberg talks Ace Books into printing it back to back with a narc novel. *Junkie* is subtitled *Confessions of an Unredeemed Drug Addict*, and the operative word is "unredeemed." The editors stick in parenthetical disclaimers.

"An addict never stops growing. Most users periodically kick the habit, which in-

volves shrinking of the organism and replacement of the junk-dependent cells. [Ed. note: the foregoing is not the view of recognized medical authority.]..."

Of course not—doctors abandoned the scientific study of drug use long ago. "Why do you need narcotics, Mr. Lee?" stupid psychiatrists ask. "I need junk to get out of bed in the morning, to shave and eat breakfast. I need it to stay alive," he replies.

He lays out the junk equation with clinical precision. "Junk is not, like alcohol or weed, a means to increased enjoyment of life. Junk is not a kick. It is a way of life."

In 1956 the author signs his real name, William Burroughs, to a "Letter from Master Addict" in the *British Journal of Addiction*. It is the only intelligent document about drugs published in decades. "Non habit forming morphine appears to be a latter day Philosopher's Stone," he writes, remembering Cocteau. "On the other hand variations of apomorphine may prove extremely effective in controlling the withdrawal syndrome."

Unheard of!

"The ill effects of marijuana have been grossly exaggerated in the U.S."

Heresy!

"Yage... is a hallucinating narcotic that produces a profound derangement of the senses... perhaps even more spectacular results could be obtained with synthetic variations. Certainly the matter warrants further research."

Huh?

Most authorities haven't the faintest glimmer of what he's talking about. Burroughs is as alone in the 1950s as De Quincey was in the 1820s. As Paracelsus was in the 1520s.

In 1959 he sounds the death knell of romanticism about drugs in the first sentence of *Naked Lunch*: "I can feel the heat closing in, feel them out there making their moves, setting up their devil doll stool pigeons, crooning over my spoon and dropper..." Reveries of Kubla Khan vanish like phantoms in the night.

"*Naked Lunch* is a blueprint, a How-To book," he writes. "Black insect lusts open into vast, other planet landscapes... Abstract concepts, bare as algebra, narrow down to a black turd or a pair of aging cojones... How-To extends levels of experience by opening the door at the end of a long hall..."

Over the next 20 years Burroughs cuts this blueprint up into shards of hallucination and reality, mating the hard-boiled detective story with sci-fi to create an epic of addiction. He learns prose control of interpenetrating consciousness, dissecting his many selves as coolly as a vivisectionist. He probes deeper than the intellectual-moral levels of De Quincey or Baudelaire, exposing the viscera, capturing raw nerves in print. Junk-sick becomes metaphor for a dying planet. There's only one way to go from here.

The past behind us, the present before; and the future points straight up. □



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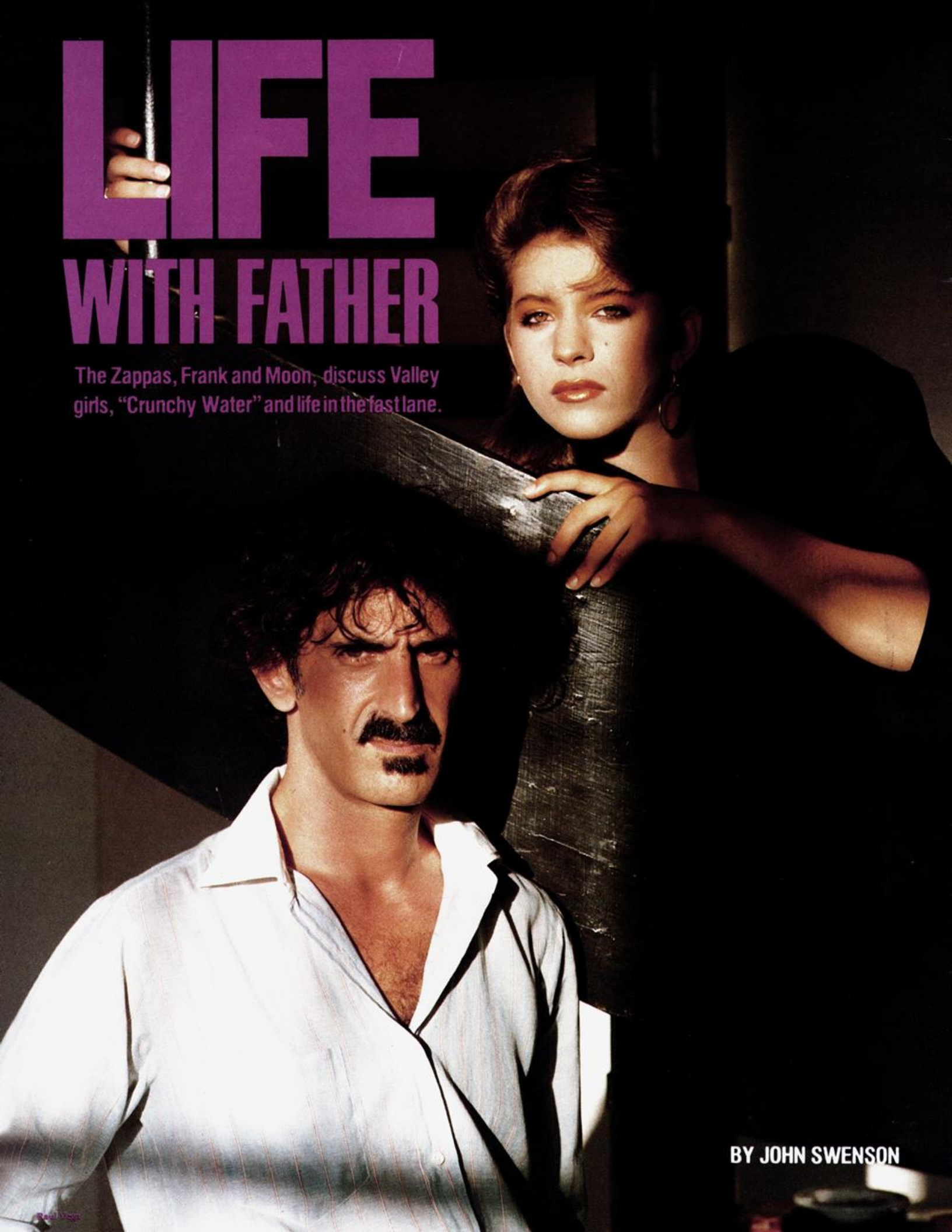
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with High Times.

LIFE WITH FATHER



The Zappas, Frank and Moon, discuss Valley girls, "Crunchy Water" and life in the fast lane.

BY JOHN SWENSON

SOUNDS

Frank Zappa has long been known as the master of the unexpected. His most recent album, *Ship Arriving Too Late to Save a Drowning Witch*, added another twist to the legend when an inspired piece of social drama culled from the record, "Valley Girl," became an instant hit. The extraordinary thing about the record is that it features a monologue from Zappa's daughter, Moon Unit, as its main element. The 14-year-old Moon was suddenly a celebrity, and Zappa was compelled to accompany her on the attendant round of talk shows and personal appearances. As it turns out, Zappa's son, Dweezil, has also initiated a performing career with a surprisingly good single, "Crunchy Water"/"Space Cadet," which also features a vocal from Moon. While they were in New York recently, I talked to both father and daughter about their collaboration.

DAUGHTER

HIGH TIMES: When I went out to your house in 1979 and I asked Frank about the family and everything, he said, "No, my kids have no interest in music at all." Did he just not know that you did have interest?

MOON: We've always been interested in music; he just didn't want to inflict that kind of torture on us. I just like going down to the studio and getting a chance to work with my dad. I never see him. It was fun going into the studio because usually I'm on the listening side, listening to what's coming out of the speakers; but when I went in to do "Valley Girl" I got to listen to what I was making come out of the speakers, so that was what was really exciting to me. I want to go into acting and he doesn't want to inflict that kind of torture on me either, but whatever makes me happy... And basically he's just being real cautious. He wants us to be sheltered from the assholes. He doesn't want us to realize at such an early age that there are assholes out there—but unfortunately we all come into contact with assholes. I know more than ever there are lots of assholes out there and it's sad, but I had to realize it now because he was trying to shelter me from it. But what can you do, you know? That's the way it is. He's just being a dad.

HIGH TIMES: Yeah, right. Did you have any idea that "Valley Girl" would be as popular as it is?

MOON: Sure I did. I thought it would be a hit. But I thought Frank would be doing the interview with *Time*. It's just so silly that one little song off of one album gets my father air play when he's been doing it for years and suddenly it's a phenomenon. Wrong. It's just so silly that people are blind to

what's really going on out there. What they hear on the radio is what they're gonna buy, and if they don't hear Frank's stuff on the radio then they don't know about it and they're not gonna buy it and they're afraid to spend the money and buy something that isn't what everybody is listening to. That's just the way everything is.

HIGH TIMES: When did you first realize who he was?

MOON: The day I was born!

HIGH TIMES: As a famous figure rather than as "dad."

MOON: Well, I guess it must have been ever since I was little. You see, I was always around grown-ups. And as far as my friends go, they'd say, "Well, what does your dad do for a living?" I was afraid to tell them because I really didn't know what to say. I couldn't say that my dad was a dentist or a lawyer. I couldn't say that he's a composer and a rock star. I can't just categorize it, with friends, but since I was always around grown-ups they'd say, "Gosh, your daddy's famous." So I think I always knew.

HIGH TIMES: When did you first become aware of his music?

MOON: The sad thing was when I was little and my friends had parents that knew who he was, they would come to me and say, "Your dad writes songs with bad words," and that was just devastatingly horrible for me because I was thinking what was so bad about *fuck*. I've been telling perverts to fuck off for years. My mom always tells a story about how when I was two and sitting in a shopping cart, I used to always wear my underwear on my head. I used to wear ruffled underwear. And I thought they were too wonderful to wear on your tush, so I would wear them on my

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FATHER

HIGH TIMES: When I spoke to you in 1979, I think I recall you saying that your kids weren't interested in music at all. What happened?

ZAPPA: It's a recent disease.

HIGH TIMES: When did it happen?

ZAPPA: Well, like a year ago, Dweezil just said he wanted to play guitar. He just picked it up and taught himself. I mean, he practices five hours a day, every day. On weekends all day long. He gets up and practices before he goes to school.

HIGH TIMES: How does that compare with your background?

ZAPPA: I didn't do that. I didn't have time. I had other things to do. I mean, let's face it, he has a really luxurious setup in which to develop himself. He's got a studio where he can plug in an amplifier and blast away at all hours of the day and night. He's got all the equipment he needs. He's got a brand-new guitar and good stuff to learn on, so there's nothing in the way. He can make a lot of progress. I didn't have that. I had a real shitty guitar that was so hard to play that I hated to play it. I didn't even own an amplifier till I was out of the house and was about twenty-one years old. So, if I was gonna play guitar, I had to play on this arch top cowboy guitar.

HIGH TIMES: Well, what about Moon? When did she get into the act?

ZAPPA: Well, she doesn't want to be a rock 'n' roller. She wants to be an actress. And the first time she did anything was on the last album. Dweezil was always shy about doing any vocals. He's doing some of those funny voices in the background. He likes comedy material and he's starting to get into my albums now and listening to the weirder stuff. He suddenly developed a taste for it.

Moon originally wanted to play the harp and she came to me when I did that thing with an orchestra in L.A. a bunch of years ago. She came to a rehearsal and saw the harp and fell in love with it, just like any little girl would. And the girl that was playing the harp offered to give her lessons. So we got her a harp and she studied for about a year and then got bored with it and then hung it up. And showed no interest in anything until now. Dweezil never showed any interest in music at all. Period. Now he's playing guitar and piano.

HIGH TIMES: Did you say at one point "Go ahead and use all these facilities," or did you say, "Stay away from that equipment"?

ZAPPA: No. Basically what we have to do is time-share on this deal because where I write my music is in the back part of the studio. There's no way I can be in there when he's practicing. So when he comes home he can practice when I'm not writing or in the studio for something else. The only time I'll tell him not to is when I have some project going on or something.

HIGH TIMES: How about Moon? How did you get her involved in recording?

ZAPPA: She always wanted to be on a record.

HIGH TIMES: As a singer?

ZAPPA: Well, she can sing. She sings very well, but the first thing she got a chance to do was the dialogue part on "Jumbo Go Away" on the last album, and she sang the part of "Drafted Again." Her interest is really with acting.

HIGH TIMES: That wasn't supposed to be about her?

ZAPPA: No. That's got nothing to do with her. She's not a Valley girl.

HIGH TIMES: Right. Ya know, a lot of people seem to think that.

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head, pull my hair out of the leg holes and really have a good time. My mom used to be a model. So I remember—well, I really don't remember this—but we were in a grocery store and this man came up to me and said, "Hello, little girl," you know, just trying to meet my mom and I said, "Fuck off, pervert." But for me to hear this little kid saying my dad writes songs with bad words, I was just furious. So it was always real frightening for me to admit to everybody that I liked his stuff, and to defend it. It was hard for me. So I had to be tough at an early age. And for what, a couple of bad words?

HIGH TIMES: So your father's music was actually a social problem for you in school?

MOON: Yes. In terms of the bad words scene. I don't know where people got this idea of bad words. I can't believe it still exists. There's no such thing as bad words, you know. Religion and bad words. Ha.

HIGH TIMES: What about your teachers? Did they react that way too?

MOON: I used to bring my dad over for show and tell. No, seriously. Every Friday was show-and-tell day. You could bring in your pets if you got permission from the principal, and you could bring in your favorite toy. I always brought in my dad, year after year until the sixth grade. And the teachers would always get real crazy because my dad loves kids and when we'd go into the class, I would get real jealous always, but he'd tickle everybody and I'd be sitting there like this, watching him tickle everybody, and then it was my turn. And the teachers were just "Quiet, Quiet!" Teachers can't stand the noise of children. In the sixth grade I brought him to a dance and he danced with everybody and showed everybody how to really dance. I loved that. That sort of foot-tapping sort of stuff. There was just a ring of kids watching my father. It was like square dancing. He danced with everybody. Everyone would come out of the line and say, "Dance with her next, okay?"



Starfile

HIGH TIMES: That's an amazingly different perspective than so many people have on his public persona. So many people think of him as this foreboding guy.

MOON: Also, the thing that really bothered me when I was younger, older kids would say, "Your dad's into drugs. Are you gonna get into that stuff?" And it was like that kind of bullshit. And I didn't know if he was or not when I was little, and I would sort of look at them and run and hide. It was really scary for me. I've always been sheltered from that kind of stuff.

HIGH TIMES: Obviously, he doesn't do drugs at all.

MOON: No.

HIGH TIMES: Did you think that he did?

MOON: I think at one point I must have. I don't remember how it came up, but I eventually did get around to talking to my parents. I don't have parent-daughter conversations—we just discuss our problems together—but I think I did confront them at one time about drugs and everything and I just remember that, you know: "Do what you want. It's your life." I've always been antidrug. I think the reason that I'm so antidrug is I don't care what other people do, I'll just sit back and watch. None of my good friends do drugs and I'll tell you why. It's because I find that generally I'm a pretty funny person when I want to be. I like to make people laugh. I like people to have a good time. And I find that when I talk to people who use drugs, they don't get the joke

the first time, and if there's one thing I can't stand it's explaining myself and having to repeat things. I'm very quick tempered and I have no patience, and so if you're on drugs and can't get my joke the first time...

HIGH TIMES: I'll repeat that for those of you who are on drugs... How did you actually become involved in recording with your father?

MOON: I really don't remember. I think I must have asked. Because I've always sung. I've been singing since I was little. Everyone tells me how I made up songs in the car about leotards, crowns and I was a princess and all this. And when I was nine I really wanted to get into acting and I got my first real crown with rhinestones and everything for my birthday. I was ready for everything. And I think I said something to my father about being on his album. I don't really know. I think my mother encouraged me. She said, "Go ask your dad. See if he wants to use you on one of his albums."

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ZAPPA *continued*

ZAPPA: Well, people are fucked. It's got nothing to do with her. She's about as far from being a Valley girl as you can imagine.

HIGH TIMES: Is Moon gonna do other stuff with you?

ZAPPA: Well, we did another session last night. But I don't know whether or not I'm gon-

na use it. We did a Valley Girl Aerobic Exercise record through a track you could never exercise with in your life. It's pretty funny. But I don't know if I'm gonna release it.

HIGH TIMES: I heard someone talking about the possibility of a TV series.

ZAPPA: We've been offered everything. TV series, feature films.

HIGH TIMES: Did you expect anything like this?

ZAPPA: It's ridiculous.

HIGH TIMES: Do you think it's because of the subject matter?

ZAPPA: No. It's because of Moon's voice. Most people perceive it as her record and it has nothing to do with me. And if her voice wasn't on it most people wouldn't have bought it.

HIGH TIMES: Are you gonna tour with Dweezil?

ZAPPA: Dweezil has already performed onstage with me four times in Europe. And I got it on videotape. He did the Odeon, Hammersmith, the Holen Stadium in Zurich, the Olympia Hall in Munich and the Stadt Hall in Vienna. And Moon was on the stage with him in Munich because the family was over there for a vacation during one night of the tour and we had our itinerary and he had his and we bumped into him occasionally.

HIGH TIMES: What's your wife's reaction to all this?

ZAPPA: Well, it's harder on her than it is on me, because when the thing hit I was on tour in Europe and she had to run them around all over the place to do TV shows

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But I thought, do I really get to talk into a microphone. It's gonna be hooked up. You know, I used to play with all the used microphones that were just lying around and we'd just sing into them.

HIGH TIMES: You mean when he wasn't around?

MOON: Oh, no, he was around. We'd sing songs for him. And he'd just sit and watch. A nice normal thing to do. If my dad was a dermatologist, not only would he be clearing up my acne, I know I'd be playing with his dried ice when I was nine, let's say.

HIGH TIMES: So, do you remember how it exactly went down?

MOON: No, but on *You Are What You Is* I did "Drafted Again." He just said come on down to the studio and make some noises for us. I remember I had a friend there and we just sat there and made gun noises and just shouted and screamed. Then he came out there and conducted us. He'd go boom, like this, and somebody would bang a drum or a cymbal and then he'd go like this and we'd go iiiihhhh and we just had a good time. He made it fun for us. And then with "Valley Girl," I wanted to do something else. I was saying to my mother I wish Frank would ask me whether I can do some because I think I can do it, and she said go ask him and say something. So I went into the studio and I was so upset the first time I

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ZAPPA *continued*

and interviews and stuff and still drive the car pool, do the shopping and run a house and that's a lot of work.

HIGH TIMES: Moon was saying she has groupies now. That must really add to the confusion.

ZAPPA: Yeah, that irritates me.

HIGH TIMES: You said you didn't want to do too much producing because it took too much time away from your projects. Will this take a lot of time away from you, working with your children?

ZAPPA: Well, so far the only work that I've done with the children was to accompany Moon to New York to do the Letterman show. And this actually comes at a very bad time for me because I'm just getting started on another film project and my mind is into that, but I'm having to sit here and talk about Valley girls and four days of answering the same impertinent questions and it takes a lot of concentration to go through with all of that. Hopefully, after the four days are up I can go back into my cage and get the work done.

HIGH TIMES: Are you learning anything from all of this?

ZAPPA: I'm never amazed by stupidity. It never amazes me. In fact, I'm always disappointed that it's not even dumber than it is. It sort of fulfilled all my great expectations

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LAST WORDS

continued from page 98

"Patchheads" and "The Last Stop" are obvious. The little, intensely painful bulblike sacs that break out all over the body of a hard-core Patchhead are called "love knobs" or "Cyclone zits." A Cyclone user in the throes of a heavy attack of nausea is said to be "taking the dives" or, more obscurely, "sitting in Leroy's Corner." Cyclone dealers are known as "Weasels," and informants are called "Raid."

The chicest Patchheads—they are said to include a number of punk-rock instrumentalists, a well-known L.A. news anchorman, a bevy of Hollywood screenwriters, associate producers and bit actors, the host of a highly rated TV game show, a Birchite congressman from Southern California and the sons and daughters of the presidents of three major multinational corporations—hold elaborate parties in the secluded hills of Bel Air (the parties are always referred to as "riding the Cyclone," or "going to Coney Island"), "take the dives" for days on end, squeeze each other's "love knobs" and wallow over huge, elaborately catered feasts—which, naturally, they immediately vomit up into silver and golden tureens (openly sold in West L.A. and known as "barf basins" or "Cyclone ashtrays"). Upper-crust Patchheads are said to disdain most of this argot; to disdain, indeed, the term "Cyclone" itself—preferring to refer to the cytosine derivative as "Zyclon." But this, as Dr. Quincey explained to us, is a misnomer—mistakenly derived from "Zyclon B," the Nazi nerve gas used at Auschwitz.

Meanwhile, Cyclone use—according to Lt. Humphrey DiCastro of the Los Angeles Narcotics Squad—is growing by leaps and bounds. And the Cyclone scene itself is leapfrogging past the centers of addiction. DiCastro spoke of a growing mélange of counterfeit Patchheads, who have their hair shaved in irregular patterns, and in some cases even manage to fake the "love knobs." "I'd like to wipe them all off the face of the Earth. Scum! Lice! Piss bags!" He glared at us, running his hands through his military crew cut—"And if you can do one thing—one thing on that degenerate sleazebucket magazine of yours to justify your worthless existence, it's this: Tell people, warn people, to stay away from Cyclones!" He fell silent. "Or, better yet," he added slowly, "tell them all to buy up every Cyclone on the street and start puking like mad and dying like dogs. Then we'll all be better off."

But that's not the way Zero and Casey see it. At the end of our talk, we asked Zero what he'd gotten out of two years of heavy Cyclone use. He held one of his bulbs between two fingers and defiantly popped it. He winked. "Man," he rasped. "I know I'm the best. I've hit it. I'm on the big loop, heading for sunset, and you're all outside, looking in." He bared greenish teeth in a crooked smile. "So what've you got?" □

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went in because I wanted to ask Frank if I could do something, and he said, "Yeah, whaddya want?" And I said, "Ummmm," and he said, "Go get me some coffee." I was so upset. So the next night I gave it a try. I think my mom must have said something because I told her what happened. And like a week later, I don't remember the exact date, he said come on down.

HIGH TIMES: So you've done this routine before?

MOON: Yeah. I've been to some parties with schoolmates and I go to school in the Valley, and the monologue came off the top of my head—whatever I felt like talking about. Frank just said, Well, now just talk about... go into a little more detail, tell me what it's like sticking your hand into grains of sand. Just talk about what drops off, you know.

HIGH TIMES: He directed you.

MOON: Yeah, just giving me some helpful hints.

HIGH TIMES: Was that then done more or less line by line?

MOON: No. I did it tape by tape. Well, he played the track with the chorus on it and then he said, okay, on this track talk about whatever else I wanted to talk about, and basically we did five solid tracks. And he used whichever parts worked best. Because basically I just repeated myself.

*continued on page 97***ZAPPA continued**

for how stupid things can become. I mean this situation is preposterous. She's done television shows, she's done Time-Life, Playboy, I mean everything only because a noise comes out of her mouth that sounds like the people who live in the San Fernando Valley. That's preposterous.

HIGH TIMES: But like you say, it's not something that's a surprise to you.

ZAPPA: Not in a country that would buy a Pet Rock and it's perfect. It's in phase with reality even.

HIGH TIMES: What's the film about?

ZAPPA: As you know, the lawsuit between me and Warner Bros. and Herb Cohen, the bulk of that has been settled. I still have another suit outstanding in New York State against Warner Bros. But all the stuff with Cohen has been resolved. And I came into ownership of a vast quantity of film that goes back to the dawn of time. Old Mothers of Invention footage, the home movies of what I had when I was in high school, the uncompleted *Uncle Meat* movie, all the footage from the Roxy here and the European documentaries and one that was shot while they were making *200 Motels*. Unbelievable quantity of film. And I started working *Uncle Meat* again. Plus we've had a lot of offers from all these studios to do a Valley Girl feature. So, if I can find some-

continued on page 97**HEALTH AIDS**

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HIGH TIMES: But there's an amazingly rhythmic sense to it.

MOON: That's what people say. I just keep talking.

HIGH TIMES: It fits in amazingly well. It sounds very choreographed. But it was all extemporaneous? Obviously you ripped off some of the words to the song that your father had already written.

MOON: Which one?

HIGH TIMES: "Valley Girl."

MOON: Oh, yeah, he'd say talk about going to the clothing store. Right, that's what he would do. I had the chorus.

HIGH TIMES: Oh, the thing about getting the toenail stuff. And then you go into describing getting your toenails done.

MOON: And then I go into about bagging your toenails. Tell me about bagging your toenails. Frank made up all the expressions: bag your face. Everybody sang it.

HIGH TIMES: Frank made that up?

MOON: He just made it up. He said, okay, now, tell me bag your face, try that. And I was saying Mr. Bu Fu, and he said, wait, try Lord God King Bu Fu, and I just threw that one in. And the other phrase is "gag me with a spoon." My girl friend who goes to an all-girls school made that up with friends and we threw that one in. That's so funny because there are lots of girls claiming to be Andrea, and when girls are interviewed they're bound to say, "God, I've never heard that one before," and just going on and on—and then in the next article that you read after that: and "yes, 'gag me with a spoon' means. . . ." And they'd give you a list of their glossary, their definitions.

HIGH TIMES: Do you have a problem with people mistaking that to be about you?

MOON: At first they did. They'd say—especially doing promos—they'd say, "You're Moon Zappa from the Valley," and I say, "No," 'cause I'm not a Valley girl. I'll say it in Val for you, but not my name in Valley, because that's not what I am, it's not what I stand for. I don't want to be a spokesperson for the Valley. So that's what people made me do, you see. So what are Valley girls saying? What are they wearing? I don't know. Ask a Val. I don't want to be rude. I can give them hints of what I've seen, but I don't want to make it seem like, "and yes, a person from the Valley does this, and what's new and what's old in the Valley." That bothers me.

HIGH TIMES: How do you get around that?

MOON: I don't get around it. I just tell them out front that I'm not a Valley girl. I speak English.

HIGH TIMES: Does that bother you? Because this is a point that your father has had to deal with all these years, being misinterpreted and stuff.

MOON: It doesn't bother me so much that people think that I'm a Val, just so long as I get a chance to explain to them that I'm not. I'm very flattered and just want people to know that's just a character that I do. I'm

doing different stuff. I do different characters' voices. I do all that kind of stuff, and Hanna-Barbera cheapie, cheapoid cartoons, that no one really wants to watch but you just hear the voices over and over again. And you know it's the same guy doing the same voices over and over again. Well, I can do a bunch of different voices.

HIGH TIMES: Are you gonna do any more stuff?

MOON: I don't know. I write songs with Dweezil sometimes. We wrote an absolute phallic song about snogging in the pigeon puss. And Nelson's column in England, there's a column and brilliant song, brilliant lyric. I think we should turn it into a poem. We should put it out as an incredible poem. It was written with this guy we met in England, named Dominick. He was seventeen and one of the most hysterical persons I've ever met. Considering the fact that he was English. And my father hates England and the French. But anyway, we wrote this brilliant, disgusting song about this couple we saw snogging in the pigeon puss, kissing-snogging. And I do write. I used to write poetry. I like writing.

HIGH TIMES: You really don't think of yourself as a singer.

MOON: Well, whatever actually makes people laugh, because I really like to let people know that I can entertain. "Terrific hostess here." But that involves singing and having my voice crack and whatever else. Sure, if it's gonna make you laugh, I'll do it.

ZAPPA *continued*

body to work with on the screenplay and get that organized, then it's possible that there will be a Valley Girl feature. If not, I've got plenty other stuff to do. I've got an album that's got to be done after all this.

HIGH TIMES: What about the MGM material?

ZAPPA: There's a problem right now—no one can find the master tapes of *Freak Out*. They're still looking for them. It's a real complicated situation, but see, the other parties were supposed to turn over these goods to me, and certain things have been turned over and others have not. For instance, so far from Warner Bros. I have not received masters from the last four albums. Nor have I received the original master of *Bongo Fury*. I don't think that one has come back yet. We're also missing GTO's. And from the MGM stuff, we're missing *Freak Out* and *Absolutely Free*. I've got the original master to *Lumpy Gravy* and *Ruben and the Jets* and *We're Only in It for the Money*, so I can start remastering those things, but I'm trying to figure out the best way to re-release all the stuff, whether to put it all out for Christmas as one enormous death-defying box, or to break it up into eras. One thing we're definitely gonna do is finish off side four of the *Freak Out* album if I can find the original master. We'll have the complete version of "Monster Magnet." And also in

the case of the *Fillmore East* album, at the time the Mud Shark routine was recorded I was not in possession of this one piece of tape that I have now, but I have an interview with the desk clerk at the hotel in Seattle, Washington, where he talks about the stuff in the beds and all of that. And what I would like to do is reorganize all those albums I have Flo and Eddie on and integrate them with some documentary tape that I have from tours with them so people can really see what that whole era was all about. Because it was totally deranged.

HIGH TIMES: Wow. That sounds really interesting. Also that you can kind of waste *Just Another Band from L.A.* and the *Fillmore* album because they are live. You could do anything you really wanted to do with that stuff and it really wouldn't destroy its integrity.

ZAPPA: What I would like to do with it is put like a special box with a vaudeville-like kind of packaging on it, because that's pretty much the orientation of that band. And include such things like the demo tape we made that was sent to United Artists before we made *200 Motels* and there are a couple of cuts that didn't go into the *Chunga's Revenge* album because we didn't have enough money to spend that time in the studio and the songs never got finished. And there was stuff that was recorded that couldn't be released at that time because of contractual restraints about re-recording the material. In other words, there is another groupie improvisation or groupie rap that is totally different than the one on the *Fillmore* album, and it might be a little bit better. Which could be an improvement. And there's part of the business of the sofa we were doing in German. Part of that whole show was recorded before the four track went out so there are some sections of that that could be done. I also have a bootleg tape that was captured from some guy in Berlin who had set up microphones in front of the stage during the concert. A little fair quality recording. All the roadies went down and punched the guy's face in and took the tape. And there's quite a bit of stuff.

HIGH TIMES: Anything with *200 Motels*?

ZAPPA: I don't have the rights to that album. That's UA. But this Dutch documentary that was made while we were filming *200 Motels* is fantastic. Because it has all the outtakes from it too. It includes film of scenes that never went into the movie. It has films made at the hotel where the whole cast and crew were staying, including Keith Moon sitting and eating breakfast with his stereo rig set up around his cereal bowl. Interviews with different people in the cast, shots of rehearsals, shots of Ringo standing around with a trench coat on, you know, when he was Larry the Dwarf and things like that.

HIGH TIMES: You could do a giant history of your work.

ZAPPA: I could make something out of it. It's just too good to waste. □

RIDING THE CYCLONE

Exposed:

Hollywood's latest and vilest drug plague

"Smack is for sissies!"

He looks lean, mean and wasted. His eyes glow like hot blue coals in a bed of ash. He wears a purple velour shirt, slashed to the midriff, and the skin beside the velour is gray and pitted, like volcanic rock. Something around his jowls looks pulpy and fungoid. And his hair—it hangs from taut skull in ragged tufts and bunches, like tenacious bushes poking through desert rock. His name is Zero O'Reilly, one of the key figures in a burgeoning L.A. punk scene—a bit actor in movies, a standup comic and impressionist who gigs occasionally on Fender bass with local punk groups. He used to mainline heroin, snort coke and swallow bennies by the handful.

"Man," sneers Zero, "I tried it all. Smoked it all, sniffed it all, shot it all. I injected every kind of shit you can imagine into every pore and orifice on my entire fuckin' body. There's gotta be a little bit of everything in there. Man, I'm a goddamn walkin' drug museum." Suddenly his voice drops to a husky whisper, a searing emotion-clotted croak: "Cyclones, man! Cyclones! They're the only way to fly." He begins crooning hoarsely, while his old lady, Casey, haphazardly thumps out a backbeat: "The only way to fly, the only way to die..." The eyes blaze up suddenly. "You gonna be an addict, man, you gonna be hooked—you gotta check into Cyclones—'cause *smack is for wimps, losers and candy-ass punks.*"

"Smack is for wimps," Casey seconds, scratching at a network of sores and veiny bumps on her forearm.

"Smack is for losers," Zero punches out, almost breathless, and he reaches for the lit-



tle brown bottle, the tweezers, the syringe, the enema bag—the tools of his trade. "And—if you never been on the *Cyclone*...you ain't been nowhere."

In the most arcane, exclusive reaches of L.A. and San Francisco subhip, "Cyclones"—or niocytosine-arabinocidedioxyquethlyne (also known on the street as "The Shoots," "Spaz" and "The Last Stop")—are the uncrowned king, the ultrasecret death-buzz that has become a legend in its own time. The drug for the circles that have taken a step beyond heroin chic, and three steps beyond the cocaine cocktail. It is a drug so appalling that some hard-core burn-outs we contacted literally shook with terror at its mention.

"You've got to understand," remarked Dr. Deforest Quincey—in the cluttered office of the drug clinic, stacked high with pharmacological journals, reference works, old copies of Zap Comix and empty cartons of chocolate-flavored milk—that Cyclones are the most worthless, deleterious drugs you can get your hands on. They have no redeeming qualities; none whatsoever. They are for

people who are into utter degradation, nihilism. They have literally nothing but bad side effects—besides which, they're as addictive as hell."

"You mean they don't get you high?" we asked.

"High?" he shuddered. "Why do you think they call them Cyclones? You shoot this stuff, or pop it, or squirt it up your ass and here's what happens: rushes of intense nausea that come and go for forty-eight hours, complete with ear-popping sensations, intense pain and severe burning in the genital areas and rolling black blots in your peripheral vision. Since the nausea comes and goes in uncontrollable waves, patchheads claim it's like riding a huge roller coaster. Hence the name 'Cyclone.'" Quincey gloomily swatted a few mosquitoes and took a hit of the chocolate milk.

"Well, if those are the only bad side effects, it would seem—

Quincey exploded. "Bad side effects! Those aren't the side effects! That's the *high*! The side effects are even worse. This stuff causes your hair to fall out—not evenly, but in patches. Then there are the

weird little bulbous, saclike growths that break out all over your body. And your sex drive! It dries it up completely. Your gonads literally wither on the vine—they *atrophy*. You hallucinate violently, and fall into psychotic fits and fantasies. Furthermore, niocytosine-arabinocidedioxyquethlyne turns out to be the most viciously addictive stuff ever manufactured—it's really a bathtub chemistry version of cytosine arabinocide, an immunosuppressant used in cancer chemotherapy. And the only way we've ever been able to get anybody off it is to wean them through successive stages of heroin, morphine and methadone addiction—by which time they're usually dead. Or put them on chemotherapy."

"But if this stuff just makes you puke night and day, and eventually kills you—"

"Bowel movements!" Quincey exploded suddenly. "It also completely disrupts your excretory processes and after two years you usually wind up with a colostomy bag. And, besides that, it's so damned expensive!"

"So why do people take it? Why has this whole chic scene evolved around Cyclones?"

Quincey shuddered again. He took a stiff pull from the milk carton, and his eyes looked fatherly and a little depraved. "You got me, brother," he finally answered. "I don't know why people do the things they do—Cyclones, yaagh!"

No one knows how long Cyclones have been part of the underground counter-counterculture, but we do know it's been long enough to develop its own argot, its own secret codes, shibboleths and icons. "Shakes,"

continued on page 95



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